Christmas Number

HARPERS MAGAZINE

December 1924

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Painting by C. E. Chambers — Illustration for "The Manacles of Youth."

"MESSER STRANGER," SHE SAID GENTLY, "WE CANNOT SPEAK HERE OF LOVE."

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Vol. CL December, 1924. No. DCCCXCV

RICHARD

The Portrait of a Little Boy

BY ADA PEIRCE McCORMICK

"RICHARD, come down," cried a voice to a small boy perched on a rickety branch in an old apple tree. The voice belonged to the family nurse, standing at the foot of the tree and anxiously staring up. The branch had torn where it joined the tree and the wound had weathered and grown over. It looked anything but safe.

"Oh, Annie, if it's going to break it would be broken by now," he protested. She appealed to us. The branch was high and frightened me, but my husband backed the boy's reasoning. The nurse wandered on with the baby. Richard ate an apple and swung his bare legs while he looked down at us companionably. From our little stone terrace we looked back at him, this tanned, brown-eyed boy in khaki. At once the day seemed a particularly pleasant one, and the earth a perfectly delightful place.

RICHARD

"O Iole," asked Ianthe, "how did you know that Hercules was a god?"

"Because the moment my eyes rested on him, I was content."

Judged by this test, we had stumbled on one of the gods. The god's small sister now appeared, barefooted and suggesting an apple blossom in her brief, starched pink frock. The boy climbed higher, throwing down apples, and the little girl pattered about,

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piling them into pyramids. Given a few more years, she too would like risking her neck; but her years were few—five, in fact—and she was content to stay on the ground.

These were the Derby children—Theodore Roosevelt's grandchildren. Doctor and Mrs. Derby (once Ethel Roosevelt) had just taken the house a stone's throw from one we had in the summer of 1922. Both houses stood on a hill in the middle of the Otsego golf links and, except for the tiny golf club, there was no other house within hail. During those happy summer weeks, whenever Doctor and Mrs. Derby had to go to Oyster Bay they asked me to keep an unofficial eye on the children. My husband, too, had to be away most of the time, so that Richard and Edith and I became playmates that summer. Annie, the perfect nurse, devoted herself to the baby and allowed the children to run in and out of our house all day long. Our place was a made-over barn, and the living-room, with its floor flush with the grass and its big barn doors wide open to the sky, cried out for children.

EDITH

That first day they hovered on the outskirts like friendly birds, gradually hopping nearer and nearer, with little approaches and retreats. In the afternoon they brought some apples for us and then ran out at once. The next day they came as far as the kitchen and watched me wash dishes.

"Do you want me to sweep the floor?" asked Richard. I stared at him in surprise but he meant it: and he did sweep the floor, every corner of it, and burrowed under the kitchen table to sweep there, too.

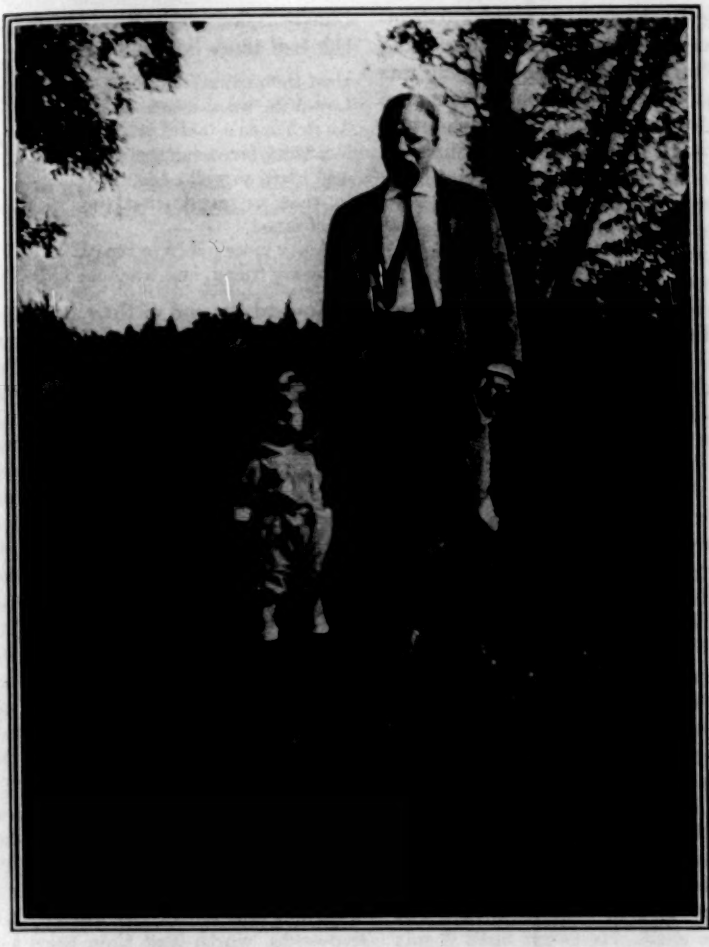
"Haven't you a dustpan?" he asked. We had, and before my astonished eyes this tanned, barelegged boy swept everything into the dustpan and walked into the woods back of the house to empty it. I see him now—his erect, eight-year-old body; his speaking, friendly face.

"Richard likes to sweep your floor but he doesn't like to sweep ours," volunteered Edith.

"I make my bed every day and I can sew on buttons quite well," retorted Richard. Nor did he stop at buttons.

Another day he climbed down from a tree and with equal naturalness picked up a sampler card which Edith was wrecking and sewed it for her. "T. R. would turn in his grave," commented a caller who saw him. She did not realize how blessed and unusual it is for a child to be unhampered by conventions. We have freed girls to play their brothers' games, but boys are not free to play anything not labeled for boys. They are tied hand and foot by taboos. "Boys do not play the piano." "Boys do not care about beauty or art or nature." "Boys (unless they be soldiers or sailors) can not cook or make beds or sew." It is the bushman's primitive terror of touching anything once touched by woman. Richard had never been put in this strait-jacket of sex tradition. Without self-consciousness, he did what came into his head. The deep-seated masculine quality one felt in him grew from within and not from without. Both in work and play the boy and girl were brought up in a blessed equality.

Richard was older: Richard was a boy: on neither count did he feel the grandeur commonly attached to those estates. When he went adventuring and Edith waited in safe harbor like a proper little housewife, he did not tease her. When she asked questions he did not call her silly. He answered her as one equal to another. "But what is unusual in that?" asked a gentle lady in surprise. Perhaps the genus Elder Brother has changed since I was young; but how many small boys with younger sisters has she watched? It is hard to know whether this unconscious attitude of Richard, this



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS GRANDSON RICHARD DERBY AT OYSTER BAY

complete absence of teasing, came from his own sweetness or was a result of the everyday equality of their rearing.

"Edith, Richard, have you picked up your rooms?" I would hear Annie call after them as they scampered out of their house after breakfast. Each day they did their chores before they were allowed to play. Edith put her room in order and Richard made his bed, swept the porch, and did "numbering" for an hour. Either this training, or nature—or the combination—had given Richard the most helpful ways I ever saw. He picked up toys left in the wake of the more reckless Edith, and every morning when he came over to our house he would take our guttered candles out of doors and clean them. No one ever suggested to him this orderly proceeding. I never noticed the candles myself. Richard would stand in the grass before our big open door and scrape each candle perfectly smooth while I sat inside writing and watching him with silent content. With the Derby children one could always go on with one's own work. I have done cash accounts, answering

their questions between columns. Cleaning the candles took fifteen minutes and it was always a volunteer task. So was dragging in pine branches from the woods to burn with an enchanting crackle in the fireplace. Sometimes we had financial transactions, to wit, killing flies at four for a cent; and it was characteristic of Richard that it never occurred to him to have his volunteer services, which were unexpected and many, moved over into the remunerative class.

Once I asked him if his mother would object if I gave him a quarter for sweeping the barn.

"That's too much," he said. "At home the man only gives me a cent an hour for helping him rake leaves. But I'll ask Annie." (His mother was at Oyster Bay.) He raced home and back again. It was authorized. He could take the quarter. How earnestly he swept! It was a huge place, this barn converted into a house. The living-room was twenty-two feet by forty, and he swept the kitchen and bedroom besides. There was a hot discussion about the bedroom, for Edith suddenly wanted to sweep that, and each pulled at the opposite end of the broom. Richard won. Out of breath, he swept on and on. Watching him, I grew worried. He was working too hard but he had never been initiated into the shabby possibility of giving up, and his belief that one had to finish a task was too fine to spoil. He swept until it was done. When he took his hard-earned quarter (and he must have worked nearly an hour, a dreary time for such a little boy) he said with a flush of pleasure:

"That's just the right amount. It will buy an ice-cream cone for me and Edith and Sarah Alden and Annie and Mary" (the cook), and off he raced as fast as his legs would carry him.

Richard had no idea that this was a generous thing to do, nor would one dream of telling him. He was only eight, but one felt an instinctive respect for his personality and a passionate hope that it would be guarded from comment; that no one should hurt his virtues by making him conscious of them. He made one think of those lines of Emerson's:

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Toward the end of their stay Richard and Edith came over every morning as soon as they were dressed and talked in low murmurs on the steps of our little porch until I woke up. Extraordinary for children of that age to be careful not to waken someone! Such blessed, solemn, funny talk! Minute after minute I would forbear to call them in, for the pleasure of listening. (What Santa Claus would bring them—this was in August—was the theme of one discussion.) When I sang out "Good morning" they would come in and sit, one on each side of the bed, and tell me the news. They both brought their purses one morning and counted their money over and over on the bedspread. Richard had sixty-four cents which he was augmenting by killing flies both for his mother and for me. He had started at a cent a fly, but was so energetic that it threatened to bankrupt us and he continued at four for a cent. He would earn five-cents' worth and then take a rest, insisting that you see and count the twenty demolished insects before paying him.

"I have almost ten dollars saved up for Christmas presents. It's in my bank at home," said Richard. "Everything I get I put there."

"What are you going to get for your mother?"

"I don't know. Do you know of anything she'd like?"

"There are some French books, with amusing colored pictures, written by Uncle Hansi that she might like to read to you both. But they cost four dollars. Wouldn't that be too much?"

Richard listened thoughtfully to the description. So few people of any age can really listen. One could feel him imagining the book, weighing it.

"Not if mother would like them, it isn't too much."

Another morning they brought over two little guinea-pig skins which Mrs. Derby had brought back to them from Sagamore Hill.

"Grandfather gave them to mother when she was a little girl," explained Richard.

"I'm going to put mine in my doll house." This from Edith. Richard walked over to the window and looked out.

"I'm going to save mine for my children when I'm grown up." Such a steady undercurrent always in that thin brown little boy to earn and to save for other people.

"When I'm grown up I'm going to be a doctor and earn lots of money to take care of mother when she's old," he announced suddenly at another time.

SARAH ALDEN

"I hate old women," contributed Edith absently.

"There's the steamboat whistle," and off he tore down the hill to watch the boat come in.

The first time I came to read to them at night Richard and Edith sat up in their beds and told their adventures with the energy of two little firecrackers going off together.

"I saw the Prince of Wales when he came to see grandmother," began Richard, his brown arms clasping his knees. "Teddy Roosevelt, my cousin, and I were allowed to be there. The Prince was very nice. Mother says he leads a terrible life. I heard her tell Father how sorry she was for him. He has to travel all the time."

"I was in bed for Richard's birthday party," interrupted Edith. "I couldn't go because I was spanked with a slipper and put to bed." She beamed proudly at the recollection and rocked back and forth in an exultant rhythm, suggestive of chanting a saga.

"You're lucky to have a mother who loves you enough to punish you. Lazy mothers don't punish their children because they hate to hear them cry. Only good mothers do."

Richard broke in with unexpected enthusiasm, "I know it, and if you don't get punished you grow up so that everybody hates you."

Oh, wise little boy, they do indeed. Another time I asked, "Where's Edith?"

"She's in bed because she said something naughty to Annie. She said . . . (he checked himself loyally) but I won't say what she said." Discipline was an accepted part of their life, and its results were pleasant to behold. The good feeling between Richard and Edith was marked. They played hour after hour without bickering. Once in a while you would hear the eternal childish argument, "You did." "I didn't." "You did." "I did not." They rolled on the ground like puppies but they were never "mean" to each other and they both treated Sarah Alden, just staggering about on her chubby legs and beginning to talk, like a new and precious doll. Annie would ask:

"Do you want to see Sarah Alden asleep?" and they would tiptoe in and hang over her crib, pulling me in with them to admire her.

Richard had asthma, though he would doubtless have outgrown it as his grandfather had before him. One can hardly have asthma and not know it, but he knew it as he knew that his hair was brown. His parents turned him out to pasture like a young colt, trusting to the sun and the wind and the best climate they could find to cure him. They never suggested to him that he was delicate—consequently he was not delicate. Asthma might come and go just as one might stub a toe or break an arm, but it never lingered as a background. His

family guarded the health of his mind as carefully as that of his body. Except when asthma attacked him he forgot all about it. He raced through life ignoring the thorns of the flesh.

I remember one day Richard and Edith bathing off the end of the wharf. There had been a rough wind all day and the waves came pounding in. Neither of them could swim, although Richard learned that week, and they had their life preservers buttoned about them. Edith buffeted the waves for a minute with admirable self-control. She did not let out a whimper but when I pushed her blessed chubby body up the ladder she looked very much relieved and the rest of the time watched from the wharf. Richard, on the contrary, wanted to stay forever. He knew he was in deep water and some of it went over him, too. Each time the waves slapped into his face and eyes he would gasp and grin and swim on.

I never heard Richard whine, even when he was badly disappointed about a trip someone had half promised him.

"Don't you suppose she'll come?" he asked twice, scuffing about wistfully as he waited. He was dressed for the gala trip in his shoes and stockings and serge suit. Usually he went barefoot with a brown shirt and loose khaki trousers and no underclothes, or else he wore merely overalls (the kind with sleeves) over his brown skin. Being "dressed up" emphasized the suspense.

"I don't know, darling. I reminded her of it, but I'm awfully afraid she won't and we can't very well ask again."

He looked downcast, very downcast, but said not another word. The only time he cried during that six weeks was when Edith ran off with his bathing suit. He pursued her, dressed only in his raincoat. She tugged, he tugged. Suddenly Edith let go (not meaning to) and Richard went down with a thump. His coat flew open and he was a naked, weeping little boy, clinging to his nurse. I realized with a start what a *little* boy he was. Ordinarily I forgot his age.

Edith ran him a close second by crying only twice. She cried once because she could not go to church. She loved to go, clasping a tiny pink purse and withdrawing from the purse a green lozenge to suck during the sermon. And once she cried at our house. Annie allowed them to take their nap there that afternoon. I should have known better than to ask it, but ask it I did. Richard was put on the couch at one end of the room, Edith on another at the other end forty feet away. Some little boxes were arranged as prizes for the one who kept the stillest. Each time Edith spoke a little box was given to Richard. After she had spoken enough so that he had them all, he divided them with her instantly. Richard played at being in a tent, but in silence; Edith bobbed up and down and squealed with delight. They were not sleeping and my conscience reproached me.

"We don't have to sleep," Richard explained. "We just have to be quiet."

"Edith, dear, it's no use, you aren't being quiet. You'll have to go home and sleep there."

Edith wouldn't go and wouldn't go and wouldn't go. Thrust out of the door, she ran back and clambered up on her couch. This happened three times, Edith merry and very engaging. It was hard not to hug her and give up the battle.

"Edith, you must mind Mrs. McCormick; she's mother while Mother is away," said Richard. No one ever told him that. He must have evolved the idea from his law-abiding little mind. But Edith had no intention of minding. She kicked up her rebellious little heels and I caught them and gave her two small spanks. The lightest of little spanks but delivered solemnly. Her feelings were hurt and she began to cry with her arms tight around my neck. I almost cried myself. It seemed incredible that she could forgive me, but she saw nothing to forgive. She took the little spank as a just dispensation and kept right on being fond of me and want-

ing comfort. Spanker and spankee sat on the porch; Edith curled up in my lap until her last tear was dried. Then I carried her back to her couch and tucked her in, and she played silently and contentedly with her paper boxes for the rest of the nap hour. In fact she stayed there an hour longer, forgetful of time. Richard and Edith both had an untroubled trust in the fairness of grown-ups. They had evidently never been betrayed by whims on the part of their parents.

When Doctor and Mrs. Derby came back I told them (rather nervously) about this episode. Would our pleasant relationship come to a horrid and abrupt end? They had asked me to look after the children, but did that include discipline? Doctor Derby laughed and consoled me. Mrs. Derby listened intently to all the details and said seriously:

"When children are much with older people the elders have to treat them like their own. It's the only way." It was a great relief and I asked how they trained the children so that Edith took punishment as a phenomenon of nature without anger at the person who gave it.

"She doesn't always, but we try to teach them that their parents are merely the representatives of the law under which we all live," answered Mrs. Derby; "that big people as well as little ones have to be punished when they do wrong. And I try to ground everything on honor. That's the absolute fundamental." And later, "It's all in my father's *Letters to his Children*. It's just carrying on the things he taught us."

RICHARD AND EDITH

Richard read anything and everything that came his way. Writing was harder work. It took him an hour, tongue in cheek, to write a letter to the little girl of his aunt's chauffeur to ask her to come over and spend the day.

One night we were reading about idols and I asked Richard if anyone worshiped idols now.

"No," said Richard confidently.

"Well, we don't worship golden calves that you can see, but anything we love more than God is an idol. It's awfully hard not to have idols, really. Of course you're pretty young to care the most about God . . ."

"But we have to," interrupted Richard, shocked. "The Commandments say that we have to."

"Well, do you?" I asked, much surprised.

"I like God better than I do even my parents," he affirmed stoutly, evidently the strongest comparison he could make.

"So do I like God best," came piously from Edith standing up in her pajamas and flapping her arms, bound to keep up with Richard. Does all virtue start thus, I wondered.

He meditated a moment more on the subject of idols.

"I like money," he said finally, "but I like my parents better." He certainly did. "We miss mother very much. You see, she is always with us," he explained

wistfully when she had to go to Oyster Bay; and every day it was, "I hope father and mother can come to-day. Do you suppose they will?" For several days before they were expected back, Richard kept bursting out at intervals of thirty minutes, "Won't father be surprised to see how I can swim!" And when they did come, "Father *was* surprised to see how I could swim!" The exultation in his voice! He talked so much of his mother that it amused me to see it was always his father, not his mother, who must see him swim. One felt a fine and sturdy balance in the equal parts they played in his life. There was no nonsense in that family about the mother bringing up the children alone. Richard and Edith walked, swam, picnicked, and read with both father and mother. It was a close family group with the baby toddling along in the rear clutching the resigned white rabbit. Sarah Alden was too young to play much with Richard, but he was the chieftain of the little clan.

I remember Richard standing by my bed one morning while Edith sat on it and cut out paper dolls.

"Uncle Quentin liked me and my grandfather liked me. I don't see why they had to die," said Richard and looked at me for an answer. He knows that answer now. I wish I did.

Richard was only four when his uncle died, barely five when his grandfather died, but he spoke as if they had been dead only a month instead of three and four years. Another time when we were searching for Bible verses for him to learn for his mother, he called out:

"Annie, what was the Psalm that grandfather liked so much?" She came to the door, her arms full of fresh clothes for the morning, and recited it for him. To me it was an unfamiliar Psalm, but his nurse did not need to look it up. It made me feel anew how surrounded the children were by religious as well as family traditions.

The Derby traditions played as strong a part as the Roosevelt ones. Richard bore his father's name (he was the eighth Richard Derby) and had from him the gift of carrying happiness in his pockets. Doctor Derby had to be at his duties in the Nassau County Hospital most of the time his family were at Springfield Center, but when he was with them I saw little of Richard. He was scampering after his father, swimming with his father, listening to his father. Every morning I would see them starting off together over the links.

One evening I went over at seven o'clock. Their mother in a green gingham dress was sitting on the living-room sofa, Richard cuddled against her on one side, Edith on the other. The children were in their pajamas, all ready for bed as soon as the Bible story was ended. Each night their mother read them a chapter out of a Bible history: an astonishingly grown-up book, I forget its name. When she was away and I read to them in her stead, I asked:

"Would you rather have fairy stories or Bible stories?"—expecting them to demand fairy stories.

"Bible stories," answered Richard.

Children live by habit and demand what they are accustomed to. Lucky Richard to be accustomed to Bible stories, to listen to them every night, curled up warm against his mother's side! It was hard to leave that little group on the sofa: chubby Edith serious for the moment, her pink toes quiet; and darling Richard—and between them a girlish mother with tousled hair, a mother who loved them and taught them and was near them.

Mrs. Derby is away and it is my turn to read to them. Theoretically they are in bed, but there is no tucking in to do because they never stay under their covers. Richard turns a somersault. Edith follows suit. Richard dives out of bed to show me his best Indian arrowheads. Edith produces a tissue-paper accordeon.

"Richard, Edith, get right into bed," Annie says with pretended fierceness,

bringing in two lamps and trying to shoo the children under their covers before she leaves us. I look at Annie gratefully as she goes out. What a real person she is, with her warm-hearted, respectful welcome, her simple dignity, her instant self-effacement. If I had looked after Richard and Edith since they were babies would I be as free of jealousy? Meanwhile Richard climbs on the arm of my chair to pull down the shade. Edith turns another somersault. When I begin reading they quiet down, Richard listening intently to the tribulations of Adonijah, Edith humming gently to herself. Part of the time they stay in bed, part of the time they take turns sitting on my lap.

"It's my turn now." Oh, Richard! to feel your little body resting against my shoulder, to see again your eager eyes.

"Do you want to say your prayers now?"

A pause; then Richard, cautiously, "Will you go home as soon as we've said them or will you stay some more?"

"I'll stay some more."

"Then we will."

Edith says hers first, her warm little body squeezed tight against my knees, her head bowed. "Our Father" and "God bless everybody and make Edith a good girl," and then in a rapid childish voice, "O Lord, support me all the day long of this troublous life. . . . What comes next, Richard?"

"Until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes." Richard sits on the edge of his bed waiting his turn.

RICHARD READ EVERYTHING THAT CAME HIS WAY

"And the evening comes and the busy world is hushed" . . . a long pause and Richard prompts her again; "And the fever of life is over and our work is done." (Edith struggling along a word behind him.) "Then in Thy mercy grant me a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at the last. Amen." Edith gets up from her knees with the virtuous air of one who has done her day's work.

"We say it for Uncle Quentin because it was his favorite prayer," explains Edith, "and, Richard, you haven't said it and you know mother says we must."

"No, she doesn't. I don't have to," declares Richard, swinging his legs.

I tell them about some children who finish their regular prayers with "Speak Lord, for thy servant listeneth," and then kneel in silence for a few minutes to listen to God. Would they like to try that?

"I remember that. It's what little Samuel said, but I thought it was 'heareth,'" says Richard puzzled.

"It is heareth! You're right. I get mixed up from having different versions of the Bible."

They take to this prayer instantly and use it that night. Then in no time the hour is up. Richard's strong arms give a good-night hug. I kiss them both good-night and tuck Edith into bed, and carry out the lamps. There is a little rush behind me.

"Edith! Edith! Come back or Annie spank," calls Annie over the bannisters. Patter, patter, patter go Edith's bare feet in the wrong direction.

"Edith, go to bed," I urge hypocritically. Patter, patter, patter, go the feet.

"Annie spank," comes a second warning from above. At the foot of the stairs Edith gives me a last hug and I turn her about and push her in the proper direction. But at the front door strangely enough there is Edith again, in her long nightgown, looking very pleased with herself. She comes out and gives me a last blessed hug under the stars.

The next evening Edith remembered about the new prayer and asked, "What do I say now?" and bowed her little head again to say it. But Richard needed no prompting. His other prayers finished, he went on as if it were the constant voice within his heart. I can hear his serious, confident voice:

"Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth," and he listened, kneeling for what seemed to me a long, long time. Probably it was no more than three minutes; but in a second, in no time at all this little boy kneeling close against me, his elbows on my knees, his dear cropped head where I could touch it with my cheek, was out of reach. Edith had "said" her prayers, simply and rapidly as children do, but Richard was actually praying. He ran to God as to his father. For those few moments he was as deep in the hidden country as he is now.

One windy afternoon the three came over and we stayed indoors before the big fire. Edith played on the floor with her tiny washtubs. They stood always in the same corner and each day she solemnly washed out two handkerchiefs and hung them on the line and then folded them in the little basket. Some of her toys, limp dolls and strange little boxes, she kept in a painted chest by our fireplace. I remember a toothpowder can filled with water that she laid away optimistically with some paper dolls. Richard lay face down on the floor and built block towers. Sarah Alden alternately squeezed Toba (the rabbit) and staggered after him as he hopped about the room. There was no sound except the snapping of the fire. With every door and window closed, and Sarah Alden and Edith and Richard within before the roaring fire, playing in silence, the scene gave an illusion of permanence: as if this little nursery of Heaven belonged to me; as if they might linger in the big room playing for a day or a year or forever.

But they could not linger, not for a year nor a day. Sarah Alden is climbing trees by now and Richard is dead. Never again will he jump into water too deep for him, nor lean out of his bedroom window in his pajamas to shout, "Are you coming up to read to us?"

The last time I saw Richard he and his family were starting for the station in their Ford. Bags, trunks, pine trees with their roots tied up, children, and the crated white rabbit rose in a pyramid; while miraculously strapped to the top was Sarah Alden's crib. A month later Richard died very suddenly of an obscure infection.

Many people have stood by the lot where his grandfather lies buried on the slope of Oyster Bay cemetery. Richard lies in a woodland place beyond the very crest of the hill. Standing by his grave one sees no other lots, only trees and the sky. Edith and Sarah Alden in their woolly tam-o-shanters come up the hill with flowers from the garden and thrust them into the ivy already thick on Richard's grave. They do not hush their high happy voices when they speak of him. On Richard's birthday their mother asks all his friends and theirs for his birthday party. He is not really dead: whoever once felt the touch of his boyish hand, feels it still.

If greatness lies in what we accomplish that is seen of men, then Richard can claim no shadow of it. He died an obscure little boy, his death noticed in the newspapers merely because he was the grandson of Theodore Roosevelt. But if greatness be an inner quality measured by God, what then?

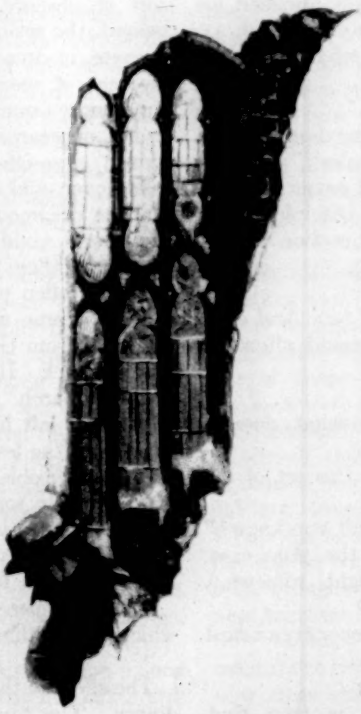
THE DISCIPLE

Awarded a Second Prize in the Second Harper Short-Story Contest

BY CONRAD AIKEN

FOUR o'clock struck in the church tower he was passing; the wide bronze rings of sound fell over him mingled with a fine powdery snow. He looked at his watch—how absurd!—and found that the church was quite right. This seemed the last straw in his boredom, and, as if instigated by it, he turned out of the quiet square, beginning to be patched with white under dim lamps, with here and there a black wheel-track showing, and moved listlessly toward the shopping district.

"Why didn't I go?" he thought, without more than waving the vaguest of hands toward the imaginary destination or destiny. Then, "Middle age is a slow crucifixion." And then again, knocking snow from his coat, "I can't stand this damned solitude much longer."



FOUR O'CLOCK STRUCK IN THE CHURCH TOWER HE WAS PASSING

However, here were the shop windows, a long gaudily jeweled row of them, pouring their colored lights across the snowy pavement and illuminating brilliantly the hordes of feverishly gesticulating pedestrians, the prowling taxis, the furtively creeping beetlelike limousines, the wet sides of horses. He went slowly, like a heavy moth, from window to window. He pulled his mustache, he stared, stamped his feet, devoured with dry eyes all that he saw: opal necklaces, gold cigarette-cases, umbrellas with carved ivory handles, embroideries of Chinese scarlet, opera glasses, microscopes. Good God! what a strange collection. He felt as if he were somehow incrusting his soul with these things—he seemed to himself to be like one of these singular boxes known to his childhood, covered all over, hard, rough, and coruscating, with small sea shells. Yes, exactly, and the box itself empty. Sea shells—sea shells. He thought with great pleasure of sea shells, and then of the sea, the twilight valley floors of the sea, the strange soft trees that grow there, and himself as somehow a denizen—what precisely? A tortoise incrusted with barnacles, indistinguishable from his bed of shells, immemorially old and white. Yes, something like that. . . .

"I should like," he said to the florid Jewish shopkeeper, "to look at some oddity in the way of a set of chessmen."

"An oddity? . . . Yes."

"A wedding gift, under peculiar circumstances. Something rather—" he waved a claw.

"Rare?"

"Old."

A Chinese set with dragons, a Hindu set with elephants, a Japanese set of carved cherrywood, daimyos, priests. . . . No, these weren't quite the thing. The Jew looked at him intently under wrinkled lids like a parrot's. Was his tongue, also, as hard and dry and old as a parrot's? . . . The Jew hunched his shoulders almost up to his ears.

"Ah, I think I know what you want. But it can't be had."

"You mean . . ."

"You were thinking, no doubt, of the set of the 'Twelve Disciples'?"

Astonishing! He had never heard of the set of the "Twelve Disciples," and yet there could be no question that it was what he was seeking.

"Exactly!"

"Ah! But it is lost. . . . And even if it were found, who could afford to buy it?"

"Oh! Afford! . . ."

"Ah—you are right—what does it matter?"

"And what is it like, this set of the Twelve Disciples?"

"Like? It is—but don't you know?"

The Jew, leaning on the glass case, peered at him, he thought, somewhat peculiarly.

"How should I? I've never even heard of it."

"But you said—!"

"Ah—forgive me—it is true that when you mentioned it . . . how shall I say? . . . it seemed to me in some remote way—familiar. That was all."

"Ah! I see—I see! You thought you remembered it. And if you think, if you concentrate upon it—if you turn, in your mind, a sudden light upon it . . ."

"I *beg* your pardon?"

"You don't see it any more clearly?"

"Why, no,—how should I?"

"Oh . . . But the set really is quite ordinary—as carving. Nothing remarkable."

"Then why is it so valuable?"

"Perhaps because it is generally considered mythical."

"Mythical? It doesn't, after all, exist?"

"So some would say. As for me—"

"You believe in it?"

"I believe in it. . . . I have even, in dreams, seen it."

He found himself staring at the Jew, on this, as if at the revelation of some sort of obscure miracle. Yes, it appeared, the set of chessmen, in dreams; it came, in dreams, to this Jew. For a moment it seemed, in the oddest of ways, more tangible; it gave out a gleam and came nearer. Thirty-two pieces of ivory, close-clustered, one of them fallen over, and a candle lighting them. Had he dreamed this himself? It was vivid, and yivid was the hand he put out among them to right the fallen piece. But the fallen piece was stubborn, resisted, became massive. . . . He lifted his hand from the glass show case and stepped back. He had a sense of having resisted, barely resisted, and with an effort that left him trembling, a temptation not the less vast for having been incomprehensible. It was with a feeling of yielding to some obscure small issue of this temptation that he now said, with a conscious jocoseness which did not conceal excitement:

"And the piece that has fallen over—which piece is that?"

The effect of this remark was extraordinary. The tempo of the adventure—for adventure it unquestionably and profoundly was—instantly quickened. It was as if the stream on which they were being swept had not only broadened and taken on a dizzying speed, but had as suddenly dived underground through a phantasmagoric darkness. Specifically, he found himself looking at a Jew

who had somehow changed; he was less the shopkeeper, less even the human being, and more—something else. What, exactly? More imposing? That certainly, and also, singularly, more luminous—he gave out in the general darkness a light, and his eyes, looking down, seemed in the kindliest of manners to indicate that this light must be also a guidance. What it was that the Jew said he didn't catch. It was merely a short, vague exclamation, followed by a smile and a stare which were a little frightening in their suggestion of extraordinary intimacy. After that it was as if every step taken was taken the more elaborately to insure for the ensuing talk the right seclusion and secrecy. The iron shutters outside the window were rattled harshly down and locked, the door was locked, the lights in the show window were switched off, leaving the heap of jewels, oddities, silks, and carvings in darkness. From outside in the night, mingled with the subdued murmur of the street, came, even more subdued and tenuous, sounds of a bell slowly struck and as if blown down from a very great height. . . . When, having followed his host through a passage and up the stairs, an uplifted tall candle flinging cascades of banister shadows over the richly ornamented walls, he entered the room over the shop, it was with a vague sense of having come an incredible distance in space and time—the street seemed far away, remote seemed the snowy square where, surely only a quarter of an hour ago, the clock had struck four, remotest of all seemed his own poor lodgings, where the fire probably needed replenishing. Had he not even come a long way from himself—was his name still Dace?

"The piece that has fallen over!" said the Jew and gave a short laugh. He had set the candle on the chimneypiece, where its light, duplicated in the dusty mirror, was sufficient to show a faded room crowded with odds and ends. "That's shrewd—that's shrewd. That goes, certainly, to the root of things. . . . So you knew, all the time!"

"Knew? . . ."

"You were merely drawing me out, leading me on! Well, well! That was clever."

Dace met the Jew's richly insinuating stare with bland and genial acquiescence.

"What makes you think I knew?"

"My dear chap! . . . Are you joking? . . . Why, of course, it was your allusion to Judas."

"Oh, I see—my allusion to Judas . . ."

"The piece that has fallen over, as you so nicely put it!"

"Oh—that! . . . So that is Judas? . . . But I didn't, to tell the truth, know it at all. I knew nothing whatever!"

The Jew smiled at him with an excess of politeness, but the smile slowly faded.

"But—how extraordinary! You really knew nothing?"

"As I say—nothing whatever."

"But how on earth then did you come to speak of the piece that has fallen over?"

They exchanged a long look over this question, as if (absurd! Dace found time to say to himself) it was, somehow, of tremendous import. But decidedly, it *was* of tremendous import. Whether the man were mad or not—and for the first moment Dace clearly formulated to himself that possibility—or whether he himself was on the verge of madness, did not seem particularly to matter. What was remarkable, or uncanny, was the way in which their sanity, or madness, brought them in every consciousness together. That singular vision of the chessmen—how explain it? His mental eye reverted to it, and he saw it now more sharply than ever. He saw the crisscrossing of shadows among the pieces, he saw deeply carved on the crown of the king nearest him the letters "I. N. R.—" (and no doubt the other "I" was turned away from him); and there was Judas lying at the left-hand corner of the board, apparently on the point of rolling off. He put out his

finger to it, tried to lift it—it was immovable, as if glued. But it *must* be moved! He felt the gathering within himself of a great wave of energy, all directed to a huge decuman crash against the importunate obstacle . . . Then he removed his hand from the edge of the small taboret (which he had hardly noticed) and leaned back in his chair once more with a sense of temptation undergone and partially resisted. But again it was a yielding to some small faint beckoning, some fugitive far signal, that put the next words on his tongue.

"Well," he said, and he laughed a little uneasily, "I'm sure I can't explain it. But no sooner had you spoken of seeing the chessmen in dreams than I had on the spot a kind of waking dream myself. I've just had it again. I didn't see *all* the pieces plainly—but plain enough was the piece which you say is Judas and plain enough was the inscription on the crown of one of the kings."

"You mean the letters?"

"I. N. R. I."

"Ah, yes. Exactly—*Rex Iudæorum*—How extraordinary!"

"To put it very mildly!"

"What? . . . Oh, I don't mean that."

"I beg your pardon, then—but what *do* you mean?"

The Jew regarded him searchingly; Dace felt himself being slowly fathomed and gave himself agreeably to the experience, with a sense that he must keep still, let the plummet go straight.

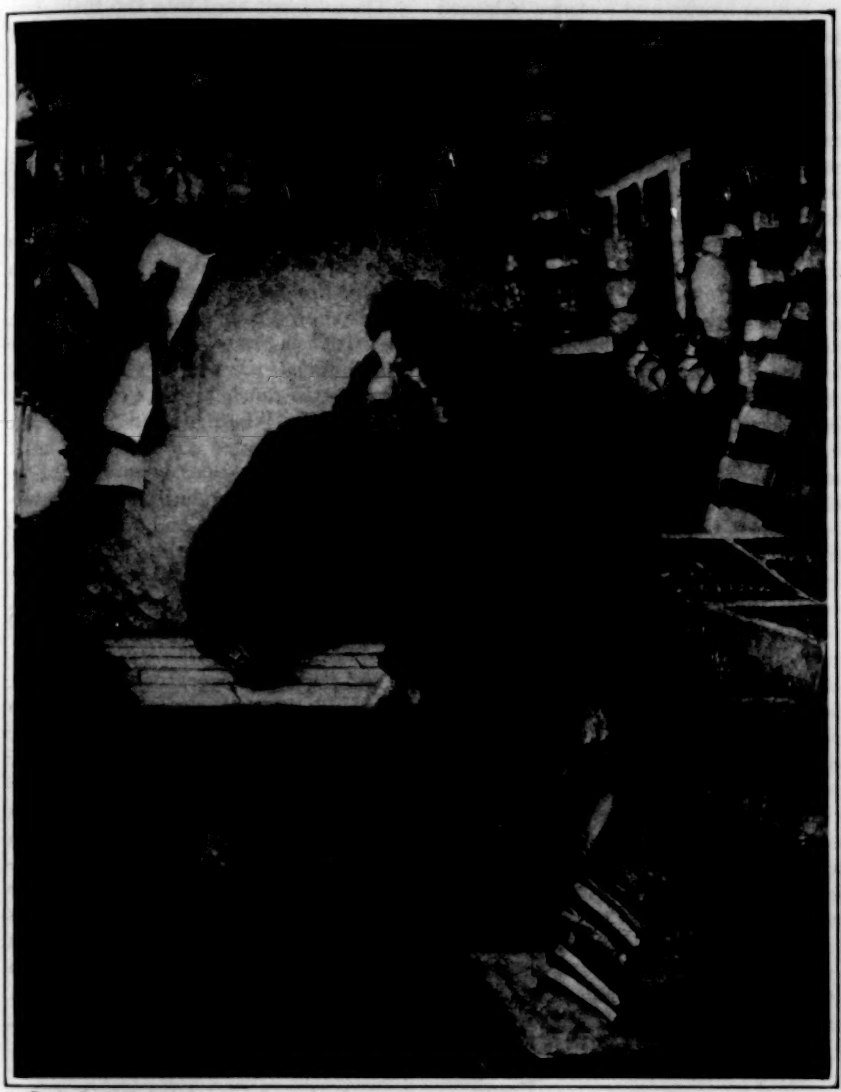
"I mean"—the Jew was deliberate—"that while you see so much without assistance—oh certainly, quite without assistance—you nevertheless don't see *all*."

"All?"

"Yes, that's what I find extraordinary. When, downstairs in the shop, you suddenly asked me, 'And the piece that has fallen over—what piece is that?'—how could I but assume that your identification was complete? . . . I—as you saw—accepted you. And now you say you didn't at all recognize the piece as Judas! Certainly, that is very peculiar. I must suppose, however, as all the circumstances urge, that you would, had you been given time, have named Judas yourself. Yes, undoubtedly that is the explanation."

The look which the Jew turned on Dace shone with the most perfect innocence and trust, and he replied to it with a grave nod. The logic was reasonable, was it not? Yet something in what the Jew said perplexed and escaped him; he went over it slowly, aware that somewhere in this small plausible structure of words was one word which was not so much a block as a window—it let through a light which was disquietingly suggestive of a space beyond space, of a depth which yawned beneath the solid, a world that was, as he was at last to phrase it, "other." He found this word quickly enough—it was "identification"—and looked hard through it. What on earth had he meant by it? . . . It was simply a depth, a gleam, and nothing more. Yet for some reason he decided not to challenge it—not, at any rate, immediately. Wouldn't it be more fruitful simply to wait before it, exactly as one would wait before a lighted window, to find out at last what it was precisely that moved there on the other side? Was it not also essential that he should, in everything, take his cue from the Jew?

It was, therefore, with a sense of the imperative necessity of delaying, of somehow gaining time, that he rose from his chair as if merely to look about him. The room to which he had been brought was extraordinary—a museum in microcosm. The candle, placed on the white marble mantel precariously between a tall much-figured clock and a Han horse, lighted the chamber only sufficiently to show its richness and its confusion. The only cleared space was that immediately before the fire where the two chairs faced each other obliquely on the worn Persian carpet: for the rest, narrow lanes led hither and thither



Drawn by J. W. Schlaikjer

"I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT. BUT IT CAN'T BE HAD."

among a chaos of furniture and oddments which, in the gloom, had amazingly the air of a jungle. Chairs stood on tables; ivories and pictures balanced on chairs; shields, swords, and suits of chain-mail hung on the walls with tapestries and Chinese paintings. Half a dozen clocks were ticking confusedly, only one of them visible. And dust was everywhere, thick gritty dust, deposit of decades—on the mantel, the clock, the floor, the tables, here and there finger-marked. Even the mirror was dusty. And Dace, feeling the eyes of the Jew upon his back, and looking into the glass above the candle flame to examine the shopkeeper at his leisure, was able to see of him in the veiled gloom only the dimmest of outlines. He turned and faced his interlocutor.

"You have some fine things here," he murmured. "That horse, for example."

The Jew was inert. It was as if he knew Dace to be evading him. He stared a moment, then dropped his eyes.

"Ah—that little Han horse."

He was not interested in the horse, that was clear, and did not intend talking of it. But as Dace again sank into his chair sighing, the Jew leaned sharply toward him and smiled. Dace was touched by something in this smile—it was singularly gentle and friendly, a little humble. Why was it, nevertheless, that it seemed so oddly belied by the eyes? For in the eyes, lidded like a parrot's, something disquieting flickered.

"You do not yet altogether trust me—do you!" said the Jew, still smiling.

Dace laughed outright but not entirely with conviction. He was still trying, as it were, to gain time.

"Trust you? But why on earth shouldn't I? Is it any question?" . . .

"Oh, not of business, no! Certainly not. We are not concerned with business. . . . Isn't it really," he lowered his tone a little, "something very much more important?"

"Important?"

"Yes. Isn't it at bottom simply the question of our trusting—completely trusting—one another?"

Dace looked hard into the little eyes which seemed to blaze in intensity of meaning.

"Oh, that!" he exclaimed gently. He directed his unseeing stare at the fire in an effort to conceal his confusion. Where, where on earth, he cried to himself, am I going? He felt slightly dizzy but managed to affect a calm. Whether the shopkeeper was a madman or a prophet seemed for the present a wholly irrelevant question.

"That's of course taken for granted, isn't it?" he went on. And then he added, for all the world as if the words were not so much his own as somehow *given* him, "What I mean is—isn't it sufficient guarantee of our mutual trust—or sympathy at all events—that so far, for all the singularity of our intercourse, we so easily and with so little error *follow* one another?" He was pleased with himself at this, and showed it by smiling a little more lightly than before, and also by relaxing slightly in his chair.

And the shopkeeper, too, was pleased. He again, in that curious way which Dace had noticed downstairs in the shop, seemed before his very eyes in the act of changing; it was as if he became more significant, as if all his colors became brighter and richer, as if a secret low light within him had somehow been sharply turned up. The wrinkled lids lifted a little and the face became luminous with words of which Dace felt that he could almost, in advance, see the shape.

"Ah," came the pleased murmur. "Exactly. That's a good deal better, isn't it? We begin to know where we are. And isn't it important that you should agree with me (since you use the word 'follow') that *I follow you* quite as successfully as *you follow me?* I don't mean to urge or press you—no—no. But that, I think, if you will permit my saying so, is—er—a point—"

"Of cardinal importance? Yes—I believe it is. You mean—"

"I mean that, in all the experience we are sharing, or are about to share, you are contributing—oh, quite without any assistance from me—as much as I. Or, to put it in another way, that you have been as free to accept as complete *my* identification as I have been to accept or reject yours. The responsibility is divided."

"Responsibility?"

The Jew's face clouded.

"Perhaps that's not the best word," he explained a little painfully. "There's of course no serious question of responsibility. Responsibility for what?" He laughed. "No. We can put that aside . . . though it might be as well afterward to know that it had been said."

It was clear to Dace that the Jew meant, by responsibility, responsibility for their mutual delusion. And surely there could be no harm in appearing to admit a share in the creation of it?

"Well—I'm quite ready to grant it, if you are—why not?"

Dace's friendly, and perhaps slightly paternal grin, was met by one as friendly. They remained so for a moment, smiling, smiling as over the exchange of something secret and precious. Then, firmly, Dace continued:

"But we've got rather far away, haven't we, from the set of the Twelve Disciples? What about *that?*"

"Ah, my dear fellow! Are you so determined to make a joke of it?"

"A joke? Why no."

"But surely you realize that it's just that which we've *been* all this time talking about."

"Oh! Oh! I see."

"But my dear chap, *do* you see?"

The shopkeeper's voice had become rather surprisingly loud and agitated. "*Do* you see! . . . Or have I been after all so hideously mistaken?"

"But how could you have been?"

"Ah, yes—how could I have been? It's ridiculous. . . . Tell me—" he went on slowly, as if he was feeling his way with the greatest of care. "When you think of this set, when you light it sharply for yourself, do you feel toward it, in any way, any sort of—impulse?"

Dace was startled. Impulse? Of course he did. But was it wise after all to admit it? What was this singular shopkeeper up to? . . . The rapidity of events had confused him. But it was necessary, after all—it was even imperative—that in this other-world darkness some sort of outline should be made out, some purpose or design should be guessed. Certainly it did not seem an extravagance to suppose that the Jew was mad; nor was it any more an extravagance to perceive, as he was almost sure he perceived, a slow, methodical, careful effort on the Jew's part to weave strongly the illusion and to weave into it as a vital part of it both himself and, what was more important, Dace. More obscure was the question whether the Jew was conscious of doing this. When he had so emphatically caviled over the point of their divided, their co-operative responsibility for the delusion—if it *was* a delusion—it had certainly appeared that he was, even if mad, aware of what he was doing. He had seemed quite consciously fearful lest Dace should suspect something. This odd something which he had so zealously guarded—was it at bottom nothing but a dim kind of hypnosis? But, if so, what was it for? . . . Dace looked hard into this tangle. It had no beginning and no end, and there was no point at which he might, with any clearness of view, start to unravel it. Most disquieting of all was his inability to distinguish in his own mind that part of this growing, glimmering, mutual delusion which might—quite genuinely—and quite, as the Jew had said, "without any assistance" be his *own* strange contribution. But was *any* of it his own? . . . To admit that was to admit either one of two possibilities, neither of them comforting. It was to admit either that he himself was on the border of a kind of madness; or else that he had suddenly, with a catastrophic

crash, gone through some queer crust of the world into a dimension which he had not hitherto known to exist, but which was none the less grotesquely real. But surely this was absurd! The man must be mad. Mad, but with a madness of which some intrinsic and secret element was an extraordinary power to exert an influence. Could it be also that he, Dace, by some psychological freak was in exactly the right state of mind to be easily influenced? *Was* he responsible? . . . His misgiving, however, was only momentary; and hearing again in that still strange room the ethereal far ringing of the half-hour bells from the church tower in the world he had left outside, and in a sense so far behind, his feeling of adventure was once more deepened and renewed. Strange, strange he said to himself, and found himself for no reason staring at his hands which he had lifted. Old hands, old and scarred. He stared at them hard, as if he desired to look into them, to discover there some curious and imbedded revelation. It embarrassed him presently to find that the Jew was watching this action intently, and had lifted his own hands into the same position. His answer was thus, in a manner, startled out of him. Was the Jew then in the very act of hypnotizing him? . . .

"Impulse?" he said. "I thought I had told you. Yes—I have an impulse, a curious and very strong one. I think it must have been because of that impulse that I've just found myself, as you seem to have observed—" he laughed—"staring so idiotically at my old hands. . . . Each time that I have clearly visualized this set of chessmen with its kings and its fallen Judas I have half-surrendered to the most unaccountable impulse to *right* the fallen piece. And each time on coming to my senses I've found myself pressing very hard against—well, the show case downstairs, the taboret, here. That, I suppose, is what you mean?"

The Jew nodded.

"Exactly. And now. . . . But first let me repeat that you are—how shall I put it—mentally quite free in this matter—isn't that true?"

"But of course—how could it not be?" Dace, saying this, felt a little disingenuous.

"Well. The interesting question then is—do you see any *reason* for this impulse? . . . Don't let me hurry you—take your time. Try, if you like, lighting the board for yourself once more. Observe, if you can, when you feel this impulse, whether it is connected with any profound feeling of *identification*—or shall we say, rather, sympathy? . . . Perhaps I embarrass you. I'll turn my back."

The Jew walked to the mantel and, resting one foot on the brass fender, appeared to stare into the disintegrating coal fire. Identification! That word again. It was important—it meant that something, something very peculiar, was expected of him. Left thus to himself, Dace felt that at last a definite turning-point had come, and felt also quite clearly that it was in his power to "go on" or not, just as he chose; not merely a power to refuse or acquiesce, but something much more singular—a power, if he liked, to acquiesce *creatively*. If the man was mad—and certainly the worn and shiny back, the high-peaked shoulders and comically bald head combined to produce an effect of decided queerness—his madness might be harmless, and was also, for Dace—and this struck him as remarkable—perfectly, potentially *transparent*. What Dace felt was indeed that if now he were to make the smallest effort (of a sort which he recognized brilliantly, but could scarcely analyze) he would not only be able to see the mechanism of the Jew as clearly as one sees the mechanism of a glass-cased clock, but also exactly what that mechanism, so driven and so eccentric, would demand of *himself*. Even this was not all. For was it not also true that, once he accepted this course, something of himself would have to be surrendered? . . . Would it not definitely involve his

"descent" or "ascent" or whatever into that curious void, already glimpsed, of the "other" world? . . . Was he not quite clearly putting himself in the hands of this Jew? . . . Certainly the mere summoning up once more, before his mind's eye, of the chessboard, the peculiar set of chessmen, was absurdly easy—he could do it without any effort whatever. It was in fact already, to all intents, there—he had only to look at it. If there was something just the least disquieting in this fact—in the fact that he might almost say that his mind was in a manner *possessed*—he at once waved the suggestion away. He looked then once again at the visionary board. It was closer, more pressingly vivid and alive than ever. He could certainly, if he liked, put his hand out and touch it—he could certainly put his hand among the pieces, past the white king (whose crown showed the letters I. N. R.) and lift the fallen knight, which was Judas. This was what he desired to do—he put out his hand, and as he did so, realized for the first time how extraordinarily important this action was for him. The fallen piece, however, resisted him as before, resisted his thought, would not be otherwise conceived than as fallen. But it *must* be lifted! He strained at the shadow, concentrating against it a whole world of shadows. He bent his life against it. It could not be seized, it would not budge. It was as if he were—yes—trying to lift a part of himself—a symbol—.

The revelation after all was sudden enough to shock him. He broke into a cold sweat, and barely mastered an impulse to spring to his feet. There was still time to "go back"—he seemed to see it, however, as a long way, and as involving also a sort of cowardice. It was to go back into—well, hadn't he in the snow-filled square called it the slow crucifixion of middle age—boredom? This could hardly be worse, though he now knew, with a sense rather spacious and vast than precise, that it involved danger. Still it was possible to go forward, was it not, with caution? He would keep *some* part of his wits about him—still free and his own. He was a match, he felt, for—well, for that Jew. He needn't be influenced, need he, beyond a certain point? . . .

He opened his eyes which during his waking-dream he had shut, and rose. The Jew turned about. For a moment the two men regarded each other in silence, a silence broken only by the small feverish ticking of invisible clocks. The shopkeeper, when at last he spoke, spoke in a tone which had become, for no apparent reason, sardonic and slightly tyrannous. He leaned back, with his elbows behind him on the white-marble mantel.

"Well?" he said.

Dace was cool—he allowed himself a slightly ironic smile.

"You were quite right," he rang out. Then, measuring with the nicest accuracy the queer light in the other's eyes, he went on with a considered leisureliness which he perhaps intended to be provocative, "I do identify myself with one of the pieces on the board—as you so perspicaciously suggested. . . . I identify myself with Judas."

"I didn't suggest it," cried the Jew. "I didn't suggest it! As God is my witness . . . Don't think it!"

Dace was amazed by the violence of this outburst. He was amazed also by the change in the Jew's appearance. He stood rigid and tall, his fists clenched at his sides, his face white as the marble, his large mouth grotesquely opened in a fixed and tragic expression of suffering, like the mouth of the tragic mask. He was absurd—Dace had even a fleeting desire to "kick" him—but he was also portentous.

"I think you misunderstand me," Dace pursued, endeavoring to speak without agitation. "You merely suggested that I might, during this waking-dream, experience some feeling of sympathy—am I not right? Well, I now tell you that that is true. God knows how you guessed it!" He laughed

apologetically. "And I improve on your suggestion quite clearly when I tell you that in this dream *Judas and I are one and the same person* . . . Isn't it extraordinary!"

The Jew, at this, merely gasped. Then relaxing, and as if he had suddenly become faint, he sank into a chair where he dropped his face into his hands and began absurdly rolling his great dark curly head from side to side, as if in an ecstasy of pain. "Ah, my God," he breathed through his hands, without looking up. "Ah, my God, my God!"

Dace, if he was surprised by the spectacle, did not show it. He merely watched, with the absorbed amusement of a child, this uncontrolled and unexplained behavior, and smiled. The top of the Jew's head with its bald spot ringed with curls, thus rolling heavily and serpentinely with that sinuous unction peculiar to camels and Jews, simply struck him as funny.

He was also, however, somewhat disgusted. And it was with some severity that he asked, after a moment:

"Are you feeling ill?"

The shopkeeper stopped rolling his head. His face remained hidden in his hands, nevertheless, and it was some time before he sat up, looking extraordinarily ravaged and pale, and with his large mouth still tragically relaxed. His voice, when at last he spoke, had changed, had become harsh, deep, tortured, uncertain—"biblical," Dace had time to say to himself.

"You persist in being flippant," the voice cried, "you have no seriousness. You permit yourself merely to be amused by all this. And you have the impertinence to ask me if I am ill when, as you might see, I am simply overcome by compassion. My God! Don't you see that it is serious, that it is tragic—that we sound together the whole horror of the world?"

He glared at Dace with unexpected ferocity. Then, before Dace had time for anything but a turmoil of bewilderment, he sprang up, approached Dace's chair menacingly, leaned over him, pointed at him a white thick finger on which were three rings.

"You are Judas, and you admit it. Don't pretend any longer that you don't fully realize it. The time for such foolery is past. You are Judas. You knew it before you came in here—you came in to tell me. You knew the countersign—you asked for the set of Twelve Disciples. Ah! I know everything. You tried to fool me, but you couldn't—I saw through your pretences from the beginning—I knew you were coming today. And why shouldn't I? It's Easter Eve. You know as well as I do that we always meet on Easter Eve! . . ."

Dace sat as if hypnotized, his glassy eyes fixed on the thick withered eyelids of the Jew. He was frightened and found it difficult to control his voice.

"Why, what do you mean?" he stammered.

"What do I mean! You ask me what do I mean! Ah, my God! Do I have to drag it all out of you like this? You have no honesty, no seriousness, no repentance? You are Judas. You were born in the island of Kerioth. You murdered your father and married your mother. . . . Pilate! Pilate! Do you hear? . . . You kept books for Pilate. You cheated him. And then you went looking for Jesus, because you thought he could forgive you for incest. Ha! And you cheated him too; you stole from him. You kept back the moneys. Your passion came on you—you wanted gold and silver. You stole from the shepherds, in the market place—you stole from the other disciples. Finally, because your fingers itched, you sold Jesus. What's the good of denying it? I can see that you remember it—you knew it all the time. It's Easter Eve, and you've come back again. I knew you were coming—I know everything."

The Jew stepped back with a gesture of triumph, dropping his hand. He squared his high-peaked shoulders as if

in a paroxysm of righteousness. His coarse face was radiant—transfigured.

"Well," said Dace in a small voice but clearly, "suppose I *am* Judas—suppose I *do* admit it. Suppose I admit even that I knew it before I came here, and came here with the sole purpose of revealing myself to you? You know everything—so I suppose I'll have to grant you that I even knew that the set of the Twelve Disciples was the password which, I take it, we're in the habit of exchanging in this extraordinary fashion, every Easter Eve. Is this Easter Eve? I didn't know it. I suppose I'm allowed a respite from Hell on Easter Eve—is that it? . . . But, supposing that all this is true—what about it?"

"Ah," the Jew cried, "you're incorrigible. . . . Why do you always make it so—difficult for me! If only once, once you would admit it all—tell me everything from your heart—help me to sound the horror of the world instead of leaving me to sound it alone! Only once!" He sank into his chair, flung his head back and regarded Dace pityingly as from an immense moral distance.

"Listen!" said Dace. "I want you to believe me when I tell you that I'm not trying to deceive you or make it hard for you. I'm honestly trying to tell you everything I know. If there are some things I don't know which you think I ought to know—well, it's because there's some barrier which I don't understand, some barrier. Do you see? . . . For example, I suppose I ought to know—since I've met you so often—who you are. But I don't! . . . Who are you?"

"I am Ahasver—the eternal Jew."

"Oh! You are—I see. And we meet every Easter Eve?"

"Every Easter Eve."

"You are eternal—of course, I've heard of you. As for me, I suppose I'm just, for the moment, reincarnated?"

"Reincarnated."

"That, I suppose, is why you can remember me, but I can't remember you."

"You *must* remember!"

"I don't. I remember nothing."

"Try! Think of last year."

"I don't remember last year."

"Salt Lake City! It was in Salt Lake City. Do you remember?"

"No, I've never been to Salt Lake City."

"You have—you were there last year. My shop was in Myrtle Street. We met outside it, just as six o'clock struck. You were smoking a pipe. When I asked you who you were, you said your name was O'Grady."

"Oh! Did I?"

"Yes. You said at first that you wanted to pawn something—your watch. You looked very different. You had a beard. Then we were inside the shop and the door was shut—"

"Ah! I asked for a peculiar set of chessmen!"

"You remember! You remember! . . . And the year before it was at Buenos Ayres. . . . My shop was on the second floor, over a colonnade. I had a sign hanging outside—with my name on it, Juan Espera en Dios. . . . You were a little Portuguese Jew named Gomez—your skin was very yellow, you were suffering from the jaundice. Do you remember?"

"No, I've never been to Buenos Ayres. Never."

"Ah, you shameless liar! . . . Liar! . . . You lie merely to make me suffer. Don't. Don't. And the year before that—"

"My dear fellow, do you remember them all?"

"Every one. It was on the Ponte Vecchio—my name was over the door, Butta Deus. A very small shop with bracelets and filigree necklaces. Ah! you were very droll that time—and very shabby, poor. A poor tailor; you said your name was Fantini. You had no thumb on your left hand, and said it didn't interfere with your work—you showed me how flexible and cunning were your fingers. And ah, my God, how stubborn you were—how you de-

nied it! But you always deny it, you always torture me. . . . It is my punishment."

The Jew covered his eyes with one hand and sank into an absorbed silence. He looked as if he was praying. Dace examined him in astonishment, observed the tufts of grizzled hair in his ears, the gray sparse whorls of beard under the edges of the jaw, the greasy old-fashioned black stock under the lowered chin. Three heavy gold rings were on the fourth finger, one of them set with a coarse peach-agate. Behind him in the tumbled room somewhere, a clock struck seven in a small sweet voice, then another, nearer at hand, more briskly and loudly; then two others, simultaneously, their voices—one brazen and one treble — infelicitously mingling. Seven o'clock? But to Dace the world seemed timeless; and he felt extraordinarily, with a bright translucence that made him feel bodiless, that he was existing separately, at one and the same time, in Salt Lake City, Buenos Ayres, Florence—and where else? He seemed to know himself perfectly as O'Grady—he was tall and bearded, smoked a pipe, walked in the warm clear dusk into Myrtle Street where, sure enough, the Jew awaited him. But what was the Jew's name, then? He had forgotten to say. . . . Certainly, as Gomez he had had the jaundice, as Fantini had lost his left thumb. Absurd! And this ghostly multiple career extended back, troubled, passionate, full of sinister echoes, for eighteen hundred and thirty-five years. And the unchanging secret in him, through all this harlequinade, was Judas! These hands were the hands of Judas—the hands of the parricide, the thief, the betrayer. . . . And what, in all this amazing nightmare, so profoundly actual, did the Jew want of him? Sympathy? An exchange of understanding? . . . He tried to remember what it was that the Jew had done, what offence it was that his eternal wanderings were a punishment for. Perhaps if he closed his eyes it would come back to him. For a moment he would submit a little, allow this extraordinary influence— Ah! it began to come back to him. It was something outrageous, something revolting—there was a crowd—Jesus was passing, carrying something—and the shopkeeper—Ahasver—what was it he did? He leaned forward out of the crowd and spat at Jesus and said something—that was it. Something hateful.

"What was it you said?" Dace asked.

"On the Ponte Vecchio?"

"No—on Golgotha."

"Ah, I won't repeat it—every time you ask me to repeat it! And you know as well as I do!"

"I know you said something—I don't know what you said."

The Jew leaped to his feet, his face flushed with fury. He made a gesture of curved hands towards Dace's throat, as if he would like to strangle him.

"Hypocrite! You sit there and pretend you know nothing—you, my only friend! Well, I'll tell you what I did—I spat in His face—that's what I did! Yes! I leaned out and spat right in His face, and said in a loud ugly voice 'Go on quicker!' And He stopped and looked at me—Ah, you can see him stopping—and answered—'I go: but thou shalt wait till my return' . . . That's what happened, Judas! . . . And you, where were you? On Olivet with an old bit of rope, the halter of an ass! What could have been more appropriate than the halter of an ass? But it did you no good. No. You were merely doing what you'd have to do over and over again. For you too were included in the words 'There be some of those that stand here which shall in no wise taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom.'"

"We are friends, then," murmured Dace. "We are friends!"

"We are the oldest friends in the world. And yet you torture me!"

"I don't mean to torture you. I am trying to understand."

"I forgive you, my friend—I forgive

you." And suddenly the Jew leaned down and touched with his white soft hand the right hand of Dace, where it rested on the arm of the chair; a touch fawning and horrible. There were tears in his eyes. He patted Dace's hand twice with a grotesque and repulsive tenderness, and smiled; then, straightening:

"No one else forgives us — why shouldn't we forgive each other? God has forgotten us—he only remembers to forget us. Ah, my old friend, let us not forget each other! Let us remember each other all we can, and forgive each other with all our hearts. You see why it is that I want so horribly, so horribly, to have you remember me! To be an outcast, eternal, hated by God and man, unforgiven, loved by none—to be used by God for his own inscrutable Divine purpose, yet punished for it forever! Perhaps God means that we shall be a comfort to each other. Perhaps he means in that way to reward us—to grant us as recompense the greatest, deepest, oldest friendship ever known by men."

"Yes," said Dace faintly, "why not? Why not? . . . Perhaps he does."

"I am sure of it, my friend—Judas, I am sure of it! We have a bond, the greatest of bonds. Each of us committed a sin in its way unparalleled. No others have sounded the depths that we have sounded. At the very bottom of the world, most miserable Gehenna of Gehennas, we meet and embrace. Surely that is something! Yes, I believe it is a proof of the essential goodness and wisdom and mercifulness of God. I wrong him by saying that he has forgotten us! He has not forgotten us. Isn't it perhaps truer to say that we are a part of God, the part of him that is evil and that suffers? What a vision! What pride we can legitimately take in being ourselves! In us is concentrated the most intense suffering, the deepest darkness, the most unmitigated horror of the world. . . . Let us share it, old friend—on this one day in the year when we meet, for these few uncertain hours in an infinity of torment—let us share our grief and pride, and open our hearts."

Dace was extraordinarily moved by this speech, but he could scarcely have said whether he was more impressed, or horrified, or amused. So this was where they were—at the bottom of the world, at the bottom of the bottomless pit. What a vision, indeed! And himself and this repulsive shopkeeper—sinister dual embodiment of the world's evil—embracing passionately in the blown smoke of Gehenna. Treachery kissing obscenity! Laughter would have been a relief to him, but he felt with a peculiar anxiety that the moment was not propitious. Wasn't there still, somewhere in all this, a danger? Something there was which the Jew had said that had alarmed him; but he could not now recall it. Decidedly, he must keep his wits with him.

"Yes," he answered slowly, with averted eyes, "we are old friends; our sympathies ought to be of the profoundest. We are, as you say, in the same boat—if it is not flippant to put it in so homely a fashion. We know each other, don't we? And there we are."

"Ah," said the Jew, "but do you know me as I know you? That is the question that curses me, that always curses me! You are so hesitant, so uncertain! You distress me so with your questions, and with the blanks in your memory! If only we were *exactly* alike, and you remembered, each year, all that I remember!"

"It's a pity—it's a pity."

"A tragedy, rather! . . . For me a tragedy. . . . Yet I mustn't be selfish. That is the part assigned to me—to remember, to be the memory. I must remember your sorrows as well as my own. It is my privilege to remind you. Corfu, for example! Do you remember Corfu?"

"Corfu? No."

"To-night in Corfu they are stoning you. Listen!" The Jew lifted a per-

emptory finger, commanding silence. Dace listened intently, as if he really expected to hear something; but nothing disturbed the sequestered hush of the room save the ticking of clocks, their own breathing, and the sinking of coals in the grate. Why on earth Corfu? An island in the Adriatic, was it?

"I hear nothing," he said.

"In Corfu on every Easter Eve they stone you. Every window is opened and old crockery, stones, and sticks are flung violently into the streets. I can hear it. I can see the angry faces. I can hear the screams of hate and triumph. And ah, my God, I can feel the stones on my body, in my soul, wretched compassionate creature that I am! . . . Do you feel them? Do you hear them?"

"Nothing whatever—no."

The Jew seemed hurt, bewildered. He stared at the floor.

"No—you hear nothing, feel nothing. . . . I suppose God intended it so. . . . And yet it seems as if you ought to be prepared. A warning would be an act of mercy. To remember nothing, to experience the tragedy afresh each time! Horrible."

"A warning? What do you mean?"

The Jew fixed Dace's eyes intently. What strange light was it that tried there, through the smoke of confused emotions, to flash out? Compassion? Cunning? But the eyelids lowered, the Jew looked away. Then he said, tonelessly:

"I mean for your hanging."

Dace, at this, felt that his heart had stopped beating altogether. His consciousness flew off like a vapor, he experienced, for a timeless instant, a perfect and horrible annihilation. Then his ears began ringing, his temples were hammered like cymbals, his arms violently trembled. The room came back to him, but smaller, more real and shabby in the candlelight; and the Jew before him, musing in his chair, seemed also unaccountably shabbier and smaller. He felt slightly sick.

"Oh," with hardly a tremor, "I'm to hang myself?"

"Ah, my dear friend!" wailed the Jew. "My dear friend!" He wrung his hands.

"But here—in this room?"

"It is better so—is it not? That's as it always is."

"O, it's always so, I see. . . . And O'Grady, what about O'Grady?"

"O'Grady? What do you mean?"

"He hung himself for you in Salt Lake City?"

"Not for me—not for me! For God!"

"And Gomez—and the tailor, Fantini?"

"Yes—" the Jew whispered. "They too. All of them. Every year. . . . My poor friend! I was afraid, afraid that you didn't remember. I've done my best for you. I've tried to—"

"Break the news gently? Yes! So you have. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

The two men stared at each other. It was then Dace who went on:

"There's the trivial purely practical matter of the rope," he said. "I suppose you have the rope."

"Yes. I'll get it for you. It's the same one."

"The halter of the ass?"

"Yes."

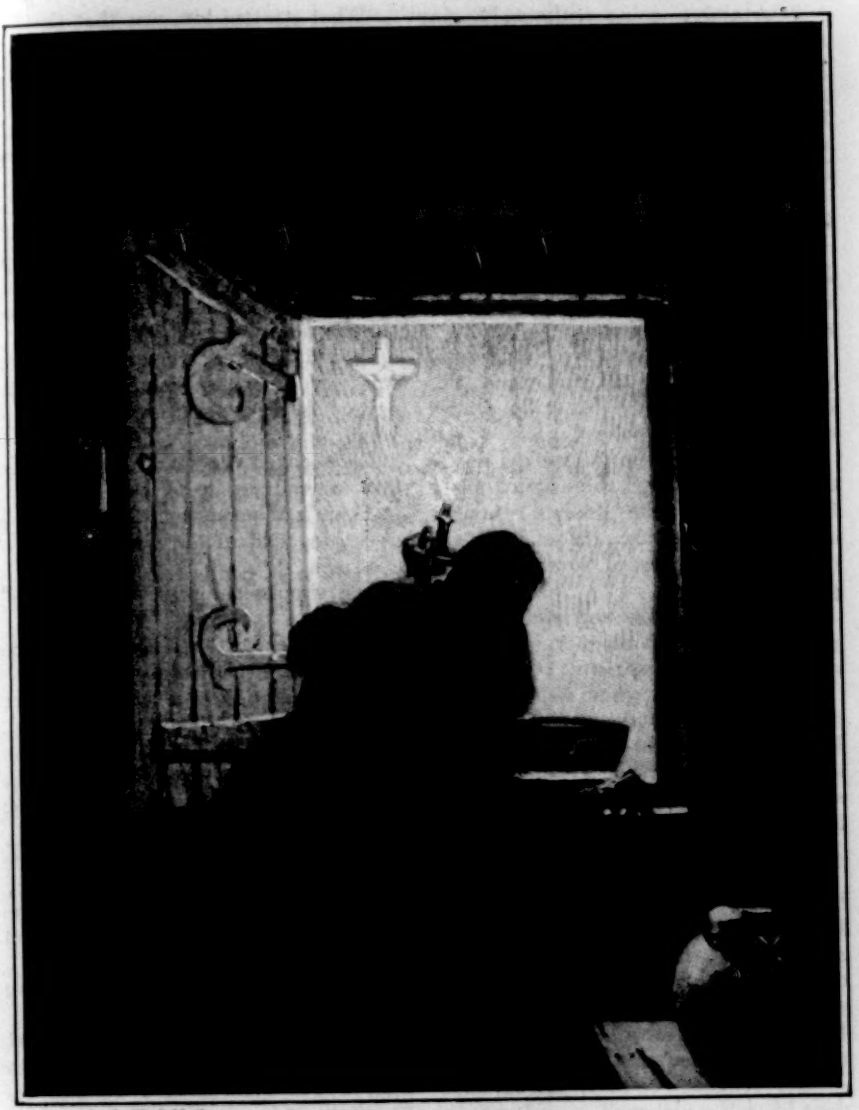
The Jew rose, sighing, took the candle and went to a high cupboard in the front corner of the room by the shuttered window. The lifted candle, when the door had been flung back, lighted a tall crucifix within, the figure of Christ carved from a pallid greenish stone. Below it on the cupboard floor stood an earthen bowl. It occurred to Dace that the bowl might bear the stains of sacrifice. The Jew lifted from a hook a small coil of rope, closed the cupboard, and returned to Dace.

"There!" he said. "Take it."

Dace rose, but he did not take the rope. Instead he took up his hat from the taboret. At the Jew's look of astonished incredulity, he laughed.

"No," he then said. "I shan't take it—I must be going. It's late."

"Going?" stammered the Jew. Then



Drawn by J. W. Schlaikjer

THE CANDLE LIGHTED A CRUCIFIX WITHIN THE CUPBOARD

he cried out again, horribly, in his biblical prophetic voice—"going, without—"

"Certainly; going without hanging myself. Do you seriously expect me to hang myself for you?"

He laughed again. Then as the shopkeeper, angrily flushed, took a step forward, he took a similar step to meet him.

"Listen," he cried. "You're insane! insane! and you know it."

A look of desolation, of horror, relaxed the Jew's face—the jaw sagged, the large mouth opened. He sat down, still holding the rope.

"That's right—sit down. And don't you dare to move till I'm out of this house—do you hear? Sit still! Or I'll report you to the police."

He took the candle and walked slowly to the door through the aisle of dusty furniture. At the door a thought suddenly struck him. He set down the candle, took out a card, wrote on it, and put it on a table.

"Here's my name and address," he said. "Send me in the morning the set of the Twelve Disciples! . . . Good-by!"

The shopkeeper, whom he could only dimly make out in the now almost unlighted jungle of bric-a-brac, made no answer. Dace turned, went down the stairs, put the candle on the floor, and let himself out.

When three days had passed without his having had any signal from the Jew, Dace determined to go to see him. The adventure, he thought, must be an anticlimax; but there were one or two possibilities about which he was curious. Was it not conceivable, for example, that the wretched man, in some obscure sort of religious ecstasy, might have done himself a violence? . . . It was in bright sunlight that he passed this time through the square and turned into the shopping district; not yet noon. Missing for a fraction of a minute the shop, which was small, he had a renewal of his excitement—it seemed to him not too incredible that the shop and its singular proprietor might never have existed at all. But here it was.

What startled him was that the Jew did not recognize him, not in the slightest. He had uttered no greeting on entering, had merely looked at the shopkeeper, expecting that the result would be an exclamation. But the Jew simply looked up from his glass case, which was opened at the back, and where he seemed to be arranging a small plush tray of jades and corals—looked up with a mild polite interest. And as Dace, surprised, stared at him, it was the Jew who was the first to speak.

"Good morning!" he said. His tone was friendly—not intimate, not obsequious. "Is there something I can show you?"

Dace looked very hard at those green eyes under their sleepy lids.

"I am looking, as a matter of fact, for something odd in the way of a set of chessmen."

The shopkeeper was suavely interested.

"Chessmen? Certainly. Had you anything particular in mind?"

Dace's heart gave a leap. The Jew was putting away his jades, unconcerned.

"Well—what I should really like to get hold of is a set I've heard called the set of the Twelve Disciples. Do you happen to know anything about it?"

The shopkeeper tapped his fingers idly on the glass.

"No, I can't say I do. Twelve Disciples! No. Very curious. . . . Do you know where it was made?"

Dace leaned forward against the case.

"I don't; no . . ." He stared at the shopkeeper, who was very close to him. "Tell me—haven't we met before?"

The Jew returned his stare perplexedly.

"I don't think so—have we? I have a good memory for faces—bad for names. Still, I may be at fault!"

"I think you are—I think you are!"

Dace said, and laughed. "You're wearing glasses to-day—you weren't before."

"Oh?" The Jew's smile was friendly but vague.

"Yes . . . Don't you remember taking me to your room upstairs? You showed me a crucifix in a cupboard."

"Did I?" The shopkeeper smiled, wagged his ugly head, shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, then I *am* at fault. I take so many people up there, you see, to look at things—you must forgive me!"

"Oh, I forgive you!"

They chuckled together amicably. Then Dace bought a Chinese set of carved ivory and bade the Jew good-morning.

EPITAPHS

BY COUNTÉE P. CULLEN

FOR A POET

I HAVE wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth
And laid them away in a box of gold;
Where long will cling the lips of the moth
I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth;
I hide no hate; I am not even wroth
Who found earth's breath so keen and cold;
I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth
And laid them away in a box of gold.

FOR A CYNIC

BIRTH is a crime
All men commit;
Life gives us time
To atone for it;
Death ends the rhyme
As the price for it.

FOR A SINGER

DEATH clogged this flute
At its highest note;
Song sleeps here mute
In this breathless throat.

FOR A LOVELY LADY

A CREATURE slender as a reed,
And sad-eyed as a doe
Lies here (but take my word for it,
And do not pry below).

FOR MYSELF

WHAT'S in this grave is worth your tear;
There's more than the eye can see;
Folly and Pride and Love lie here,
Buried alive with me.

Thoughts Proper for Christmas

By Edward S. Martin

THE CHAIRMAN of the Trustees of Hamilton College addresses the undergraduates every year at the opening of college in September. The present Chairman, Mr. Elihu Root, who this year is a graduate of sixty years' standing, spoke out of a full and illustrious experience of life. The newspaper report of what he said was very brief, but he seems to have talked to the boys about success and how to win it. The important thing he told them was that true success proceeded from the development of the inner faculties. Success, he said, "comes of what you have made of your inner nature. Cultivate your taste to receive joy from a thing of beauty; cultivate your powers for the joy you may obtain from their employment; cultivate friendship and those other simple virtues which are so commonly admired. No man is truly happy who must depend on outside things for his happiness."

He might very well have told them—possibly he did—that the powers and qualities and understandings which he urged them to cultivate are those we take with us when we migrate out of this life and its surroundings to whatever awaits us. The acquirements he praised are all of that nature. They are spiritual: the sense of beauty, the capacity for friendship. "Power, wealth and fame," he said, "each have been objectives, but each in itself is nothing. Money enough to be independent is a fine thing, yet a truly successful man is the one who has acquired the capacity for the enjoyment of life."

If Mr. Root's talk had been three months later and he had been setting forth the expediency of cultivating the Christmas spirit, all these inculcations about the supreme value of the capacity to enjoy life would have come in perfectly. What does the Westminster catechism define as the chief end of man? "To glorify God and enjoy him for ever." That is the same story. To enjoy God and to enjoy life are only two ways of expressing the same thing. To enjoy beauty is another way, and as for the capacity for friendship, what is that but a variant of good will to men? The really valuable things to be gained in this world are the everlasting things. If we have sense enough to go after them, such things as Mr. Root suggested and many more, we may be sure we are acquiring for ourselves betimes the means of joy and satisfaction in the life to come. There is no distinction that any one knows of between what is good for us here and what is good for us there.

What else holds over besides the capacity for joy and for friendship and the appreciation of beauty? Probably knowledge and the development that comes with it. Probably mental power and power of will if it is acquired in the pursuit of generous ends, and especially in the service of mankind. "Cultivate your powers," said Mr. Root, "for the joy you may obtain from their employment." That is the way. Who can doubt that energy of mind goes over? What truth we know we take with us. What love there is in us we take with us. Pursuit of all real knowledge is a pursuit of truth.

This life does not stand by itself. It is related to something else which follows it. All kinds of Scriptures tell us this. We do not leave here what we add to our mental or spiritual equipment. The spiritists who explore the life in prospect with so much confidence, and report their findings so positively, tell of painters, musicians, and doctors of medicine, all of whom, by the showing of these reporters, occasionally still exercise their skill on this plane. The stories about it are interesting to those who like them. The alleged results in painting are sometimes exhibited and seem to be edifying to some observers, and at least these stories, whether we trust them or not, are credible in so far as they imply that the time and effort we spend here developing our minds, our talents, and our characters bring us the sort of riches we carry with us when we move on. We may surmise that according to the proportion of the active people in the world who really take that in, and act upon it, civilization goes ahead or falls behind. If that is too much to assert, at least we can say that the people who do best for the world are those who seem to work as though they were laying up treasures in heaven.

The greatest gift that Christmas can bring to the world is understanding of what makes for joy in living. When the world learns that we shall be far on the way towards the millennium. When the nations really learn it there will be Peace on Earth, and when the people of the nations learn it there will be Good Will to Men. The troubles from which our world suffers spring mainly from an overestimate of the importance of relatively unimportant things—money, power, territory, oil, steel, coal—things whereof the sole value lies in the use to which we put them. All these things the nations may have and still not be happy or able to avoid wars. All of them they may lack, or have in diminished quantity, and still go on fairly blithely. Coal, gasoline, steel are handy while we stay here and try to maintain all our acquired habits; but we take none of them with us when we quit. The important things are those we do take with us.

We see the nations of Europe owing vast sums of money to one another (and some of them to us) and greatly concerned to collect the debts due them. It seems to them vastly important, but in the end their happiness does not depend on it so much as they suppose. If all the debts were wiped out the problem of living would be about the same, and it seems not unlikely that in the end it will be simplified by a wholesale readjustment in which what debts remain will be scaled down in the interest of the general good.

We see the Ku Klux Klan concerned for fear the Catholics will gain too much power and the Jews too much money. But the real concern of the Ku Klux is to demonstrate the superior merit of their convictions by living better and happier lives than the Catholics, and by beating the Jews in intelligence. Some races are abler than others: some forms of religion are doubtless better than others, but no race and no sect is good enough to be the ruling pattern for all the world. We who believe that the Master of Christmas taught the truth as to all things he discussed and especially about human relations, would still not venture to claim that his teachings and his spirit are perfectly expressed in the lives and doctrines of any group whose members profess to follow him. Surely the sense of a common imperfection should make us brotherly towards one another, and self-improvement, sincerely practiced, breed in us patience with our fellows and moderate our urgency to make them like ourselves.

CAMEO

A Story

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

SENTIMENT, one would have judged from his manner of cold reserve, was the thing most lacking in Colonel Stapleton. Even those who knew of his enmity against the Tollivars—ancient foes of his house—had never seen him exhibit any emotion in connection with it. Rightly, perhaps, his feeling in the matter could not have been classed as an emotion. It never flamed to the white heat of passion, since it was as innately a part of him as his breeding, his pride of family, or his devotion to the shrine at which he worshiped in secret.

Really, it was generations old when he was born. While he was still a young man his father, dying at Graylands, had called him to his bedside. Through the open window in the near distance could be seen the walls of Thorncrest.

"My son," the old man said, pointing with a trembling hand, "you have been taught all your life that in that house dwell those who hate us and whom we hate. To keep this alive is your inheritance, as it was mine. Never forget it."

Colonel Stapleton never forgot.

He knew from his father's lips that the first clash came during the days when Whig and Democrat settled the more personal of their political differences according to the code. A Stapleton had fallen first, then a Tollivar. Thus it went on for years. But when the Civil War came, with the score standing one in favor of the Tollivars, a truce was called as each family sent the menfolk of its house to fight under Lee. Once during this period, while on a particularly dangerous mission within enemy lines, a Tollivar gave his life to save that of a Stapleton. Later, smarting under the debt and striving solely to efface it, a Stapleton died that a Tollivar might live. One might have thought that this would have served to wipe out the ancient enmity; the contrary was the case, for each family felt that it had sacrificed needlessly one of its own. But with the end of the war personal clashes ceased, being succeeded by a silent but never-lessening mutual hatred.

The two plantation mansions, separated by a scant quarter of a mile, stood in plain view of each other. Even Colonel Stapleton was forced to admit—though he had never set foot on a single acre of his enemies' lands—that the outlook upon the winding yellow river from Thorncrest was, perhaps, a trifle more picturesque than that afforded from Graylands; that the oaks in the grove about the Tollivar home were slightly more sturdy of trunk and more broad of spread than those which surrounded his own house; that of the two mansions Thorncrest was the merest shade more Grecian in conception and execution than Graylands. And he knew that the Tollivars felt this, too. On their part, too, was that peculiar scorn which only an aristocrat can feel for another of his kind whom he despises, when that other is a shade less patrician in birth than himself; when the family is a scant generation younger than his own. And this scorn, as Colonel Stapleton knew, had deepened into contempt when he left Graylands to embark upon what the Tollivars referred to—on those rare oc-

casions when his name was mentioned in their presence—as a "money-mad career." But he alone knew that this had to do with the gratification of his supreme passion, which was as long-lived within him as his inherited enmity, and was perhaps more ardent.

It first made its appearance when he was a child scarcely old enough to speak. One day his nurse took him into the old-fashioned flower garden and sat him down beside a bed of pansies. Strangely, for one so young, he made no attempt to pluck any of them, seeming content to sit there, his childish soul silently drinking in their beauty. For months afterward when he was brought into the garden he would stretch both arms toward the flower bed. "Go! Go!" he would insist until his demand was granted.

Then one day when guests were expected the nurse sat him down beside her and began plucking some of the pansies for decorations. He rose upon uncertain legs, shrieking:

"No! No!"

Still plucking the flowers, she tried to pacify him, but he beat upon her with his fists. "No! No!" he screamed.

His mother, attracted by his cries, came out to them.

"What in the world is the matter with the child, 'Lindy?" she asked.

"Don't know'm," the black woman answered, "less'n he don't want me to pick 'ese here pansies." And finally, in order to quiet him, she had to stop.

Had he been of a reasoning age he might have explained the protest which seethed in his young mind by saying that the flowers belonged in their native soil where they grew and that to remove them were heretical—sacrilegious. As he grew older the idea that certain things were rooted to certain places, that they belonged in a certain setting, came to be his distinguishing trait—his hallmark.

Once as a boy he and a companion were roaming the woods. They discovered an abandoned bird's nest among the limbs of a low bush. The other boy wanted to take it but the youthful heir of Graylands protested.

"No; let it stay where it is."

"Why?" his companion asked. "It's an old one; the birds will never use it again."

"But they built it there," was the stubborn rejoinder, "and raised the young birds in it. That's where it belongs."

"I don't care. I want it and I'm going to take it."

"You're not!"

In the end they fought over it, but the bird's nest remained where it was.

As he grew older the boy's peculiarity came to be the butt of many a jest, even from members of his own family. This gradually bred within him a certain diffidence, which, through the protective instinct, merged into a coldness of manner toward others. Later it became an aloofness that was almost repellent in its formality. Not that he would not have enjoyed friendships. He would have welcomed them—at first—but people laughed at the things he held sacred.

At college his queer characteristics persisted, despite the jeers of his fellows. Once his roommate found him engrossed in an old etching of the Colosseum.

"Lord, Stapleton!" he laughed. "Are you going to pore over the picture of that old wreck all day? Go out and look at the new stadium! There's something modern for you. What can you see in that old ruin?"

"A great deal, probably," was the quiet answer, "which others may have missed. And I'm going to visit it, too—some day."

And he did, shortly following his graduation. For days the historic ruin held him in its grip. His mind's eye saw those ancient tiers of crumbling stone supporting the weight of the clamoring Roman populace. Stately senators in flowing robes passed before him. And just over there were the vestal virgins, watching with glowing eyes the swift, bloody conflicts between savage men and still more savage beasts.

But he never forgot his ancient hostility for the enemies of his house, nor the memory of that Stapleton who was still unavenged

His passion for old things, which grew with the years, was peculiar in this respect: he would not have turned about on his heel to see all the glory of ancient Thebes transplanted to an alien setting. But to have stood for five minutes alone with his thoughts in the silence of an old Egyptian tomb before irreverent hands had defiled it, visualizing a long-dead Pharaoh as he appeared in the pomp of real life, he would have given all that he ever hoped to possess. Probably his passion was intensified by the fact that there was no one with whom he could share it. At any rate, his love for the things of antiquity—in their proper setting—came presently to have the spiritual intensity of a religion.

Owing to this he suffered one severe disappointment. When he was a child there had been at Graylands an old spinet at which a European artist, a guest of the house, had sat and sung. His grandfather had bequeathed this to Colonel Stapleton's aunt. In later years he tried to secure it from her.

"Why should *you* want it?" he insisted.

"Because of its association with our family," his aunt answered.

"But its association properly is with Graylands," he retorted. "It was in the drawing-room, there, that she sat and played. That's where it belongs. You've uprooted it!"

But no argument he could use, or any amount of money that he was later able to offer was effective; though for the spinet, because of its personal, intimate association with Graylands, he would gladly have paid a prince's ransom.

It was partly to gratify his passion that he began what the Tollivars termed his "money-mad career"; for only with unlimited means could he answer the call of those ancient shrines which insistently beckoned to him. He developed an almost uncanny aptness in finance. Later he went to New York where he soon attracted attention. Within three years he was secretary to a noted financier. Five years later bankers in the metropolis began seeking his advice. By the time he had reached middle age he was a power in the country. At sixty the financiers of three continents watched his every move. And then suddenly, since money for its own sake held no attraction for him, he retired from business.

Long before this, though, he had begun making yearly pilgrimages to places of antiquity. Cities of the Ægean Sea came to know the slender, elderly, silent man, who walked softly about among their ancient ruins, meditating, speaking to no one, wrapped always in a mantle of impenetrable aloofness. He visited the crumbling temples of Greece; China and India were among his favorite haunts; he trod the sands of Arabia. Mexico knew him, as did Siam.

His wealth—the acquiring of which had caused the Tollivars to heap anew their scorn upon him—was also to serve for their undoing. For years, since duels had ceased to be the mode, he had planned his vengeance. He would humble their stiff-necked pride. With all of his fine, clean passion for the things of olden times, he was the son of his father: his enmity was an inheritance.

Ever since he had begun to amass a competence he had been spending the winter months at Graylands. There, with the aid of a man who acted as his agent in the near-by town, he made his power as a financier felt throughout the countryside. One by one, he secured control of the banks. It was a tedious proceeding—or would have been for one who did not have a generations-old debt to pay—since, for the time being, he chose that his part in the transactions should not be known.

With the lean years that came to plantation owners there came, too, his opportunity. The Tollivars, ever improvident and finding the sources whence they had formerly secured loans sud-

Drawn by Harry Townsend

THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW HE COULD SEE THE WALLS OF THORNCREST

denly and inexplicably closed, were compelled to sell, bit by bit, portions of their land holdings. These were bought secretly, through his agent, by Colonel Stapleton. Sooner or later—inevitably—they would all be his. The ancient enemies of his house would face actual want. And then. . . .

He lived now for two purposes: to feast his soul in association with relics of antiquity and to settle, finally, the age-long feud, since there were no persons living with whom he could claim the intimacy of friendship.

Once though, earlier in life, he had met a man who gave fair promise of understanding companionship. There was a secret conference of financiers, gathered ostensibly for the trout fishing, at a farmhouse in the hills of northern Vermont. The owner of the place, who was one of the group, noticed that Colonel Stapleton was interestedly examining a small walnut desk.

"Like it?" he asked.

"I'm rather interested in antiques," was the answer. "Has this, by any chance, a history?"

"Has it?" His host smiled. "Ethan Allen sat there once when he was an officer in Washington's army and wrote a letter."

"Here?" No one who knew Colonel Stapleton would have recognized him in the flood of almost boyish eagerness which suddenly transformed him. "You don't mean here—in this house?"

"Right on that spot. The place has been in the family for generations. We always come up for a couple of months in summer. I've thought of moving the desk into the living room but my wife . . ."

"*Don't* move it! Can't you see—man!—that it belongs there? It's rooted, by tradition—"

Colonel Stapleton suddenly ceased speaking, flushing at his own vehemence, but the other man smiled sympathetically.

"I understand. We'll have to get to know each other better. It seems we've something in common. Antiques are my hobby."

Hobby! With Colonel Stapleton—in their proper setting—they amounted to a religion. He passed a hand lingeringly over the walnut surface of the desk. Suddenly he was no longer one of a group of men who had just settled the destiny of a nation. He stood apart, detached from the things about him, a spectator—silent, breathless, reverent—of a commonplace incident which had occurred more than a hundred years earlier. A man, clad in the buff and blue of the Continental army, sat at the antique walnut desk. The queue of his white curled wig fell over the stiff high collar of his coat. One hand held a quill pen, and he was writing, in a stilted, formal script. . . .

Colonel Stapleton would have liked to know his host better but he was just leaving for one of his pilgrimages. Explorers for a scientific society had discovered, covered by the growth of a Central-American jungle, evidence of a city of the forgotten Mayas. Colonel Stapleton's influence had secured him membership in a party which was forming to visit the ruins.

He arrived on the spot before modern hands had succeeded in defiling what remained to tell the tale of a long-dead race. These people had left no legends, no traditions, save the evidence—all about—of a civilization which rivaled that of old Egypt. But this mattered little to Colonel Stapleton; really he preferred it so, for he built for himself, when he saw those ancient temples with their strange sacrificial stones, his own folklore of that vanished race. Treading softly through the musty ruins amid huge monoliths with carvings almost as delicate as the tracery of Irish lace, he visualized the artists who had produced such masterpieces. Reverently, he studied the stoical faces of images which had gazed for ages upon the encroachment of the jungle, tracing their likeness to that of old Chinese Buddhas he had

seen. He formed his own hypothesis of whatever pestilence it might have been that brought destruction to this city. He wondered what vanished secret of engineering these people had possessed that had enabled them to lift stones, each of them weighing several hundred tons, to the tops of those great pyramids. For weeks the place held him with a spiritual intensity, for no one had preceded him hither; no vandals had been there to take away precious relics of antiquity; there had been no ghouls to despoil this sacred place.

When he left he went first to Graylands, where he learned from his agent that another bit of the Tollivar lands—almost the last—had been purchased. Very soon now his vengeance would be achieved.

Back in the city, he sought out at once his former host of the Vermont farmhouse, and, casting aside for once his air of chill formality, he spoke glowingly of his trip. He was again almost childishly eager in speaking with this man, who listened in apparent absorption.

"I'm sure," he said, when Colonel Stapleton had finished, "that we'll get along famously together. I'm only sorry that we did not meet sooner. And by the way, if you've no appointment for this afternoon, I've something I'd like you to see."

They motored out from the city along a winding country road. Colonel Stapleton found with a pleasurable thrill that his liking for the man was growing. Perhaps here was offered that companionship for which he had often yearned. Here, maybe, he told himself, was one who would understand; one before whom he would not be ashamed to uncover the shrine at which his soul worshiped. Perhaps this man was God-sent.

He found himself anticipating what they were going to see. "I'll not tell you what it is," his host had said. "I want you to get the full effect with the first view." This had aroused Colonel Stapleton's interest. Probably it was some old family pewter or bits of Wedgwood. The man had spoken fondly of both. Or he might own other pieces of antique furniture—like the old desk—heirlooms, each with its historic, intimate association.

Presently at a turn in the road the man brought the car to a stop. "Look!" he said, pointing. "What do you think of it?" He waited, sure of enthusiastic admiration.

What Colonel Stapleton saw was an English cottage, apparently true to tradition in the minutest detail, set in the Long Island countryside. Suddenly, his soul revolted. The man beside him was, after all, merely an imitator, one who would be satisfied with a reproduction. But his breeding asserted itself.

"A faithful copy," he offered courteously, but his tone was cold.

"Copy, indeed! We'll drive closer." The man slid the gears in mesh and the car stopped before the cottage. "Look at it, man! That's the real thing—transplanted. Bought it last summer, while you were away. Had it dismantled, stick by stick and stone by stone. All the old hand-hewn timbers are intact. Brought over English workmen, too, to rebuild it."

Colonel Stapleton had turned away, sickened. It was sacrilege! In that brief moment his growing likeness for the other had died. The man who might have been an understanding friend was a vandal—like the others. An Elizabethan cottage, torn from the soil of a farm in Devon where it had been rooted for three hundred years! Snatched away by blasphemous hands and transplanted to an alien land! Brawny English workmen had hewn those timbers in the old days; they had carted the stone and mortar and placed the masonry in its setting—its native setting—in Devonshire. And now Colonel Stapleton could imagine them turning in their graves in helpless protest. The work of their hands, built to adorn their own countryside, to shelter succeeding generations of their sons, rudely torn down and carted away!

"And the stone flagging in that path there!" His host was still speaking. "Laid just as it was—in the identical pattern. Why, even the door latches are the originals!"

It was blasphemy! There was for this man who sat beside him, Colonel Stapleton realized, no intimacy of personal or family association; there were no memories of days, passed either by himself or his ancestors, within those thick guardian walls which could have made of this cottage a thing to be revered.

And the stone flagging—laid just as it had been over there! Not a single footstep that had ever resounded upon it meant anything to this man. No hand of his ancestors had ever lifted one of those clumsy, wrought-iron door latches to welcome an incoming or speed a departing guest. For the man the cottage was simply something to look at, with a peculiar, inexplicable sense of proud proprietorship. There was no kinship with it; no intimacy, no association.

His host, surprised at his silence, had faced about. Suddenly Colonel Stapleton heard himself saying:

"I believe I'm ill." He scarcely recognized his own voice. "I—I think we'd better go back. Some other time . . . perhaps . . ."

Before they had reached the city his manner of repellent aloofness had enshrouded him once more. Never again did he seek out this man who might have been a friend. Nor did he, thenceforth, strive for further friendships. None of those who boasted their love for antiquities, he felt, would stand the final test. They would turn out to be ghouls, despoilers of sacred memories—as this man had been. But in his secret heart he cherished his passion more than ever, and close beside it, planning always his vengeance, he nursed his inherited enmity for the Tollivars.

The months he could spare from his pilgrimages were now spent at Graylands amid its antiquities, which, from personal or family association, held a peculiar charm for him. There was a rare cabinet of carved teakwood, brought to the place by some roistering, adventuring ancestor in the days before the Orient had formally opened its doors to Western visitors. Mahogany, black with age, fairly cluttered the place. An unwieldy high-backed chair had been a favorite with John C. Calhoun, who had once been a frequent caller at the place. Even now Colonel Stapleton, in fancy, could see the strong-visaged old statesman sitting stiffly upright, cross-legged, smoking a long-stemmed pipe. There was an old four-poster, in which every male Stapleton for four generations had been born; there were priceless bits of china. And for each separate piece, the master of Graylands felt a reverence which bordered on fanaticism.

It was during a winter at Graylands that the opportunity came for a final settling of the old score. The head of the house of Tollivar had died, but there still remained two members of the family—elderly maiden sisters, the Misses Elizabeth and Mary. With Colonel Stapleton chivalry was not an issue, as he knew it would not have been with his enemies had their conditions been reversed. For this was a feud. What he had been taught to hate was a name, a family, an institution; and as long as a single member of it remained in position to mock him, the ancient enmity must carry on. There must be no let-up on his part until the accursed Tollivar pride had been humbled, until the members of that family had been cast down from the high place whence they had heaped their scorn upon him and his. There were, still fresh in his mind, instances of this which had occurred within his lifetime. He had kept up the fences about Graylands while those of Thorncrest had gone to ruin; he rode about the countryside in a powerful roadster instead of an out-of-date carriage. His actions in this had been referred to by the Tollivars—and word of it came to his ears—as "a vulgar display of sordid wealth."

Successive years in which the river had overflowed the bottom lands brought ruin to many planters. The Tollivars, still unable to borrow against their scanty holdings, were again forced to resort to land selling. There came the time when all that remained to them was Thorncrest with its grove of oaks—and gaunt poverty.

Previous purchases of his enemies' lands had been left to his agent, but now Colonel Stapleton assumed charge. The acquisition of the mansion itself must come solely through his own hands. The memory of that last Stapleton who had fallen must be avenged by a Stapleton in person. The *coup de grace* must be administered by Colonel Stapleton's own hand.

He wrote a chillingly formal but courteous note. There was a matter of the gravest import which he wished to discuss, should the Misses Tollivar grant him the honor of an interview. Grimly he remembered the last missive a Stapleton had penned to a Tollivar, sallying forth in the full glory of his manhood before the next break of day. An hour later they brought his body home. It was the memory of this one in particular—his own grandfather—which now called to him, had he needed a reminder, that the feud was not yet ended. It was Fate's way of fashioning things that the desk at which he now sat was the one at which that other Stapleton had sat and written.

An answer, a fitting counterpart to his own in cold courtesy, came promptly. The Misses Tollivar would receive Colonel Stapleton on the following afternoon.

Had he ever entertained doubts of his enemies' hostility toward him, they would have been dispelled even before he set foot in Thorncrest. As he approached the place the oaks, stripped by winter of their foliage, appeared like squat, forbidding sentinels on guard. The house itself—though he had never seen it except at a distance—seemed more coldly formal than usual in the bleakness of December. But as he came up the long, winding walk, he paused involuntarily through sheer admiration. Thorncrest did appear cold in the severity of its classical Greek outlines; cold but beautiful with the beauty of a perfect diamond. Colonel Stapleton's glance swept the surrounding grove of oaks and returned to the mansion. It was magnificent! The crowning jewel of all that countryside in a superb setting!

Had he needed positive evidence that the Tollivars, too, still felt the old enmity, he would have found it in the mien and manner of the aged negro servant who had admitted him. The old man had come forward, smiling politely, at the clang of the heavy old brass knocker on the front door. But as he threw it open and saw who the caller was, he stiffened suddenly; his face seemed to freeze into rigidity. He almost forgot to bow as he relieved this unwelcome visitor of hat, coat, cane, and gloves.

And then the master of Graylands entered Thorncrest, the first of three generations of Stapletons to put a foot across the threshold of a Tollivar.

He followed the ancient servant down the hall, past a magnificent old highboy of dark carved mahogany. It must antedate, he thought instinctively, the one at Graylands by at least a score of years. He was shown into the library, with its old-fashioned, dark-paneled walls and high ceiling, and asked to wait.

For the moment he almost forgot, in the setting in which he found himself, the mission which had brought him there. Portraits of dead-and-gone Tollivars that lined the walls, many of them dim with age, served to remind him. But he could not have been insensible to the things about him. There was the rug beneath his feet, thick and velvety, with its colors softened only enough by age to blend harmoniously. There was mahogany, too—older and more rare than any at Graylands. A huge oak chair, which he recognized as Jacobean, held his gaze. It was a gem! As dark

as the mahogany, it was thronelike in its massiveness and the beauty of its carvings. Well might it serve to seat some royal personage!

One end of the room was lined with books. He crossed over to them softly. Those volumes—most of them, he knew, were ancient. Their very bulkiness proved that even had it not been evidenced by their worn and mildewed bindings. There was an early edition of Shakespeare and one of Spenser. For books he had always felt a supreme affection. He loved all things of antiquity; yet many of them were, in themselves, inanimate and senseless. But old books were personal, intimate. They held converse with one; they told the story of their own antiquity. He imagined now that even through the glass doors he could catch the faint mustiness of age. He stood before them in reverence, as might one who stands before the holy of holies.

He noticed that the room was not furnished with regard to any particular period. But each bit in it was an antique. It was a wonderful setting—superb! But . . . something seemed lacking. And then he realized what it was: such a setting should contain jewels. Women of the early sixties with hair parted primly in the middle and drawn down over their ears? . . . Men in long frock coats, with low-cut waistcoats, and wearing stocks about their necks? . . . And there would be an old negro bustling officiously about—in everybody's way, but indispensable. . . .

Suddenly—it seemed almost a part of his reverie—he heard the sound of light footsteps crossing the hall and the swishing of women's skirts.

"Colonel Stapleton?"

He had turned, bowing low with a slender grace that a man of half his years might have envied. "Miss Tollivar?"

"And Miss Mary Tollivar." Miss Elizabeth's well-bred voice, while not cordial, was far from uncivil. She spoke as might a gentlewoman who has admitted a tradesman to audience for a discussion of some ordinary matter of business. Nor did her manner give any intimation that she had inherited the hatred of three generations for the very name of Stapleton. One could easily have imagined even that she was totally ignorant of the errand which had brought this ancient enemy of her house within its walls. "Will you be seated?"

Colonel Stapleton's courtly bow included both women before he accepted the invitation. He catalogued the sisters instantly. The elder—that imperious Elizabeth!—was plainly the head of the house of Tollivar. He marked particularly her tall, youthfully slender figure, her high-bred features surmounted by the white aureole of her hair—and paid instant, unspoken tribute.

"Queenly," was his admission as she swept across the room to the carved, thronelike Jacobean chair. "The name fits her."

Left to herself, he mused, in her stubborn pride she would probably have starved in the house of her fathers rather than give it up. But the other—Mary. Plainly, though just as proud she lacked the strength of purpose of her sister. Younger, more fragile, utterly dependent. . . .

He caught himself up suddenly: he must remember.

The interview began, coldly formal, unemotional. No one ignorant of the facts would have imagined that these were representatives of two families, once neighbors, but who had long since been transformed, through a blood feud, into mortal enemies. One omission alone might have been noticed: there were no preliminaries, no polite but unnecessary and meaningless small talk. Colonel Stapleton had learned, so he informed them with fine courtliness, that they considered disposing of Thorncrest. If the rumor were correct, he would like to purchase it. He had always been interested in old places. . . .

Miss Elizabeth's voice when she answered matched his own for calm im-

Drawn by Harry Townsend

THESE TWO—ANCIENT ENEMIES OF HIS HOUSE—WERE OF ANOTHER AGE

personality. She might have been discussing something utterly foreign to herself, rather than the sale of that which enshrined a lifetime of memories. If she nursed a heartache at the thought of leaving the home of her ancestors, her superb pride allowed no intimation of it to escape her. Colonel Stapleton, watching her, realized that though he might be the victor, she was still unvanquished—she was still a Tollivar!

She was regal! As she sat in that great carved chair she might have been a queen, dispensing the royal favor. The impression which he had received of the sisters when they first entered the room began to deepen. Both were different, in some indefinable shadowy way, from all other women he had ever met. And suddenly it came to him wherein this difference lay. These two—ancient enemies of his house—were of another age! They typified those women of his father's youth whom he had so often heard glorified. Save for their attire—and this lacked much of being in the mode—they might have stepped forth, living, from a volume of antebellum prints. But it was something in their manner—something intangibly delicate, of feminine reserve, (a rarity nowadays, he reflected)—that completed the impression. They belonged to a race which had lived two generations before his.

Miss Elizabeth, speaking, roused him from his abstraction. Yes . . . she and her sister had definitely decided to dispose of Thorncrest. They were alone except for the servants. She did not tell Colonel Stapleton, though, that the only servant about the place was the aged negro who had admitted him, and that she and her sister had even been doing the cooking. And the care of the place. . . . It was a large house and there was a great deal of responsibility connected with its upkeep. If Colonel Stapleton was interested, doubtless they could arrive at an understanding. Besides, the health of Miss Mary . . .

Instinctively, Colonel Stapleton glanced toward this younger sister. She was seated in a low Louis Quinze chair, finished in gilt. With her delicate features in relief against the dark damask background, she reminded him of an old painting in a gilded frame he had once admired in Amsterdam. "Portrait of a Lady" it was called . . . A Van Dyck.

Again he remembered and drew rein on his thoughts.

He had never planned physical harm to these women. He felt no blood lust against them. As long as Tollivars remained in this mansion, though, they would be as thorns in his own flesh. But when one plucked out a thorn he did not throw it to earth and crush it. He merely cast it away. And with these, the last of the Tollivars, living, but dispossessed of their home, facing daily the realization that their enemy had won to final triumph—he would have wiped out utterly the ancient debt. That this might be brought to pass he offered for Thorncrest more than its real value: a sum which would enable its present owners to live in absolute physical comfort, if not luxury—somewhere—for the remainder of their days.

Still maintaining her air of calm indifference, Miss Elizabeth accepted his offer.

"And as to the details," Colonel Stapleton added, "I shall need the assistance of my agent, Mr. Mitchell, in town. We can drive out here—"

"You needn't trouble, Colonel Stapleton." Miss Elizabeth's level voice cut in on him. "We will see you and Mr. Mitchell at his office to-morrow."

Their visitor had risen. The two women followed his example as Miss Elizabeth struck an old gong summoning the negro servant.

In the doorway Colonel Stapleton turned to bow a formal adieu. "Good afternoon, ladies."

As he straightened it seemed to him suddenly that he was gazing upon a print from an old book. Paneled walls . . . volumes musty with age . . . bits of antique furniture. And two proud women—relics of an earlier day—rare

jewels in their setting. Did he read, in that brief instant, a page from the chronicles of yesterday?

He bowed again and withdrew.

Outside the gate he entered his waiting motor car. He cast one flashing glance at the cold beauty of Thorncrest in its setting of leafless oaks, and drove away.

But he did not attend the conference on the following day. Mr. Mitchell, a subservient, soulless-looking little man, explained to the Misses Tollivar that Colonel Stapleton's presence was not really necessary, since he had left his check for the purchase price of Thorncrest. Both women signed the deed of conveyance without even reading it.

"We shall be wanting a cottage—a modest one—in town somewhere," Miss Elizabeth explained casually, when their business was concluded. "Have you such a one?"

"Eh? Cottage?" Mr. Mitchell seemed surprised. "It's none of my business, of course, ladies, but you are not thinking of leaving Thorncrest, are you?"

"Leaving Thorncrest?" It was Miss Elizabeth's turn to exhibit surprise. "Naturally—since we've sold the place. Now, as to the cottage—"

"But—but—" in his amazement, Mr. Mitchell stammered. His astonishment was evident—and just as evidently genuine. "You didn't understand?"

"Understand?" Miss Elizabeth spoke coldly. "I know very little of business, sir. But we've disposed of Thorncrest. What more is there to understand?"

"Why . . . that you ladies are to remain there as long—"

"Remain at Thorncrest?" A crimson tide flooded Miss Elizabeth's patrician face; a faint, protesting flush even mantled Miss Mary's delicate cheeks. "Please understand, Mr. Mitchell, that a Tollivar accepts charity from no one, least of all from a Stapleton!"

"But—but, it *isn't* charity! Not in any sense of the word. It's ordinary business. Colonel Stapleton was so very positive—so explicit—in his instructions to me, I thought, naturally, he had explained the terms of purchase to you. He even called me over the telephone this morning and had me read the deed to him to assure himself that it was made out correctly. He has bought Thorncrest, true enough—*but*—the purchase is made, *subject* to the life tenure of you ladies!"

And then—maybe his withered soul received God-given inspiration—Mr. Mitchell said the one thing that could save the pride of these two women:

"It's really customary. I've handled numbers — countless ones — of similar cases. An old estate like Thorncrest is nearly always sold subject to the life tenure of its occupants, if it has any. I'm sure Colonel Stapleton thought that you knew this, or he'd have explained it to you."

As the old-fashioned carriage with the aged negro driver sitting high on the front seat wound its way up the driveway to Thorncrest, little Miss Mary turned wondering eyes to her stately elder sister.

"But, Elizabeth," she ventured softly, "I don't—I simply *can't*—understand it!"

Probably she could not have understood even had she seen Colonel Stapleton at that moment. Seated in the library at Graylands, he held in his hand several heirlooms. They were old cameos—patrician faces carved against a background of jet, bound about with curiously twisted oval bands of pale-yellow gold. Something caused him to look through the window. In the distance he saw the old carriage climbing the driveway to Thorncrest. For a full minute he gazed at it. Then his glance returned to the heirlooms in his hand. Cameos! He turned them about reverently, as would one who felt the sacredness of hallowed things. For these were rare, ancient jewels in an antique setting. And to have understood, Miss Mary would have had to know that Colonel Stapleton was reading, again, from the book of yesterdays.

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT AND THE CHURCH

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

IF men should ever come to appreciate how much of their peace and self-respect is dependent upon their freedom to engage in creative enterprise, to travel over new ways that enrich their daily experience, they would at once begin to inquire what attitude toward this spirit of pioneering is to be maintained by such a powerful organization as the church.

It should be said at the outset that the current tendency to heap special criticism upon every organization concerned with religion has no justification in fact. The church, one cannot help believing, has momentarily lost its way. But so have political institutions, so has industry, so have the non-religious reformers. The church has experienced no greater uncertainty than have other institutions. And throughout its uncertainty it has maintained a benevolent activity quite beyond the comprehension of the breast-beating sinners who stand afar off and bewail its impotence.

Nevertheless, the church stands in need of appraisal. Quite in keeping with the tendency of institutions generally, it has been so zealous in perpetuating its own life that it has drawn away from the ideal which gave it origin. True, church communicants have increased steadily; church property has mounted into hundreds of millions of dollars; new encyclopedias of religion, new dictionaries of the Bible, and new histories of the church have filled scores of shelves in university libraries. Yet the evils which the church professes to ameliorate—hatred and murders and dishonesties and infidelities—mount in the percentage columns to unheard-of figures, and men give their best brains daily to the contrivance of more and more ghastly weapons with which to destroy one another and lay waste the face of the earth. Historically, the church has preserved the ideals of Jesus of Nazareth; but no one, not even the most ardent, most reverent supporter of the church can say that it has been successful in establishing those ideals in present-day life.

It is not too much to say that the church has entered into competition with Christianity. The church has drawn so far away from its origin, it has been so zealous in fortifying its own traditions, in providing itself with the trappings of temporal warfare, that it would not be a welcome place for Jesus were he to arrive unannounced. Few congregations would permit him to occupy the pulpit. We must not lose sight of the kind of person he was: a man first of all about whose birth the gossips wagged their tongues; a man of whom many said, "Why, he isn't so much, this carpenter's son; we know about him"; a man who permitted women to waste precious ointment upon him; a man without official standing who did not even have a place of residence; a man who in his indignation called certain of his contemporaries a generation of vipers; a young man—just turned thirty—who preached unorthodox economic doctrines to the populace. Is there anyone who believes that such a man would find much encouragement to preach his doctrines in the church to-day if he were to come to us divested of the prestige which has accumulated round him in the course of two thousand years?

And he would scarcely fare better in the institutions of learning nurtured by the church. Does anyone know of an accredited college where this preacher of

doctrines designed to convert the world into a kingdom of heaven could secure a position as a teacher of morals without academic degrees, professional "standing," and other similar sanctions? In some colleges he would be permitted to address such as might assemble on the campus to hear him; in many he would not. College officials would look askance at this man who had "drifted in" from nowhere in particular, and who came without proofs of his right to instruct the young. If he were not arbitrarily ruled out for being a disturbing element—which he always was to the static—it is not unlikely that the trustees of the college would find "with deep regret" that the conditions of the gift of the college chapel made it impossible for him to use it as a forum in which to discuss topics of the day. The students would hear him gladly; for his clear vision, his idealism would be authentic to their unspoiled spirits. And occasionally, in unexpected places, he would receive a welcome officially. But men with families to support would scarcely care to take his chances of "fitting in" in denominational education.

Just how individuals are influenced by the drawing away of the church from the spiritual simplicity of its origin may be seen, I believe, in the life of most reflective persons who live where churches are numerous. When these instances are examined they will probably not be wholly unlike my own. I grew up in the church, I am a member of one of the most enterprising denominations, and I attend some church with reasonable regularity. If it is permissible to make the avowal I believe I may say, moreover, that I enjoy something akin to a religious experience. At any rate, I find an abiding satisfaction in reflecting upon the youthful simplicity, the sorrow, the beauty, the courage, and the power to be oneself which Jesus revealed. On very rare occasions I am disposed to say something—not much, certainly—to other men about my reflections. Yet with the exception of a Catholic parish priest, a Methodist bishop, a canon in the Anglican church, and one or two ministers with whom I have become intimate in extra-official ways, I cannot think of myself as going to a clergyman to exchange confidences about the beauty and the mystery of life, or to receive a spiritual quickening that would send me away heartened for the rigors of new adventure. I tried it once when I was a student, and so unspiritual was the attitude of the clergyman, so full of the suggestion that he was rendering expert professional service, that I did not need to make any conscious resolve never to try again.

This feeling toward the ministry, and consequently toward the church, may not be universal; but it represents honestly the feeling of my church-going friends. We are sympathetic toward the traditions of the church because these have been held in reverence before us since our infancy; we know that, despite everything said about the social coldness of the church, we find there a certain respectable good-fellowship; and we recognize the efficiency of the church as a means of distributing charity, sending to the uttermost parts of the earth the traditions of the church, and consummating campaigns for denominational education, for social decency, and—when men are sufficiently intoxicated with the desire to kill—for the promotion of warfare. But we do not think of the church as carrying to the hearts of individual men the assurance of Jesus that every life is immeasurably precious because in every life the kingdom of heaven—the glory of high fulfillment—may come if one only seeks with enough earnestness.

When we are able to see without bias how the church has become so great a thing in itself that it has neglected or subordinated this "salvation" of the individual, which was preached unceasingly by its founder, we can know just how the church stands in relation to the creative spirit. For Christ's "personal salvation," his "kingdom of heaven,"

was a high spiritual experience to be enjoyed only when a man should risk all in new explorations. No one has preached more persistently the absolute need of the creative quest. In all his associations with fishermen and brokers and politicians and high churchmen and lawyers and courtesans, and even with the spirit of evil itself on the mountain, he was never tempted away from this central doctrine that the abundance and the quality of life depend upon one's willingness to break away from the hollow shells of tradition and go on journeyings which nourish one. He wanted to set men free for such journeyings. He wanted them to see how they had obscured the kingdom of heaven with endless flummery. He begged them to observe how blessed were the inquiring little children whose lives have not yet been blunted and made expedient by the devices of men. He wanted them to know that unless they became eager and adventurous in their own behalf, unless they were unafraid and ready to take a chance, even as the birds of the air, they would certainly miss the very peace which they professed to cherish. If they hesitated, if they tried to save themselves, they were sure to be lost.

Such a doctrine, some one always rises up to proclaim, worked very well in the simple days of the Galilean, but it does not admit of application to-day "in our complex life" when economic and social practices are "so different." And if one counters with the observation that economic and social practices have not been changed so much as might be supposed—admittedly a reflection on the efficacy of the church—one is sure to be met with the lament that everybody seems to have become destructively critical without proposing anything constructive. Waiving the fact that this is the stock retort of lazy minds, and the further unassailable fact that sometimes the surest progress must be made by the destruction of debris, one may say that there are constructive proposals to make to the church if it will only give ear. These may be summed up in a question: How do men act as a result of their connection with the church? In its professed aim the church is the most potential organization in the world for giving impetus to the material and spiritual pioneering which is a part of the creative life. In isolated cases where religious fervor is genuine, the church does to-day send men into the joy and the rigors of adventure with irresistible curiosity. But how could it become such a power that the pursuit of the ideal, the spirit of exploration, would become a normal part of the lives of more men—all men who turned to the church earnestly?

The first of these proposals is very simple, but very dangerous to the calm of the existing church. It is this: The church should begin to preach everywhere the doctrine that men will find whatever is sufficient to their needs only when they seek; and that nothing they find in their quest for truth will ever do any essential harm to a church that is honestly established on the life of Jesus. His words have been mouthed over so thoughtlessly that they have lost most of their rich overtones of truth. But when we pause to look at them receptively, his inescapable belief in fearless, constant inquiry becomes very pertinent to the life of the church at this hour.

For the church, perfunctorily professing a religion of faith, has become the most doubting, the most skeptical of all organizations. It must be secure; everything must be made safe. It wishes to know just what the result of any given exploring is going to be. And anything which threatens to encroach upon what it has regarded as its unique domain, or that newly interprets knowledge which has for ages been again and again newly interpreted, is likely to be attacked as some new kind of menace. The persistence of evil or the laggard character of truth seems not to trouble the church half so much as some threat to its influence as a temporal organization.

Even the attitude which the church

takes toward its position in a given community reveals its fear. It is jumpy about its standing. It must prove locally that it is an accredited concern. Does not the Honorable So-and-So belong? And did not the church records prove that General So-and-So was baptized in the church as a child—although he never attended as an adult? There may be doubt about his membership, but his star will go on the Service Flag, since it looks well, and he would not be ungracious enough to ask anybody to take it off. And did not Mr. So-and-so, who plays golf with the pastor, consent to have his name put on the church records provided there would be no required public confession of faith?

But the church reveals its greatest fear when new progress in knowledge is reported or when new experimentation is proposed. It proclaims itself to be the champion of truth: yet when revolutionary research is being made it seems always to fear that its position is about to be proved false. If anybody dares to suggest that either the life or the preaching of Jesus might bear witness to the healing of the body through the healing of the mind, or justify the penetrations of science into the character of biological life, he is in danger of being officially condemned as an unbeliever; and in the uproar, men cease to be men and become either "fundamentalists" or "renegades." It seems impossible for the church to remember that the truth, which it professes to nurture, is being revealed in all sorts of unofficial places—even in semi-respectable places such as Nazareth, for instance—through those who have been moved by some strange and high spirit to inquire.

The ministers who strive to keep men's minds pleasantly closed are not restricted to the remote provinces. For many months I have attended frequently the Sunday-evening service in a well-known church in a large city. The minister is famous; he possesses the personal magic of the real orator; he can do what he will with most of the two-or-three-thousand people who hear him. Yet every time I have attended his church he has abused his high privilege by getting a firmer and firmer anti-liberating grip on his listeners. Always he has made some appeal to the denominational prejudice of his parishioners, or has launched some attack against the group in his own denomination with whom he disagrees on "fundamentalism," or has made facetious remarks about the futility of intellectual inquiry. He has never failed to close men's minds against other doctrines—or against his own. The salvation which such men preach is not salvation through seeking and finding, but salvation through believing there is nothing new to find.

Here then is one definite step that the church could take: it could avail itself of its unique opportunity to proclaim the salvation through inquiry and growth which its founder proclaimed. It has been relatively negligent through many centuries, but its opportunity to give high impetus to life is still incomparably greater than that of any other institution.

The greatness of this opportunity seems rarely to be considered. It is the lot of almost every thoughtful man and woman to be agitated and perplexed at times about what Schopenhauer called the problem of existence. We can scarcely gather a hundred people together at random anywhere at any time without having in the group at least one or two for whom this problem is acute and disheartening. "Men are like that." They want to see how they may be kept from disillusion. If the church were to lift up its voice and tell them that the way is not through finding new illusions but through a new discovery of the chief reality within themselves—the capacity to go on endlessly exploring and endlessly finding new spiritual satisfactions—they would be drawn irresistibly by the life-giving power.

In the solitude of the fields, in the dark, man-made caverns of the earth, in the monotony of the shop, in the dinginess of tenement houses, in the tawdry

glamour of furnished-to-order "homes," men suffer and wait for a spiritual freedom toward which they have not found for themselves a right approach. When the church tells them—and tells them truthfully—that it is unafraid to help them individually to find their own approach, it will possess some of that miraculous influence which a broken and contrite genius, whiling away his days in prison, found in the life of him who gave the church its name: "I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of his personality that his mere presence could bring peace to souls in anguish, and that those who touched his garments or his hands forgot their pain; or that as he passed by on the highway of life, people who had seen nothing of life's mystery saw it clearly, and others who had been deaf to every voice but that of pleasure heard for the first time the voice of love and found it as 'musical as Apollo's lute'; or that evil passions fled at his approach, and men whose dull unimaginative lives had been but a mode of death, rose as it were from the grave when he called them."

The second proposal to the church is that it get into a natural position to promote social justice; for such a position not only inspires righteousness among men but assures them that their impulses toward honest pioneering will have a fair chance of fruitage. To-day the church is not in that position. It has allowed itself to be thought of as subordinate to other interests, to be colored by something not of its own nature; it has been induced to undertake the task of an interested arbiter in an economic war which is being fought out upon artificial issues. The church, therefore, must be tactful. But often the tactfulness is no more than an uncourageous kind of protective coloration. In truth, one may visit the churches in any good-sized city and find that they are not preaching any identical doctrine at all. They are preaching—each according to its economic rating—a vague social expediency, which seems perfectly harmless when more or less obscured by the buzzing activities of the various societies within the church and the excitement over Sunday-school basket-ball contests. Sometimes I have performed the experiment of going from church to church in a strange city at the hours of the morning service and trying to prognosticate the quality of the expediency to be preached within by the wheel-base of the automobiles at the church entrance. If the pastors have discussed social justice at all I have usually found the ratio as follows: very long automobiles—voluptuous optimism and the reading of much inspirational poetry (not too definite in its application); medium-sized automobiles—a judicial outlook which accepts the existence of problems in the world but which reveals a sure faith that all of them can be solved handily if each side concedes a little "in that spirit of compromise which is the basis of progress"; modest automobiles, or no automobiles at all—a full exposition of evils that beset us and an adequate denunciation of the god of gold!

More frequently, however, the entire question of social justice is shrewdly passed over. Such an attitude seems especially ignoble when one reflects upon the vigor which the church has enjoyed whenever it has dared to defy those who would control it or wreck it for base reasons. And if we allow ourselves to go back to the source of Christianity, how inescapable is the command to enter into the life of the hour! What a jest do those church members utter who demand that their ministers refrain from dealing with economic subjects and devote themselves to "the preaching of the gospel of Jesus"! What a subject for the ironic pen of Anatole France! When coal that is mined at the risk of life in Ohio for eighty-seven cents a ton is sold in Minnesota for nineteen dollars a ton, a price which caused acute and prolonged suffering to persons in the helplessness of old age, is there anyone who believes that this young Galilean who drove his

fellow-countrymen from the temple because they made it a den of thieves would not participate in the economic discussion of the hour? Or when the fruit of the earth has been brought forth in such abundance that everyone might possess some of it, is it conceivable that this young Galilean would remain silent and "well-bred" when he saw it rotting in hundreds of orchards because dealers could make as much money by handling smaller quantities on a wide margin as they could by handling all of it with the margin narrowed? Or when men try to win a strike by putting emery-stone on the axles of locomotives which haul people to their daily work; or when they refuse to let a man work at a price which to him seems fair and thus cause his children to suffer from undernourishment, is there anyone who can imagine that this carpenter's son would sit idly observing?

Yet the church is not in a position to consider such problems strictly on the basis of justice. Instead—and on this point I speak with specific knowledge—we have ministers quietly "passed on" because they do not preach the particular grade of social expediency which the most influential of the congregation wish to hear; we have the spectacle of daily newspapers in a large city announcing that a certain bishop in a well-known denomination would not be invited to speak in the churches of that city because it was feared that he might touch upon economic problems then in the municipal mind; and we have a great interchurch movement thrown into paroxysms—and seemingly into the discard—because its representatives dared to inquire into the social justice or injustice of an industrial strike.

From such pusillanimity there is an escape, but the church has not yet accepted the conditions necessary to prevent that escape from being turned into a rout. The too frequent attitude is that we may discuss economic questions in a detached, vaguely expedient manner, but "we don't want to stir up anything." There must be little penetration of specific instances, and in all things there must be a nice balance. If the president of the local miners' union is invited to speak on "The Church and the Laboring Man," there must be no long delay before the president of the Chamber of Commerce is invited to speak on "The Church and Business." The church accepts as inevitable a clear division between groups of men when the business of the church, according to its own profession of faith, is to make all such artificial lines of warfare disappear.

Here again it would be profitable for the church to turn to the life of its founder. For he not only showed how essential it is that his followers participate in the life of the times, but revealed clearly the basis on which the participation should be made. He was not trying to establish or disestablish a social order; he was not a constructive critic—the modern kind who comes forth with an outline of every subordinate office to be filled and a blue-print of every building to be occupied. It is true that capitalists and socialists and communists and anarchists have tried, all of them, to prove that Jesus belonged to them; that such and such a verse in the gospels undoubtedly shows how he had them favorably in mind. There is nothing surprising in this attitude, since the custom of breaking up the life of Jesus into its constituent aphorisms will enable one to find almost any justification which one seeks. But that is not a fair way of viewing the record—it is not a fair way of viewing any record. The total effect of a man's precept and practice, not isolated instances removed from their setting, must be the basis on which a man's intent is judged. And when we look at the life of Jesus in any such reasonable way we must see that he was not championing any order. He was a prophet, and like every other prophet he was concerned with ultimate good toward which men might look.

It ought not to be difficult, therefore, to see how this herald of the kingdom of

heaven within us would probably enter economic life and how his entry would affect the creative spirit in men. He would apply one test chiefly: Does this economic life help a man—not some vague sociological entity—to experience the growth, the flowering out, the satisfaction of contributing in interesting ways to the destiny of mankind, which every man in some degree craves? And if the church were to cease trying to act as a go-between for the contending parties and were to demand the consideration of this higher question—the question of every man's right to a wholesome atmosphere of growth—it would not only break up the solidarity of the opposing ranks by drawing off individual men, but, by holding aloft the brightness of a justice much more important than the contention of either party to the controversy, it would quicken men with the assurance and the passionate spirit of exploration which they always possess when the vision they follow is high.

To these proposals that the church proclaim a creative gospel and that it lift itself to a natural position of power in the affairs of the day—proposals calling for a vigorous evangelical activity—a third must be added. The church should make a persistent and wholehearted effort to exalt beauty.

In one respect this third proposal overlaps the second, for this question of beauty is also a question of economic life. If the aggressive trade spirit of the hour is not to convert our entire existence into an endless thoroughfare of gasoline filling-stations and glaring advertisements of the stations not yet above the horizon—or some other equally hideous panorama—the question of the beautiful will have to become a part of every discussion of commerce, agriculture, education, religion, and public domain. In so many ways is it cheaper, at least for the time being, to make the world ugly rather than sightly, that all of the forces of decency will be required even to maintain the ground we possess.

But the essential reason why the church should nurture beauty lies deeper than any acute problem of trade. It is unnecessary to raise the age-old question of how much of religion is beauty and how much of beauty is religion; yet we must remember that in some manner our conceptions of beauty and of Christian exaltation are so interwoven that we are in danger of losing an important part of the one if we lose the other. Now the church has sometimes talked so rhetorically about the beauty of holiness that it has drowned out the modest voice that would speak for the holiness of beauty. In its efforts to keep everybody lined up for the church it has employed the cheapest devices of current life, and has allowed such an institution as the moving-picture theater, for example, to steal much of the vital part of the church. If the Orpheum round the corner has vaulted ceilings, soft lights, a great organ, and a length which contributes easily to concentrated attention—that fact, for the public, is just one more reason for going to the Orpheum on Sunday evening.

As for the specific ways in which the church might contribute to an exaltation of beauty, they are obvious. It could, for instance, contribute beyond all estimation by calling upon the creative workers in the field of the fine arts to make the church itself more beautiful. Those who are fortunate enough to live in the larger centers where there are always at least a few churches of positive beauty are in danger of forgetting how positively ugly are the churches in which most Americans worship. Yet all that is lacking is within the power of the creators whose genius the church could enlist if it would. They could produce the dignified, beautiful exterior; they could harmonize the interior so that it might induce a spirit of prayer; they could co-ordinate the parts of the service so that it would help one to breathe for an hour the breath of a life which is disinterested and hopeful and courageous.

But the church will probably be able always to contribute most to the encouragement of the artistic creators by fulfilling in a very high degree its function of looking at the world as the idealist sees it. A kinship not sufficiently dwelt upon always exists between the social idealist and the artist. In truth, the idealist is only an artist working with a different medium. He sees the world as it is, yet clairvoyantly, just as the artist does; and like the artist he possesses the power to select, to subordinate, to relate in new ways until at last he projects for us a world that is different from the one we know, and yet essentially of it. If, then, the church is constantly quickening men through its own idealism, some of them by all the impartial laws of chance will be drawn toward the ideal of beauty. Nor will the church try to lead these men with a halter or force them to prophesy in their art according to the church's own wish, but will content itself with being their spiritual origin and support, and with enabling them to see—and all others who are discerning—that the most exalted idealism is always very, very near to the most exalted beauty.

It is possible, of course, to object that the church cannot live if it depend on such a program of giving high impetus to individual men and women; that in these days nothing short of mass action can be efficacious. But to this objection it is possible to make answer by offering a complete denial. It is possible to go further and say that there is no other way open to the church if it really wishes to promote the high kind of spiritual life to which it is dedicated. Nothing in wholesale salvation or crowd psychology is vital enough or permanent enough to make the world a fit place to live in. Man spends most of his life—and the most influential part of it—in relative solitude, where the question of mass action is not relevant. Occasionally, to be sure, in some hour of public disturbance the church may show its organized power to good effect—provided, of course, it does not lose its potency between disturbances. But if it wishes to make its power unlimited and unending, it must bring its creative justification to each man in the solitude of his own soul. In doing that, in being content to serve as an humble instrument in enriching men's wisdom, clarifying their highest conscience, and deepening their attachment to the beautiful, it may lose a little of its position as an organized influence; but by losing a little of its body it would come into a fuller possession of its essential spirit.

FROM A PIER

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

FROM a pier one puts away
To ports he never knew;
To a pier one comes again
With dreams made true.

But I go not and come not back;
I only stand and wait
To see what ship will bring to me
One who is late.

HOW CHARLES DICKENS WROTE HIS BOOKS

Leaves From a Hitherto Unpublished Notebook

BY HARRY B. SMITH

HOWEVER genius may be defined—and "an infinite capacity for taking pains" is perhaps the worst of definitions—it must be conceded that Dickens possessed it. Love him or detest him; read him or bury him in the inner darkness of shelves masked by an iridescent row of best sellers—you cannot ignore him. You may maintain, as has been said, that "there is more intellect in one of Meredith's novels than in all of Dickens' combined," or you may hold with Mr. J. C. Squire (whose verdicts so invariably agree with my own that I consider him practically infallible) that Dickens "could be less easily spared than all subsequent novelists put together." However lofty your brow and disdainful your attitude, you will find yourself comparing somebody to one of his characters or quoting one of his phrases "familiar in our mouths as household words." If you do not, others will, and you will have him thrust upon you though you scorn him even as a Baconian scorns the sly rogue of Stratford who pretended to write plays.

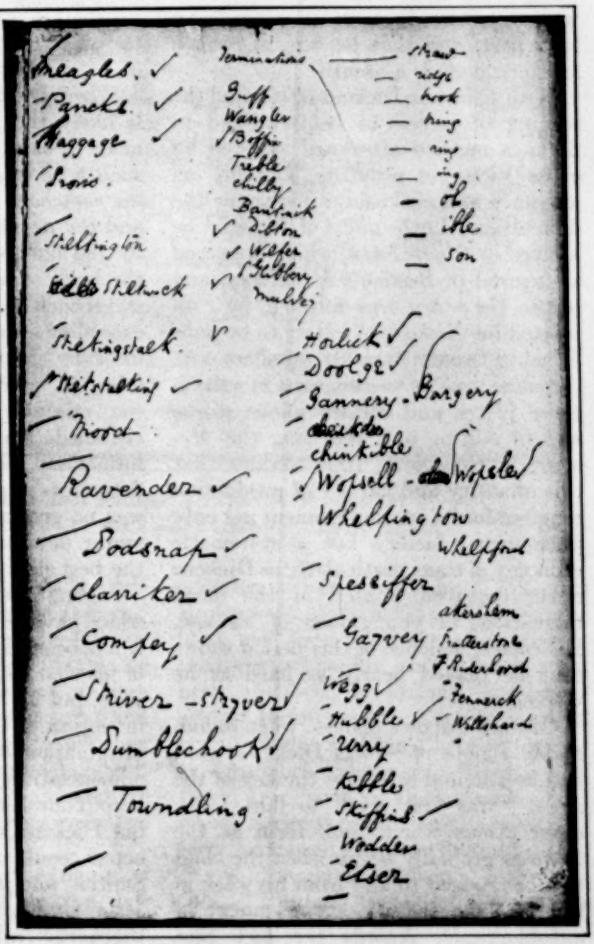
Whether you regard Dickens as a carver of gargoyles or as a close second to nature in the creation of varied character, his types confront you, hundreds of them alive and memorable; gibbering ghosts you may think them, but they will not down. You may scoff at sentimentality and sneer at exaggeration; but there they are, these men and women—or gnomes and elves and marionettes—and there they have been, many of them, for nearly a century.

Dickens, however, had one quality which suggests doubt of his right to be called a genius. In all that he did he was orderly and methodical. He had the camera eye and the notebook habit; and as a bookkeeper has his day book, cashbook, and ledger, the novelist had his volumes, too large for pockets, in which he entered his notes as an accountant does, "posting up" his ideas and classifying them. The memoranda and pocket notebooks were probably thrown into the bonfire on the lawn at Gad's Hill when Dickens destroyed all the letters written to him during many years of friendship with his famous contemporaries, a holocaust of which an autograph collector thinks with groans of anguish. One of the ledgers of classified ideas has survived—probably because it was presented by Dickens' daughter, Mrs. Perugini, to her friends Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr—and it is now in the library of an American collector. The book is an octavo of about two hundred pages, bound in cloth. It was in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr for a score of years and from their ownership passed into that of the late Dr. R. T. Jupp, whose famous collection of Dickensiana (including the original raven, Grip, in *Barnaby Rudge*) was sold five years ago. The notebook was bought by Mr. Gabriel Wells, who sold it to Mr. Jerome Kern, the present possessor.

To everyone but the fanatical bibliomaniac who cherishes no volume unless it is as rare and worthless as the proverbial hen's teeth; to all whose craze for books is leavened with some slight incidental interest in their contents, this relic of Dickens is more than a souvenir of a favorite author: it has a definite literary value, for it was in constant use as a record of his ideas during the last twenty years of his life. The memoranda of

plots, incidents, and characters give a clearer insight into the author's method of work than is afforded by any of the memoirs and biographies. The notes never utilized suggest the novels that might have been.

In estimating a completed work of any kind, a poem or a pyramid, the circumstances in which it was produced should not affect judgment; the work as it stands is good, bad, or indifferent, and to a critic it matters little whether a book was elaborated at leisure in a library or scribbled on scraps of paper while riding in an omnibus; yet the manner in which Dickens' novels were written should be considered. The larger works were imagined and composed with the printer clamoring for "copy." When Mr. William Hall, of the then new firm of Chapman and Hall, called upon the young reporter and asked him to furnish "a monthly something" to accompany certain sketches by Robert Seymour, it is safe to say that Dickens, after having agreed to do the work, had not the least idea what he was going to write about. His mind may have turned hopefully to odds and ends of material not yet developed in *Sketches by Boz;* and he had on hand portions of two novels which afterward became *Oliver Twist* and *Barnaby Rudge*—then called "Gabriel Varden"—but Mr. Hall's specifications were for something different. Indeed, Dickens admitted that, after arranging with the publisher, he thought of Mr. Pickwick and wrote the first number. This plan of publication in monthly or weekly installments was followed in all the novels. There could be no revision of the early chapters to adjust ideas and material which had developed as the writing progressed; for the early chapters were in print and irrevocable. One may venture to say that



A PAGE FROM THE NOTEBOOK

Dickens has set down possible names of characters, some of which were used later in his novels in the original form or slightly changed.

no self-respecting modern novelist would enter into an agreement to write under such conditions.

The handicap was comparatively light in writing *Pickwick*, which is a series of more or less connected *Sketches by Boz*, yet in the early monthly parts of the work it is clear that the writer was floundering; that he had no plan; that he did not know, when he had completed one number, what he was going to write about in the next. The only things certain to him were that there were to be twenty parts, so many pages to a part, and that he was to receive fourteen pounds a month.

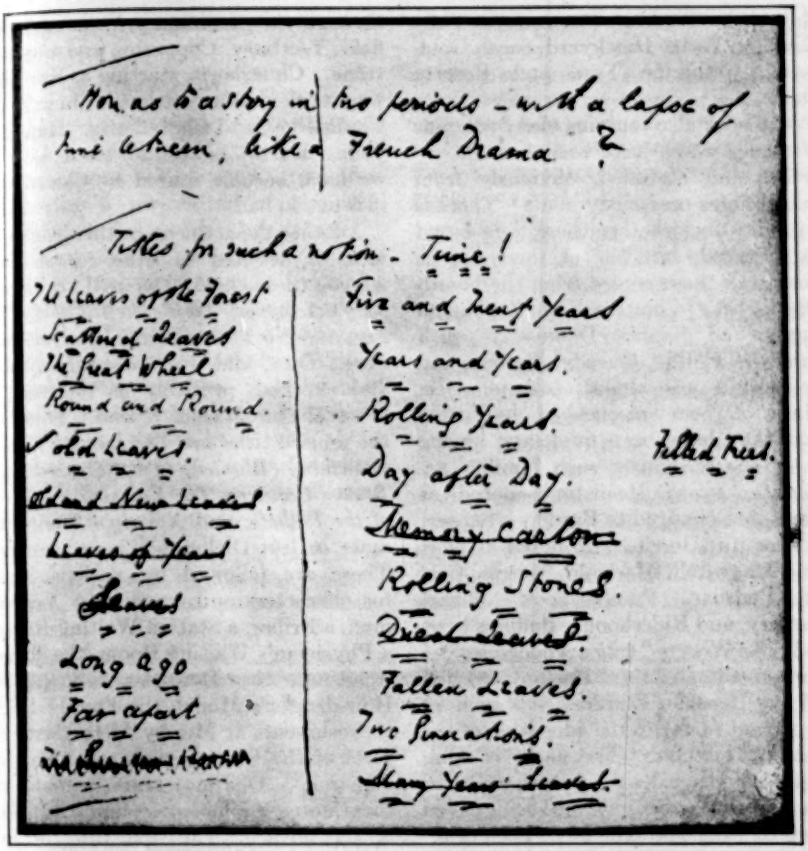
With *Pickwick* Dickens originated the writing of novels to be published in parts, a method afterward adopted by other Victorian novelists, and his exuberance and enthusiasm overcame the difficulties. In the midst of *Pickwick* he worked at *Oliver Twist*, which appeared as a serial in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and before the story was finished he contracted for *Nicholas Nickleby* to be published in twenty monthly numbers. At the same time he was engaged in writing stage pieces and certain minor works and in editing and rewriting the *Memoirs of Grimaldi*. It is obvious that this quantity and variety of production required for its accomplishment not only phenomenal facility but a systematic economy of time, particularly as Dickens never deprived himself of the usual recreations of young men of his age. His correspondence of this period shows that he played nearly as hard as he worked.

Captain Cuttle's plan—"when found, make a note of"—was Dickens' own: and he adopted it when "the key of the street" was first given to him. The observations which took form as the *Sketches* probably began when the child of nine trudged to and from his work in the blacking factory. A fragment of autobiography records the fact that young David really met the genial waiter and ordered a glass of his "very best ale with a good head on it"; and I have no doubt that Jo in *Bleak House* was a chance companion of the label paster in Warren's cellar. That the boy drudge had some early literary inclination is shown by his confession that he beguiled the monotony of pasting labels by attempting to write advertising verses, one of which effusions he quoted years afterward to John Payne Collier:

> I pitied the dove, for my bosom was tender;
> I pitied the sigh that she gave to the wind;
> But I ne'er shall forget the superlative splendour
> Of Warren's Jet Blacking, the pride of mankind.

When Dickens became a reporter it is likely that all his memoranda were made in shorthand. "There never was such a shorthand writer," said one of his associates in the reporters' gallery; and the novelist has told of his writing by the light of a dark lantern, "using the back of his hand for a desk," in a stagecoach making a night journey and exceeding the early Victorian speed limit by going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. In the present volume the original notes were transcribed, classified, and checked off as used, a formal and plodding process from which detractors might argue that the novelist was no genius but merely a clever observer determined to put his talent to the best practical use.

Among the charges of exaggeration which have been brought against Dickens it has been alleged that even the names of his characters are absurd and impossible, but as Nature outdoes Art in the invention of the fantastic, fact exceeds imagination in the creation of peculiar nomenclature. Fielding christened his hero Tom Jones and let it go at that; but Dickens, with his hundreds of characters, could not find enough Browns, Smiths, and Joneses to go round, and assuredly the names chosen help to make the characters memorable. Knowing Seth Pecksniff, Silas Wegg, and Uriah Heep, who would change them to Johnson, Thompson, and Robinson?



THE IDEA WHICH BECAME *A TALE OF TWO CITIES*

Among the tentative titles of such a story is to be noted "Memory Carton."

One can see on London signboards to-day names that, if used in Dickens' novels, would be considered far-fetched even for him. In this notebook may be found some that are more eccentric than the most grotesque in the novels; and these were not invented but transcribed by the author from a board-school list, and were actually given to unfortunate boys and girls when they were too young to protest.

A family might bear the name of Furry through no fault of its own; but that parents should prefix it with Zephaniah and inflict the combination upon a defenseless babe seems like the wanton addition of insult to injury. Knotwell Browndress, William Why, Robin Scrubbam, and Joey Stick are mentioned in the board-school list, and all would have been justified in lifelong grievances against their parents. The catalogue of boys includes such un-Christian names as Zerubabel, Doctor, and Boetius, and there were girls in that board school whose spiritual pastors and masters perforce addressed them as Rebinal, Seba, Persia, Aramanda, Balzina, and Gentilla. "Pleasant" is underlined and was conferred upon Miss Riderhood in *Our Mutual Friend*. On the same list appear such pleasing combinations as Matilda

Rainbird, Sophia Doomsday, Sally Gimblet, Verity Hawkyard, Sarah Goldsocks, Catherine Two, and Rosetta Dust.

The book also contains many columns of names which have been brought together and classified, obviously from casual notes previously made. There is no indication whether these were found or invented, but few of them are as bizarre as those copied from the board-school list. Compared to Zephaniah Furry and Sophia Doomsday, such names as Chilby, Queedy, Tarbox, and Powderhill are almost commonplace. Many of them are checked, indicating that they have been used, and among these one recognizes such familiar acquaintances as Headstone—noted as Amos, but changed to Bradley—Sapsea, Rokesmith, Dorrit—also noted as Dorret—Magwitch, Marigold, Merdle, Casby, Podsnap, Pumblechook, Wilfer, Gargery, and Riderhood. Boffin is here, and Silas Wegg—"*with* a wooden leg"—whose reading of the "Decline and Fall Off the Rooshan Empire" was such an important factor in the education of the Golden Dustman. The name of Mag appears and recalls the fact that David Copperfield narrowly escaped being called Thomas Mag while the novel itself originally was to be *Mag's Diversions*.

Dickens and Balzac had in common the habit of noting odd names seen on signboards. The French novelist has told of his delight in finding over the door of a shop just the name he wanted—Z. Marcas; and Dickens found ready-made the odd name of Pickwick, one Moses of that ilk being the keeper of a livery stable at Bath. In recent years Mr. George Moore and other authors of fiction have been called upon to defend lawsuits by plaintiffs claiming the exclusive right to names; but there is no record of any Turveydrop or Peerybingle turning up and demanding compensation for a damaged reputation. That many of Dickens' names were invented is shown by the elaborate evolution of some of them. Copperfield passed through the preliminary forms of Trotfield, Trotbury, Copperby, and Copperstone. Chuzzlewit, starting as Sweezlewag, worked its way through Chuzzletoe, Chuzzleboy, and Chubblewig. Happily, young Martin escapes all these, and as we have become inured to Chuzzlewit it is not so bad.

Another department in this ledger of ideas is devoted to titles for stories. Among those checked as used are *Somebody's Luggage*, *To Be Left Till Called For*, and *No Thoroughfare*. *Rokesmith's Forge*, *Dust*, and *The Cinder Heap* are also checked, probably as rejected in favor of *Our Mutual Friend*. Some of the unused titles are *The Lumber Room*, *Something Wanted*, *Two Generations*, *Broken Crockery*, *The Neighbor*, *Children of the Fathers*, and *Nobody's Fault*—all more or less Dickensian in suggestion. These are followed by various ideas for characters and scenes: "A Vestryman, a Briber, a Station Waiting Room, a Physician's Waiting Room, the Royal Academy, the Dentist's Model, the Hair-dresser's Model, the Family Legs, Refreshments at Mugby"—the last the germ of the Christmas Story, "Mugby Junction." One may trace in many of these notes the inception and evolution of the novels. The first thought for *A Tale of Two Cities* appears in this form; "How as to a story in two periods—with a lapse of time between, like a French drama?" This is followed by

Titles for such a notion—Time!

The Leaves of the Forest
Scattered Leaves
The Great Wheel
Round and Round
Old Leaves
Long Ago
Far Apart
Five and Twenty Years
Years and Years
Rolling Years
Day after Day
Felled Trees
Memory Carton
Rolling Stones

Dried Leaves
Fallen Leaves
Two Generations

It is curious to find among all these "leaves" and "years" the one name for a character—Memory Carton, thus connecting a progenitor of the self-sacrificing Sydney with the first thought for the novel. On an adjoining page is a note for the same story, referring to the relations of Stryver and Sydney Carton: "The drunken dissipated? What? Lion—and his Jackal and Primer stealing down to him in unwonted hours." Another paragraph may have had reference to the hero, who, at the end of the novel, does "a far, far better thing" than he has ever done by allowing himself to be guillotined:

"There is some virtue in him too."

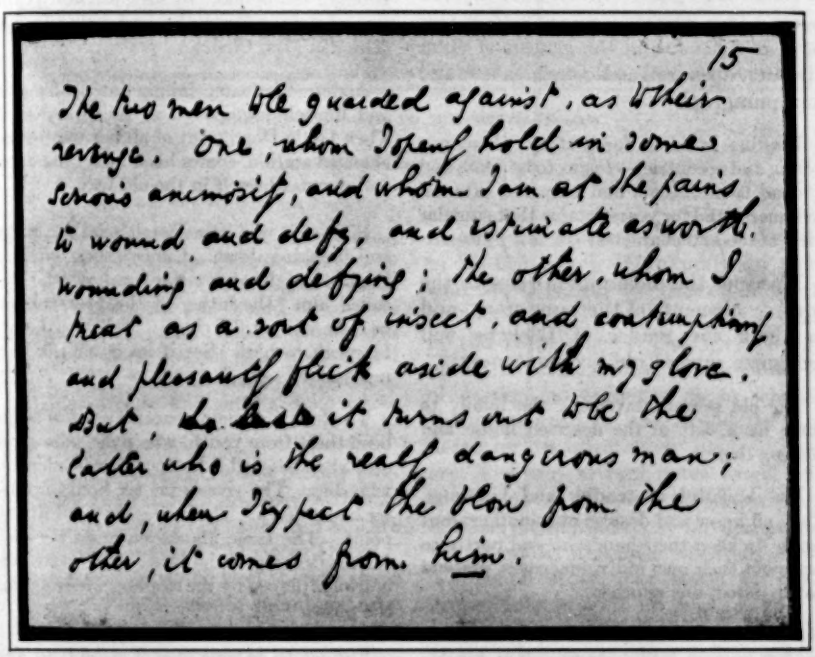
"Virtue! Yes; so there is in any grain of seed in a seedsman's shop—but you must put it in the ground before you can get any good out of it."

"Do you mean that *he* must be put in the ground before any good comes of *him*?"

"Indeed I do. You may call it burying him, or you may call it sowing him, as you like. You must set him in the earth before you get any good of him."

The change of the original idea from "a story in two periods" to *A Tale of Two Cities* is indicated by the note: "Representing London or Paris, or any other great city, in the new light of being actually unknown to all the people in the story, and only taking the color of their fears and fancies."

Both the main plot and the comedy sub-plot of *Our Mutual Friend* are readily traced in the memoranda in the notebook. The first thought for the story is recognizable in the note. "Found drowned. The descriptive bill by the waterside." This is checked and marked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The two men I've guarded against, as their revenge. One, whom I openly hold in some serious animosity, and whom I am at the pains to wound and defy, and estimate as worth wounding and defying; the other, whom I treat as a sort of insect, and contemptuously and pleasantly flick aside with my glove. But, I find it turns out the latter who is the really dangerous man; and, when I expect the blow from the other, it comes from him.

A NOTE ON A FAVORITE DICKENS THEME

An apparently insignificant and harmless character turns out to be one of sinister importance. Jonas Chuzzlewit denounced by Nadgett is an example.

"Done in Our Mutual." Later occurs a note which was developed into Hexam and his daughter: "A long-shore man—woman—child, or family. Qy. connect the Found Drowned Bill with this." Eugene Wrayburn's character and his relation to Lizzie Hexam are thus foreshadowed:

As to the question whether I, Eugene, lying ill and sick even unto death, may be consoled by the representations that, coming through illness, I shall begin a new life and have energy and purpose and all I have yet wanted, I hope I should but I know I shouldn't. Let me die, my dear.

Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, who was interested in many things—including the mathematics of the game of draw poker—wrote a book about "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," in which he asserted that every novelist has a favorite theme, that of Dickens being *Watched by the Dead*—the title of Proctor's book. This was the central idea of *Our Mutual Friend*, and the genesis of John Harmon disguised as Rokesmith is found in a paragraph:

Leading Incident for a story: A man—young and eccentric?—feigns to be dead, and *is* dead to all intents and purposes external to himself, and for years retains that singular view of life and character.

Many of the memoranda refer to the comedy elements of the same story, and in them the reader of Dickens will recognize several old acquaintances:

The old servant expecting the family to come back, left in the deserted house and staying there.

The houseful of toadies and humbugs. They all know and despise one another; but partly to keep their hands in, and partly to make out their own individual cases, pretend not to detect one another.

A poor impostor of a man marries a woman for her money. She marries him for his money. After marriage both find out their mistake, and enter into a league and covenant against folks in general.

The Veneerings are identified in "The perfectly new people. Everything new about them. If they presented a father and mother, it seems as if they must be new, like the furniture and the carriages, shining with varnish and just home from the manufacturers." The text of a famous scene is found in the note: "Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. The two characters. One reporting to the other as he reads. Both getting confused as to whether it is not all going on now."

For *Little Dorrit* there are a number of suggestions, most of which were more or less altered when they came to be embodied in the novel:

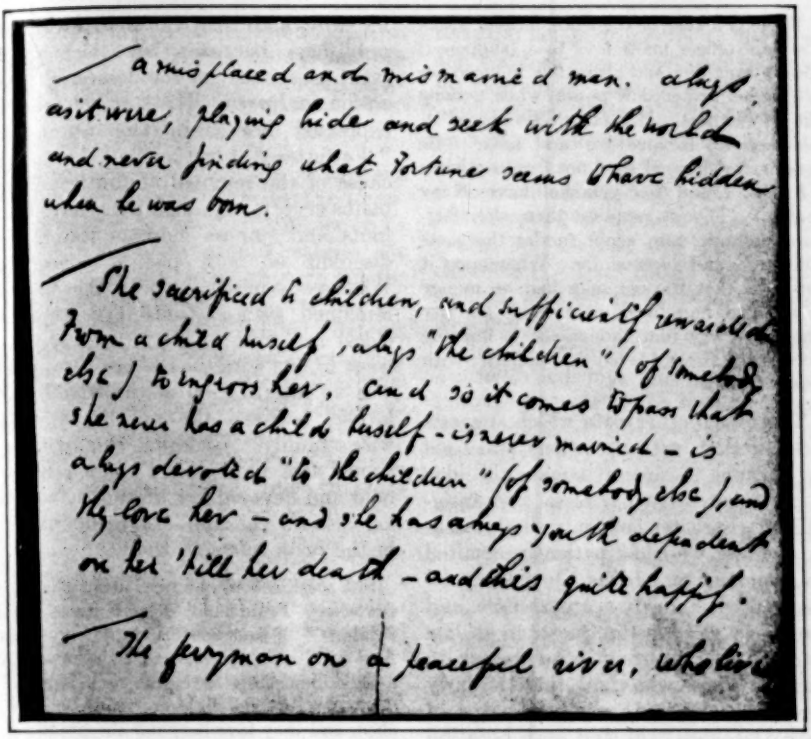
Bed-ridden (or room-ridden) twenty—five and twenty years; any length of time. As to most things kept at a standstill, all the while thinking of actual streets as the old streets—changed things as unchanged things; the youth, or girl, I quarreled with all those years ago as the same youth or girl now. Brought out of doors by an unexpected exercise of latent strength, and how strange! (Done in Mrs. Clennam)

Arthur Clennam, falling into difficulties and himself imprisoned in the Marshalsea. Then Little Dorrit, out of all her wealth and changed station, comes back in her old dress, and devotes herself in the old way.

First sign of Little Dorrit's father failing and breaking down. Cancels long interval. Begins to talk about the turnkey who first called him "the father of the Marshalsea," as if he were still living. "Tell Bob I want to speak to him. See if he is on the lock, my dear."

The ferryman on a peaceful river, who has been there from youth, who lives, who grows old, who does well, who does ill, who changes, who dies. The river runs six hours up and six hours down. The current sets off at that point. The same allowance must be made for the drifting of the boat. The same tune is always played by the rippling water against the prow.

I affect to believe that I would do anything myself for a ten pound note, and that anybody else would. I affect to be always book-keeping in every man's case and post-


a misplaced and mismarried man. always
as it were, playing hide and seek with the world
and never finding what Fortune seems to have hidden
when he was born.
She sacrificed to children, and sufficiently rewarded
from a child herself, always "the children" (of somebody
else) to engross her, and so it comes to pass that
she never has a child herself - is never married - is
always devoted "to the children" (of somebody else), and
they love her - and she has always youth depending
on her till her death - and this quite happily.
The ferryman on a peaceful river, who lives

DICKENS' TRIBUTE TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW

A story germ based on the devotion of Georgina Hogarth, who cared for the Dickens children after the separation of their parents.

ing up a little account of good and evil with everyone. Thus the greatest rascal becomes "the dearest old fellow" and there is much less difference than you would be inclined to suppose between an honest man and a scoundrel. While I affect to be finding good in most men, I am in reality decrying it where it really is, and setting it up where it is not.

The last two of these, not readily connected in the reader's memory with any striking incidents in the novel, are checked and marked "Done in Dorrit."

In the fraternity of Dickensians there is an inner circle whose members may be called Droodians; for to them the great dominant problem of life is not sociological, metaphysical, or how to make a living; but how did Dickens intend to solve the mystery that gave the title to his last novel. Unhappily for those who are obsessed by this enigma, the notebook affords no clue to the identity of the white-wigged Datchery, no explanation of the Opium Woman's hatred of Jasper, no evidence as to whether Edwin escaped or was efficiently murdered by his affectionate uncle. There are, however, several notes which refer to this novel of many mysteries. One of these memoranda may have suggested the principal dramatic situation of the unfinished story, the scene in which Jasper falls in a fit on learning that he has—or supposes he has—wasted a perfectly good murder and gained nothing by it. A similar situation is found in this paragraph in the notebook:

There is a case in the State Trials, where a certain officer made love to a (supposed) miser's daughter, and ultimately induced her to give her father slow poison while nursing him in sickness. Her father discovered it, told her so, forgave her and said: "Be patient, my dear. I shall not live long, even if I recover, and then you shall have all my wealth." Though penitent then, she afterward poisoned him again (under the same influence), and successfully. Whereupon it appeared that the old man had no money at all, and had lived on a small annuity which died with him, though always feigning to be rich. He had loved this daughter with great affection.

There is another note which suggests a theme that, with variations, was used by Dickens in several books; the idea of an apparently harmless and insignificant character suddenly disclosed as an avenger who has patiently awaited his opportunity. Jonas Chuzzlewit denounced by Nadgett is an example, and somebody (*who* is the question) in like manner was to bring John Jasper to justice. Those who think that the surly clerk Buzzard is the impersonator of Dick Datchery will find corroboration of their theory in this suggestion:

The two men to be guarded against as to their revenge. One whom I openly hold in some serious animosity, and whom I am at the pains to wound and defy, and estimate as worth wounding and defying. The other, whom I treat as a sort of insect, and contemptuously and pleasantly flick aside with my glove. But it turns out to be the latter who is the really dangerous man, and when I expect the blow from the other, it comes from *him*.

Thus far Dickens has not been chosen as the subject of a book by any of the ingenious commentators who have discovered that a volume assailing an established reputation is likely to have a satisfactory sale. His turn will come; for he is a target too conspicuous to be overlooked by writers whose specialty is proving to their own satisfaction that the great are very little. The professional ironist will find congenial material in the fact that the novelist separated from his wife and then quarreled with his publishers because they declined to print an account of the domestic transaction in *Punch!* His state of mind is expressed briefly in the notebook: "*We* fettered together!" The actual cause of the removal of the fetters remains cryptic, although there have been hints and rumors more or less to the discredit of both parties concerned. Whatever it may have been, the children remained with Dickens (excepting the eldest son who, at his father's request, went to live with the mother), and there was no interruption of the friendly relations between the novelist and his wife's family. Georgina Hogarth continued as a member of Dickens's household and devoted her life to the care of her sister's children. A memorandum in the book refers to this:

She sacrificed to children, and sufficiently rewarded. From a child herself, always "the children" (of somebody else) to engross her. And so it comes to pass that she never has a child herself, is never married, is always devoted "to the children" (of somebody else), and they love her, and she has always youth dependent on her till her death—and this quite happily.

Many authors have found in their first love affairs inspiration for sonnets and romantic fiction; but Dickens derived two widely different comedy characters from the lady who first made an impression upon his susceptible heart. Converting the ethereal being into material hurt nobody's feelings, for the portraits were disguised and the identity of their original was only revealed many years after her death. In his early days as a reporter Dickens fell in love with Miss Maria Beadnell, and in his letters written at the time to his chum, Henry Kolle, he laments his sorrow like a young Werther; for Miss Beadnell preferred Mr. Henry Winter who, apparently, had better prospects. Her debut in a novel was made in the character of Dora, and a paragraph in the notebook suggests that somewhat irritating child-wife:

The little babylike married woman—so strange in her new dignity, and talking, with tears in her eyes, of her sisters and "all of them at home." Never from home before and never going back again.

Twenty years after the temporary blighting of Dickens' life by the unappreciative Miss Beadnell, she wrote to the then famous author asking his assistance in obtaining employment for her husband. She invited her old admirer to call, and he called, but no longer admired. The cruel years had transformed Dora to Flora Finching, who, it will be remembered, tries ineffectively to revive her youthful wiles for the fascination of Arthur Clennam. The following note may refer to Flora and her prototype:

The lady, *un peu passée*, who is determined to be interesting. No matter how much I love that person—nay, the more so for that very reason—I *must* flutter and bother and be weak and apprehensive and nervous and what not. If I were well and strong, agreeable and self-denying, my friend might forget me.

Every novelist must be more or less "a chiel amang ye takin' notes," and with Dickens, taking notes (mental or otherwise) was the great business of life, the foundation of his work. Family and friends were not exempt. The fact that he was the best of sons did not prevent his immortalizing in Micawber some of his father's eccentricities, while certain harmless idiosyncracies of his mother were embodied in Mrs. Nickleby. The peculiarities selected were blended with imagined characteristics, so there were points of difference as well as of resemblance.

From *Sketches by Boz* to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Dickens was always on watch for anything unusual in human character. He takes a trip to Chatham with John Leech and makes a memorandum of "The uneducated father (or uncle) in fustian, and the educated boy in spectacles whom Leech and I saw at Chatham." Pip in *Great Expectations* did not wear spectacles but he and Joe Gargery may have been suggested by this note. The novelist meets an unidentified "Miss C. B." and she is promptly recorded as "The enthusiastically complimentary person who forgets you in her own flowery prosiness as—'I have no need to say to a person of your genius and feeling, and wide range of experience,' and then, being short-sighted, puts up her glass, to remember who you are."

He has workmen in at Devonshire Terrace, and into the notebook goes the report made to the master by some Marchioness or Tattycoram: "The gas-fitter says, sir, that he can't alter the fitting of the gas in your bedroom without taking up almost the whole of your bedroom floor and pulling your room to pieces. He says of course, you can have it done if you wish, and he'll do it for you and make a good job of it; but he would have to *destroy* your room and go entirely under the jistes."

He sees a shabby man with one conspicuously new article of clothing and it suggests something that may be useful: "Buying poor shabby father a new hat. So incongruous that it makes him like an African King who is usually in full dress in a cocked hat, or a waistcoat, and nothing else."

An advertisement cut from a newspaper and pasted in the book shows that schools of the Dotheboys sort survived the crusade against them in *Nicholas Nickleby*. It resembles Mr. Wackford Squeers's own prospectus in the novel, with the same insistence on the important details of "no extras or vacations." Once the "dear children" entered here they left hope behind, and the only vacation they could look forward to would be eternal. Such institutions existed in England only in order that unwelcome children might be murdered in a manner strictly within the law.

Education for Little Children. Terms 14 to 18 guineas per annum; no extras or vacations. The system of education embraces the wide range of each useful and orna-

mental study suited to the tender age of the dear children. Maternal care and kindness may be relied on. X. Heald's Library. Fulham-road.

Most of the ideas for plots, incidents, and characters that have been referred to can be traced to the books in which they appeared; but the greater number of the entries in the notebook were never used; or perhaps it would be safer to say that they are not identified by one who does not pretend to be an omniscient Dickensian. Such suggestions as the following are not extraordinary inspirations and are undeniably sentimental; but they are the kind of material that suited Dickens, and one feels that he would have made something worth while of them:

Two girls *mis-marrying* two men. The man who has evil in him dragging the superior woman down. The man who has good in him raising the inferior woman up.

Two people in the Incurable Hospital. The poor incurable girl lying on a water-bed, and the incurable man who has a strange flirtation with her; comes and makes confidences to her; snips and arranges her plants; and rehearses to her the comic songs, by writing which he materially helps out his living.

The idea of my being brought up by my mother, me the narrator, my father being dead, and growing up in this belief until I find that my father is the gentleman I have seen, and oftener heard of, who has the handsome young wife and the dog I once took notice of when I was a little child, and who lives in the great house and drives about.

The last has a familiar ring. Is it somewhere in Dickens Land, or has it been used by somebody else? Perhaps, as Sheridan's playwright Puff remarks, two people hit upon the same idea and one of them happened to use it first.

Some of the suggestions for plots and themes indicate that if Dickens had lived longer he might have deviated from the Victorian respectability with which he has been reproached. He might even have selected subjects that would have mildly interested a censor; might have taken up topics of the kind that a plutocratic motion-picture magnate recently described to the writer as "sectional."

There is one quality in the work of Dickens which is the most creditable that an author can possess, the quality of originality. He has been accused of many high crimes and misdemeanors against literary art, but he has never been accused of plagiarism. Dilettante criticism may consider his work a poor thing, but it is his own in material, form, and treatment. Few writers of fiction have owed such a trifling debt to their predecessors; and he derived little from history and biography. The England of his time was his library. As Mr. Chesterton says, he was "the last cry of merry England."

The charges most frequently brought against Dickens are those of exaggeration and sentimentality. In the latter quality he was, as Swinburne suggests, not for all time but for an age. In regard to exaggeration, it must be remembered that, even thirty years ago, one might go about London with a sketch book and fill it with portraits of Dickens types taken from life. Any novelist could have found them "if he had the mind." Novelists can still find them, and sometimes do. Who could exaggerate the types seen on Derby Day? In the "Pickwick" period one may fancy that England was entirely populated by Dickens characters. The London of that time is preserved in the thousands of etchings by George Cruikshank. He, like Dickens, saw through the spectacles of the humorist; but there was little need to caricature where so much was grotesque. No one who in comparatively recent times has enjoyed the edifying conversation of a London bus driver will ever say that Tony Weller is overdrawn. To perpetrate one of those paradoxes which almost seem to mean something, it was not Dickens who exaggerated England, but England that exaggerated Dickens.

PROPERTY OF
THE PRINCETON UNION
NOT TO BE REMOVED FROM THIS ROOM.

Half-Told Tales

by

Henry van Dyke

Decorations by
Wm. Fletcher White

I

TALE OF THE HITCHING POST

Things new and old. Matthew 13 : 52

IN front of the Old Inn stood the Hitching Post, quite content with himself and proud of his official position and duties.

Travelers were loth to pass the Old Inn in those brave times without halting to partake of the good cheer which it offered. When they halted there was the Hitching Post, ready to hold their horses and to magnify his own office in conversation with the transients.

One day there came a wagoner with a load of well-pruned young birch trees which he was transporting to a new plantation. While he went indoors for refreshment the Hitching Post fell into talk with the Young Trees.

"Look at me, children," he said, "and listen to me. You see me in the highest honor that a tree can attain. I represent the Static Force, the power that holds things where they are and prevents them from moving. I am the emblem of Normalcy and Permanence. Study and emulate my conduct and some day you may come to a similar honor."

The Young Trees listened politely and with their rustling branches whispered something that sounded like this:

"But it seems to us, O venerable one, that you are rather dead. Now, *we* are alive. We want to grow. We are going to make a new plantation."

"Perhaps you will, you foolish youths," said the Post, "but probably you will not. At all events, you can never reach a higher position than mine is now. Why this desire of movement, this passion of growth? To stand still is safer and better. Most of what people call progress is merely a change from better to worse. Permanence is the ——"

At this point in the conversation the wagoner, agreeably refreshed, came out of the Old Inn, unhitched his horses, and drove on his way with the Young Trees. The Post was left to repeat his oration to following travelers.

Many years after, the birch trees, grown tall in their new plantation and beautiful with bronze boughs, green leaves, and silver bark, used to whisper together about the talk the Hitching Post had given them, and wonder whether there was anything in it and what the old fellow was doing now.

But meantime the horse-drawn wagons had disappeared from the road. The motor cars were parked by the side door of the Old Inn. The Hitching Post still stood in his old position, proud as ever, but a small boy had taken his chain and hasp. The loss was not noticed.

II

TALE OF THE ONLY INFALLIBLE SOAP

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
and who shall stand in his holy place? Psalms 24 : 3

"CLEAN hands," said the Emperor Manchu-Kiang, Ruler of the Celestial Dominion, "are required of all who seek my presence and desire to dwell in my abode. Let the decree be proclaimed. None shall enter or inhabit my city without clean hands and a pure heart."

This edict caused commotion throughout the empire, and there arose great interest in methods of cleansing and purification. Men of learning engaged eagerly in the study of these matters. Where brains are busy money quickly follows. Companies were formed to promote different kinds of soap, for each of which it was claimed that it was the only kind that would infallibly secure immaculate hands and the right of admission to the celestial city.

Hence came much rivalry and dispute between the companies. The simple nature of the real test of worthiness to enter the city was forgotten, and the controversy between the soap-makers grew more complicated and bitter.

"Ours is the only infallible cleanser," cried the one side.

"Nothing can possibly purify you except our method," cried the other side.

So it followed that rival guards were set up in the region before the city gate, and from both sides arose the same challenge:

"Have you used *our* soap? Otherwise you cannot enter."

One day there came thither a poor, simple traveler who earnestly desired to behold the face of the King of Kings and to dwell in his abode. But this traveler, being a lowly man, was ignorant of the merits of the dispute between the rival guards and unable to give a clear answer to them.

Then as he stood confused and trembling in that place the gate of the celestial city opened and the Great Ruler appeared shining within the arch.

"Do you desire to come to me?" he asked.

The man fell on his knees and stretched out his hands entreating favor.

So the Great Ruler saw that the man's hands were white and clean . . . and discerned that his heart was pure.

"Come in, then," said the King, "for I have promised this." So he led the man into the city.

But when the rival guards saw this they were greatly astonished, and presently they fell more bitterly than ever into their controversy concerning the only infallible soap, and which kind the man had used, else he could never have entered.

III

TALE OF THE SHAKY BRIDGE

Go forward. Exodus 14 : 15

THE Wild Ass of the Wilderness and the Elephant were traveling together, eager to escape from a land stricken of famine. Presently they came to a wide river and over it a wooden bridge.

"Behold," cried the Wild Ass, "Providence favors us. Peace and plenty are on the other shore. We have only to cross this bridge. Come on!"

"It looks to me very shaky," said the Elephant; and he began testing the bridge with his trunk and then with his right forefoot.

Meantime the Wild Ass, waving his tail, galloped over the tremulous bridge and fell to feeding on the rich verdure of the opposite bank. But the Elephant continued his scientific observations, during which the river, knowing nothing about the matter, sent down a big wave that swept the bridge away.

"You see," shouted the Elephant, "I was right about that bridge. It was very unsafe. You were a fool to trust it."

"Na-a-ay!" brayed the Wild Ass. "I got over. You were an ass not to come with me while the coming was good."

So the dispute continued with some acerbity from bank to bank through two days. Then the river subsided and a safe ford appeared just below the broken bridge. The Elephant waded carefully over and fed beside his progressive companion.

"Here we are," said the Elephant. "You see the advantages of prudence. You hurried. I waited. But here we are together and it is good feeding."

"Yea-a-ay!" replied the Wild Ass, "but I beat you to it by eight-and-forty hours."

"Certainly," the Elephant grumbled, "life is easier for the light-waisted."

IV

TALE OF THE PRISONER

The blood-thirsty hate the upright. Proverbs 29 : 10

FLEEING from an Enemy of incredible strength and malice, the Man stumbled on the edge of a precipice, slithered over, crashed through the branches of a yielding tree, and landed, much shaken but substantially unharmed, in a lovely green valley.

Looking about him the Man perceived that he was in a fair oasis, several miles in diameter, abundantly supplied with various kinds of fruit-bearing trees, well provided with game, and traversed by a little piscatorial river which entered by a high waterfall and left by an underground channel. But this Eden was completely encircled by an impassable wall of cliffs. On top of this wall the Enemy, now in the form of a huge and ferocious Bear, paced to and fro watching the Man with small, malignant, relentless eyes, like an implacable jailor.

So the Man laughed and set to work to make himself comfortable. He built a shelter, and trapped, and fished, and gathered fruits, and was reasonably happy, while the hungry and hateful Bear shambled around the top of the cliffs, watching his prey.

After some time came a rescue party seeking for the lost Man. They climbed up through the caverns by which the river flowed out of the oasis. They clapped him on the back and embraced him.

"At last," they cried, "we come to set the prisoner free!"

"What do you mean—prisoner?" asked the Man. "I'll go with you, though loth to leave this pleasant camp. But the real prisoner is still up yonder. See him pacing the wall. He can't escape from his hungry hatred."

V

TALE OF THE PHILOSOPHIC HUSBAND

Jealousy is the rage of a man. Proverbs 6 : 34

"I ADMIRE your wife extremely," said the Senior Statesman, who had a young heart between old shoulders.

"It is a proof of your good judgment," said the Philosophic Husband. "She is an admirable creature; she blooms like a rose."

"I have observed that," replied the other, "and I have also found her conversation most refreshing. I should like to see more of her if you do not object."

"My dear sir," protested the Philosophic Husband, "in this enlightened age how could I object to anything that expands her horizon? We shall both be honored and delighted, I assure you."

"And may I express my admiration?" pursued the other.

"By all means," said the Philosophic Husband. "She will be greatly pleased. You will find her in the long walk under the pine trees at the far end of the orchard. She walks there daily about this hour. What perfect weather! All nature seems inviting. A pleasant afternoon to you!"

So the Senior Statesman, forgetting his gout for a moment and swinging his gold-headed cane, passed through the garden with a jaunty step in the direction of the orchard. Five minutes later he limped back to the library where the Philosophic Husband was composing a chapter of his book on *The Taboos of Time.*

"You return soon," he exclaimed. "I hope you found her?"

"I did," answered the other. "But I did not wish to interrupt her conversation."

"What do you mean, conversation?" cried the Philosophic Husband, springing out of his chair in excitement. "A young fellow—handsome—blond mustache—reciting poetry?"

"Pardon me," said the Senior Statesman, "but these are confidential communications, and in this enlightened age ——"

"Oh, the devil," shouted the Philosophic Husband, "the villain, the scoundrel! Let me get at him!"

And picking up his heaviest stick, he ran toward the orchard.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part II

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

SYNOPSIS OF PART I—The "George" and the "Crown" are two inns which face each other in the little Sussex village of Bullockdean. The landlord of the "George" has married a girl of French blood from one of the Channel Islands. One of their three sons, Daniel Sheather, is of an age with Ernley Munk, the son of the well-to-do proprietor of the more pretentious "Crown." Daniel has acted as a go-between for Ernley in his courtship of a country girl, Belle Shackford. But when, after a series of quarrels, the engagement of Ernley and the voluptuous but tempestuous Belle is broken off, Daniel ventures to inform Ernley of his desire to court Belle, to which Ernley offers no objection. Belle, still secretly in love with Ernley, is friendly with Daniel. When taking leave of her one night, Daniel impulsively kisses her, and goes away feeling that he has committed himself to her and that she has accepted him by permitting his embrace.

V

AT Batchelors Hall, Belle Shackford lay on her bed. She was tired. All the morning she had worked in the house and in the yard, cooking and dusting, feeding and milking. Her body ached with moving, bending, stretching, and turning, and her mind was sick of pails and mops and brooms, of straw and milk and snouts and beaks. She was done. As she lay stretched full length on the bed, a woman's magazine crumpled under her body, her face hid in the pillow, Belle knew why she was tired. She was tired as a woman starved must always be tired. For more than a month now she had gone hungry—and it seemed a year.

She could not believe that it was only a month since she had seen Ernley. His going was like a death, a loss which time makes heavier rather than easier, for with the days the emptiness grows. It is true that for the last six months their friendship had been disruptive: he had been moody, remorseful, doubtful; she had been jealous, frantic, and wearying. It had not been the kind of affair she wanted, though it was with the man she wanted. Perhaps that was the very reason why. It had been easy enough to have these adventures with men whom she did not want. But Ernley had brought her something more—he had brought her himself, and her quarrel with him had been because he had not given her himself, but only those moments, which now, without himself, were not enough.

When she had first met him and known that he would never be like the others, she had felt sure that he would give her what he promised. His circumstances seemed to point to settlement and quiet possession. But she was soon to discover that his circumstances were treacherous and that he was their slave. His father would not hear of the marriage—he planned better things than Belle Shackford for the Crown—and without his father Ernley was penniless and tradeless, adrift in the great overcrowded market of post-war England, with the poison he had breathed in Flanders still infecting his body and his mind. They must wait—for something, anything, nothing—and at first Belle had been content, not knowing how much of Ernley would remain ungiven.

But the content could not last—they both wanted too much of each other: she reproached him for weakness; he accused her of distrust—she was jealous of him so much away from her; he resented her jealousy. There were quarrels, reconciliations—the stocky figure of Daniel Sheather was seen tramping over the down between Bullockdean and Batchelors Hall . . . then more Daniel, less Ernley . . . more and more Daniel, less and less Ernley . . . and now all Daniel and no Ernley. . . .

She began to cry as she thought of Dan—pity melted the ice of her grief. Poor Dan who was so sure of her, when he ought to be sure of nothing but his own disappointment. Did he really think she was so easily and so quickly to be comforted? She was conscious of a faint thrill of anger against him in the midst of her pity—anger for his stupidity, for his groundless assurance (as maddening in its way as Ernley's groundless doubts), for his imagining that she would ever deign to become part of the household furniture of the George . . . though, after all, why not? People who were not good enough for the Crown usually went to the George, so Dan was only acting upon precedent. The Crown had turned poor, penniless, lovely, careless Belle Shackford out of doors, and it would not perhaps be so stupid of her to cross the road to where the meaner inn stood open and lighted to welcome her.

Dan might have been wise in rushing his courtship into her first month of desolation. A few months later he might have found her hardened, indifferent to shelter—and, if he had known it, it was in his promise of comfort and shelter that his only hope lay. He was so different from Ernley that nothing about him would ever remind her of the lost days . . . to be loved by him would be like seeking forgetfulness in a new country—and that was what she wanted more than everything—forgetfulness. He would be a good lover, and would give her besides a tenderness, a protecting care that Ernley had never given.

But she wrenched her mind from the thought, not so much out of her surviving love for Ernley as out of her almost maternal compassion for Dan. Poor little soul! Poor little presumptuous ass! She must not hurt him by giving him love as hard cash in exchange for protection and oblivion. She must not seek comfort at his expense. She had no right to have given him that kiss—she would have given it to any man who had been kind to her, to any man who was young, comely, and tender-hearted—but he would never know that. He was probably thrilling with it now. Poor baby!

Belle sat up on her bed and thrust back the hair from her face. One piece of practical action lay before her, with the promise of such relief as practical action brings. She must get rid of Daniel . . . she must send him marching—in common fairness. Though susceptible, easy, careless of her own dignity, Belle was no devourer of men. The men she had known hitherto had wanted the same sort of things as herself, and she had felt no special responsibility towards them. But here was a man who wanted something different—or rather, who wanted from her what she could give only to another man. She could not bear to hurt him. She liked him. Belle liked all men.

In spite of many sad experiences she still liked them—though the manner of her liking had changed. When she had known men only from books and hearsay she had pictured them as strong, aloof, rather majestic beings on a plane above the frailties and reactions of her femininity. The woman's paper which her inert body had crushed for the last hour was full of print and pictures of strong silent men in heather-mixture tweeds, with jutting chins and bulldog pipes hanging from their clenched teeth—pictures of masculine magnanimity, honor, truthfulness, and protection. And such till the end of her 'teens she had imagined them, and had lived through some bitter years while her idol was in process of being shattered by experience. Yet out of the smash

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

BELLE WANTED TO KILL ERNLEY—SHE COULD NOT BEAR IT

there had risen a fresh reconstruction of the masculine image—as of a being frail, erratic, sensitive, perverse, unreliable, helpless, and as such calling for more of the maternal quality of her love than any of those broken idols of tweed and iron. It was out of this infinite pity, bought of experience in exchange for respect, that she resolved to send Daniel away.

Primed with this resolution she went downstairs. Her father and brother were back—tired, hungry, and unsuccessful.

"Guess who we saw in Lewes to-day," said Timothy in his sedate, old-man's voice.

"Edgar," guessed Lucy, with a glance at her pearl-set engagement ring.

"No, he wasn't yours," said Tim, "he was one of Belle's."

"How 'one of mine'?" cried Belle.

"Well, he was your last but one—Ernley Munk."

"Oh! . . ."

"What was he doing?" asked Lucy.

"He was taking out his new girl," said Tim, owlishly.

"His new girl—you don't mean to say he's got a new girl so quick?"

"Well, Belle's got a new boy—why shouldn't Ernie Munk have a new girl?"

"I haven't got a new boy," cried Belle, fiercely.

"Oh, no, of course not—my mistake—Daniel Sheather comes to see me and Nell."

"I can't help Dan Sheather coming to see me—I don't encourage him. Did you see Ernley, Father? Who had he got?"

"I don't know who she was, but she was a stepper—silk stockings and fur coat and everything. They were having lunch at the White Hart."

"And he called her 'Kid,'" said Timothy—"I heard him. He was holding her foot between his under the table—I saw him," piped Tim.

"You seem to have seen and heard a lot," snapped Belle.

"I always do," the child retorted.

"Did you speak to him, Dad? Did he tell you who she was?"

"Yes—we had a word about the weather; and he introduced me to Miss Pearl Jenner. He said he was taking her down to Bullockdean in his side-car to spend the evening."

"Sounds as if they were going to get married," said Lucy.

"I don't say they'll get married—he never was the chap for settling down. But you could see he was gone on the girl. And my! she was a corker."

Belle rose from the table. She felt sick—physically sick with physical jealousy and physical humiliation. The thought of Ernley entertaining that girl at the White Hart . . . it was at the White Hart that she and Ernley had met and found paradise before they found it in the dark reedy places of the Cuckmere . . . they used to have lunch, with wine . . . she felt the fierce sweet taste of the wine upon her lips, mixed with the taste of cigarettes and Ernie's kisses . . . and now perhaps this girl, this stepper, this smasher in her fur coat. . . .

Belle was in the passage, tearing one of the overcoats off the pegs. She wanted air—breath—or she would be ill. She walked quickly across the yard, splashing recklessly into the pools that lay between the cobblestones.

She wanted to kill Ernley—she wanted to kill that dim, mocking figure of the girl her mind had dressed up. He was taking her home—to where he had never taken Belle—to his own home, his fireside. He would marry her—she would have him forever—him, the real Ernie, whom passion alone could not give . . . she could not bear it. . . .

Halfway down the farm-drive an old cowhouse stood open and empty. Belle went blindly in and sank down on the floor. Bowing herself into a hoop, she sobbed and sobbed—first tearlessly and then with tears that poured like rain—tears that scalded her face and blinded her eyes, and finally exhausted her into motionless silence.

About an hour later, her mind freed of all thought and her heart bled of all feeling, she walked feebly back into the

yard, huddling the overcoat round her and shivering. She had only physical sensations left.

A lighted patch gleamed in the house and suddenly her sister Nellie filled it, calling from the doorway—"Come on, Belle—come on. Where have you been? Your young man says he can't wait any longer."

Her young man! Daniel Sheather.

Lucy stood in the passage.

"Here she is," she called through the drawing-room door. Then to Belle—"Do take off that awful old coat."

Belle slid the coat from her shoulders and hung it up. Then she went into the drawing-room. For a moment she stood in the door, swaying a little on her muddy feet.

Daniel, who was sitting at the far end of the room, sprang up and came to her.

"Oh, Belle, I was so afraid you wouldn't come in before I had to go. I promised I'd be back early to-night—but I had to come over to—to—"

The words poured out of him, then dried up as he came close to her—"Belle, dear, what's the matter?—Has anything happened? Are you ill?"

"No, Dan, only—only . . . I've been out walking and slipped in the dark."

She tried to finish the sentence in everyday words with an everyday voice; but though she managed the words, the voice failed her.

"My poor little Belle."

His arms spread out maternally and before she could grow up again they were round her. He rocked her to him, and in the sudden comfort of him her stiffness melted—her body relaxed and her heart began to feel again. It was at first a feeling of sheer dependence, of the huddling love of a child against the parent's breast; she thrust her head into the warm hollow of his shoulder and shivered like a child.

"Oh, Danny, save me—such dreadful thoughts . . . of Ernley . . . help me to forget him. I never hated him before. . . . I'm frightened. Oh, I can't bear it alone."

"You shan't bear it alone," he murmured, "I'll take care of you, lovely one. I will, I will. You'll be all mine and I'll take care of you—you'll be all mine—won't you, Belle?"

She had forgotten the promise she had made to herself and to him as she lay on her bed upstairs. That ghastly hour of hatred and physical jealousy, turning for the first time her tragedy into horror, seemed to have mown down her life like a scythe. She was starting afresh in a bare field. All she knew was that she must have comfort, tenderness, and protection; and that, surprisingly, little Dan Sheather could give them to her. She knew that she must have honor and truth to restore her self-respect and the respect of her family, who had guessed her humiliation. She knew that she must have some armor against Ernley's wounding or after a few more blows he would wound her to death.

"Daniel," she cried—"Danny, save me."

He promised that he would, though he did not yet know from what or from whom.

VI

It had all happened as in her heart she had expected. Her surrender had broken her life in two, and the fiery city of her love for Ernley and the bleak wilderness of its frustration lay beyond a gulf. She neither loved him nor hated him, nor was she any longer jealous of the girl who now had his kisses. She could face the prospect of meeting him—perhaps meeting them both—in the inevitable future. Neither had she, curiously enough, any feelings of triumph or self-vindication towards him or towards her family. She was not proud of her engagement to Daniel Sheather any more than one is proud of the bed on which one finds rest at the end of a weary day.

At first she was conscious of little except relief and peace. Those experiences which might have disquieted her had now no power to shake the lethargy

of her being. The day after her promise Dan brought her over to Bullockdean to show his parents. She saw the contempt flickering in the younger brother's eyes, she felt the occasional sting of the mother's tongue, but neither could rouse her from her quiet leaning against Daniel. She liked his father, too, who had Daniel's face with sea-blue eyes.

Of course, if she would consent to live at the George and help with its management they could be married almost at once—there was a room, probably a couple of rooms to spare, and she would be useful in the house and in the bar, and so earn her keep. On the other hand, if she refused their marriage was as indefinite as hers and Ernley's had ever seemed—Daniel would have to hunt the blue lion of the ex-service man—a job, and having found it would have to contrive, perhaps for some years, to make a living out of it himself before he attempted to support her on it too.

He scarcely seemed to doubt that she would be willing to live at the George, but she refused to make any promises. If the past were cut off from her by a gulf, the future was wrapped from her in a mist. It was essential to her new-found calm that she should not try to search it.

"It's too soon to think of marrying now. I want to get used to—to this first, Daniel."

He looked at her with his slow, spreading smile, which became mixed with a little reproach when it reached his eyes.

"Oh, Belle! . . . oh, dearie!"

"We haven't been engaged a week, and before we settled to get married we'd have to think of ever so many things. And I don't want to think of anything just yet, Daniel."

Her voice trembled a little and his compassion was immediate.

"Very well, darling—then you shan't. You shan't ever—I'll do all the thinking for you."

She knew that this courtship was moving on lines exactly opposite to the old one. Then she had been the one anxious to marry, and Ernley the one contented to drift. But probably the reasons had been the same—she had wanted to marry Ernley for the same reason that Daniel wanted to marry her—because she was not sure. She knew that in spite of her promises Daniel was not sure of her, and sometimes a dreadful compassion smote her. He was so sweet, so kind, so innocent—she must never make him the victim of her needs, she must never let him suffer because of her. Whatever she felt, whatever her awakening, he must not be hurt. She had sacrificed him once to her own urgencies and it was her task to see that she did not sacrifice him again—though she realized vaguely that he was the kind of man whom women will always sacrifice.

Belle found Dan's lovemaking a sweeter experience than she had expected—she had expected to find him common and unpracticed, challenging contrast with Ernley every hour; she had expected to find herself a cold slag-heap of burnt-out emotions. She was surprised to find that the spark in her was not dead and that the word and touch of love had power to fan it once more into flame. Hence she was, in a manner of speaking, happier than in the days of her love for Ernley. Dan was a much more restful lover—though he showed occasionally an ardor that surprised her, there was really as much of affection as of passion in his wooing. It delighted him to cherish her, to button her coat and tie her scarf, to rub her hands when they were cold. . . . And she, in the new joy of being looked after, could forgive him much that sometimes jarred—ways that were not the ways of Ernley, the ways of the Crown, but the common ways of the George.

Of course Ted Shackford was only a tenant farmer and his daughters worked hard in house and barn—but they wore silk, and when their young men took them out they expected the best seats at the Pictures and to be fed at hotels and cafes. Ernley had been an especial

adept at this taking out. In the sidecar of his motorcycle Belle had ridden like a queen—to hotels and theaters and picture palaces. She had driven home with great beribboned chocolate boxes on her knees. Her sisters and friends had envied her.

Daniel never took her anywhere except upon the broad back of the down, to the hollows by White Lion pond, or to the five haystacks standing against the sky beyond Barndean. Here they would sit on his spread coat, huddling together for warmth; he kissing and fondling her, smoking innumerable woodbines, and talking plain country talk of birds and animals and paths and people. Nearly all their lovemaking took place out of doors. If it had not been so cold Belle would have asked nothing better.

Beyond his family she had so far met none of his friends in Bullockdean. She shrank from meeting people whom she knew thought no good of her. The Harmans, the Pilbeams, the Ponts—everybody thought of poor Belle Shackford as trash. If socially she was stooping to Daniel, in every other way he was stooping to her. She was a girl of no character, the clack of two parishes—chiefly, but not only, in connection with young Munk. She knew that some people said she was a bad lot, and most that she was no better than she should be. She didn't try to justify herself against these criticisms but she sometimes wondered if the women who judged her could ever have felt as she felt, or surely they would have understood. Were there women who went through life cold, calm, and sedate—unmoved, untempted, unshaken? She wondered.

Almost directly she had given her promise to Dan, Ernley had gone off to visit an uncle in Streatham. Belle had at first wondered if this were mere circumstance, but Daniel had assured her that old Ernie had been planning this visit for weeks and had expected him to make it just about now.

"You wouldn't mind meeting old Ernie again—would you, Belle?"

"No, of course not."

She spoke the truth. Her calm still remained unbroken; indeed it was growing, thickening in the comfortable atmosphere of Dan's affection.

When Ernley came back to the Crown, Daniel put him the same question.

"You won't mind meeting Belle again, will you, Ernie?"

"Of course not, you silly fool. Why the devil should I now?"

"Oh, no, of course not. I was only asking. I was thinking of having Belle over to spend a night or two next week. Maybe you could come to supper."

"I'd be pleased. Why should you think I'd mind meeting her?"

Dan felt infinitely relieved. Having seen so much of Belle and Ernie in the last destructive days of their love, he had found it difficult to believe that they could ever meet like ordinary human beings—though each had found, as they say, consolation elsewhere.

"How are you getting on with Pearl?" he asked.

"Oh, fine. Couldn't be better. We had a day together in town while I was at Streatham."

"Are you going to marry her?"

Ernie flushed.

"How can I tell? It depends on what Dad thinks of it. He's seen her once—I brought her over here—and he likes her. But I dunno. I don't think I'm the sort of chap to get married. Not but that I'm sure to do it some day. I'll make a damn bad husband to some poor girl."

"That's what you say. I don't think so."

"Because you don't half know what a moody, broody sort of devil I am. I hate domestic life, too—cookery books and babies and all that. You love that sort of thing, so you're wise to get married. When is it to be?"

"I dunno. We haven't settled yet. It all depends whether Belle ull live at the George."

"But you couldn't have her at the George. She'd never cotton to that kind of life—all mixed up with your family."

"Well, she's lived all mixed up with her own, and they're not so good as mine. And if you'd married her she'd have lived all mixed up with yours."

"I've only got Dad—and Lord! it's very different here. . . . But I'd better not be offensive. Belle knows how to look after herself—damn well she does!"

VII

In spite of the professed readiness of the parties to meet each other, it was not till a fortnight later that the meeting took place. First it had been obstructed by Ernley's wish to bring his new girl, who was not available during the first week, and then by an unexpected reluctance on the part of Belle.

"But, sweetheart Belle, you said you didn't mind meeting him."

"And no more I do. Only I don't want to just yet."

"But you'll have to do it some day—may as well do it now."

She held out her arms to him suddenly.

"Oh, Daniel, I'm so happy—don't let me go."

"Let you go, lovey? That I won't!"

He took her in his arms and she felt his warm gentle embrace drawing her close till the throbbing of his heart was under hers.

"Daniel—I want to stay where I am—not go further, I mean. I'm so happy here."

Her words were nothing to him but the echo of his own happiness in their embrace.

"Sweetheart . . . I'd like to hold you always. Belle, my arms are round you always, even though you don't see 'em."

She gave way about meeting Ernley. After all, she must do so some time, and to feel herself in spite of all unready, made her afraid—made her deny her own unwillingness by acceptance.

When the evening came and Daniel fetched her over from Batchelors Hall, he was disappointed to find that she was not looking her best. He too was inclined to resent the inclusion of Ernley's girl, and his aim was to show her the woman she had supplanted as in every way a finer woman than herself. But for the last two or three days Belle had looked tired and off-color; her brightness seemed to have faded, her bigness seemed to have sagged; and Daniel, who admired brightness and bigness, was sorry not for his own sake but for hers.

"Your body's undone at the back," were Kitty Sheather's first words of greeting to her future daughter-in-law.

Belle grabbed at her back, pulling her bodice which straightway burst on the shoulder. Kitty giggled and it seemed to Dan as if his darling's blue eyes swam a little. His mother didn't offer to help her and, moved by tenderness, he was no longer shy.

"Let me help you fasten up."

He was just going to embark for the first time on the pathetic masculine struggle with hook and eye when Kitty indignantly pushed him aside.

"How dare you! I always think you a modest boy. I won't have such things in my house—No!"

She had Belle tidy only just as the others arrived. They came in, looking, perhaps by contrast, the picture of orderliness and ease. Ernie wore a blue lounge suit that made Daniel, also in a blue lounge suit, lose faith in the Gent's Outfitters who had provided it. Ernley's girl, Miss Jenner, was hall-marked Eastbourne, and evidently made Belle feel the same as Ernley had made Dan—though he didn't think much of her plain black frock and little black hat in comparison with Belle's yellow finery.

Supper was laid in the parlor at the back of the bar. It was a very superior supper, almost dinner in fact, with a couple of fowls and a treacle sponge. The drinks had been surreptitiously bought at the Crown, Tom having decided at the last moment that his bondmaster's ale was not good enough

for his guests. Dan, who had made the purchase under a vow of secrecy from Maudie Harman, suspected that Ernley guessed what had happened. . . . Not that he minded old Ernie knowing, any more than he minded him having a blue lounge suit that really fitted him—but he did not want Miss Jenner to think that Belle had fallen socially . . . though of course she had . . . marrying the George after being engaged to the Crown. . . .

Dear lovely thing! As he watched her he thrilled with pride and tenderness. She was beautiful—her dress was beautiful—even though the bunch of silk flowers at her waist was a little crushed and she was always pulling them up and flouncing them out a bit. She had more scent than Miss Jenner, too—it came to him in generous waves right across the table, whereas Miss Jenner's only rose faintly from beside him. He didn't really like scent much; still, if girls used it he'd like Belle's to be stronger than anyone else's . . . and she'd made her nails shine too, like the others—they were even brighter—though her hands were very different, being large and work-worn instead of small and white. Miss Jenner did not have to work at all—nor did her father, she told them—he was Private, having retired some years ago from the building trade.

The conversation on the whole lacked spirit. No one knew whether Ernley and his girl were engaged, therefore how far it was permissible to go in raillery, and neither said anything by way of enlightment. Miss Jenner was very polite to Belle, admired her dress, told her about a very good shop for hats in Eastbourne, and asked her if she ever went to dance at the Grand Hotel. Belle, except in answer to such questions, scarcely spoke, nor did she eat much. She sat heavy and lovely and silent, the lamp drenching her in gold.

After supper they had a table for whist—that is to say, Kitty and Ernley played Christopher and Miss Jenner, while Tom Sheather served in the bar. Dan and Belle sat and watched the whist players, side by side on the sofa, he with his arm round her waist as he was privileged to sit in public now they were engaged.

"That's a fine girl Munk has got," said Chris when the guests had departed and Belle had gone to help Kitty wash up in the scullery.

"Not so bad," said Tom Sheather.

Dan swelled in silence.

"A lot of style," commented Chris.

"Oh, yes—a lot of style. But I don't think she comes up to our Belle."

Chris said nothing—insultingly.

"You've got the best girl, Daniel," continued his father, "and I bet young Munk sees it."

He smote his son between the shoulders and Dan felt loving and grateful towards him, though he still wished the family differently grouped in its alliances.

Kitty also had something to say on the subject of Munk's girl.

"She's quite the lady—you can see that. Never done any work."

"Ladies work," said Dan sullenly; "look at Mrs. Penny. I've seen her washing her own curtains.

Kitty sniffed.

"I dare say. I know Mrs. Penny's sort of lady. A real lady never put her hand to anything. Dr. le Hellé's wife in Guernsey she sit in her drawing-room all day, and ring the bell if she drop her handkerchief. Give me that sort of lady."

"Well, don't give her to me, that's all."

"Oh, indeed, Mister Impertinence! That is the way you speak to your mother when she is going to sit in the kitchen so that you and your young woman can sit in the parlor."

"I'm sorry, Mum. But I can't bear to hear everybody except Dad getting at Belle."

"Who's been getting at her? Not I. I have nothing to say against Belle if she will be a good girl. When I spoke of a lady I did not speak of her for you. No lady would marry a common boy."

Holding his tongue with difficulty on the subject of common boys, Dan

walked out of the kitchen and into the parlor where he found Belle sitting under the lamp.

"Are you tired, sweetheart?"

"A little—only a little."

"You shouldn't ought to have washed up. Why didn't you tell mother you were tired?"

Belle said nothing. She rose slowly and came towards Daniel as he sat on the sofa. She put her arms about him and hid her face in his shoulder.

"My lovey, my dear"—he strained her to his heart.

She did not want him to speak—she wanted just to lie heavy against him, at rest in the homely comfort of his arms; but his tongue, oiled by more generous liquor than he was accustomed to, ran on:

"Oh, darling, it's so uncommon lovely to think that I've got you here with me at home to-night—that you're not going away. It's almost like the time when I'll have you here always. Oh, say, that time ull come soon."

She did not speak, but he did not seem to want her assurance in words but in kisses. He stooped his head to hers as it lay on his breast, the bright rough gold all teased over his shoulder. She found herself giving her usual response, or rather her response coming from her ungiven—feeling apart from will.

"If you can only put up with this place for a bit," he ran on, "I reckon it won't be long before we get one of our own. It's not much I'm offering you, Belle, but I do feel as I could make you happy if you let me try."

"I know you could, Danny—but—"

"Oh, say you'll let me try. If you won't come here, reckon we can't get married for months and years. And, oh, lovely Belle, I want you so. I want you terrible—here, as I have you now. I want you and me alone together. Oh, Belle, say you'll let me try."

"And suppose you fail."

"Fail!" he seemed startled by the new thought, "I shan't fail. I can't fail. I love you too much. And Belle, you do love me—you've said you love me—oh, you still love me? Say it again."

"I do love you, Danny dear; you know it, but—"

"Then why won't you let me try? Why won't you marry me at Easter and come and live here? We'll have a couple of rooms of our own—and I'll see as you don't do anything but what a lady ud be willing to put her hand to in her house. We'll keep quite private to ourselves a lot of the time. Oh, Mother ull be good to you, I swear she will—her tongue's sharp like that to everyone—and Dad he thinks no end of you and ull treat you kinder than your own. I'll stand between you and everything that's rough—I'll take care of you as if you was my child. Belle, you shall be my child and my queen if only you'll be my wife."

The Crown's ale had given him a new and surprising eloquence. Belle was moved by it. She had never before had him so fluent, so shaken. As she looked into his pleading face it was almost as if its Saxon bluntness of feature was lost in the brilliance of his brown French eyes. This was a Daniel of another, more fiery race, stirred into life by the emotion of this hour.

After all, he had only said what was true when he had argued that she would, other considerations apart, be happier at the George than at Batchelors Hall. Her mother-in-law's tongue was not much sharper than her sister Lucy's—she liked kind Tom Sheather—she need not see much of Ernley. . . . And she would have Dan always with her—dear Dan, who was so strong and sturdy and comfortable, and so surprisingly, amazingly sweet. . . . The future had come upon her. She must meet it—surrender to it. She could not turn and flee—she could not disappoint him who had already saved her from so much.

"Belle—let me try."

She turned her face once more to his shoulder, and gave her consent in silence, while his incoherent words of gratitude stormed at her ears.

For the first half of the night Belle slept heavily, according to her nature. But towards morning she began to dream—queer confused dreams of the supper-table and Ernley's face . . . she heard Ernley saying again and again, "Let me try"—and awoke to remember it was Daniel who had said it. She awoke in this way several times, and at last could not fall asleep again. She lay on her back staring at the ceiling.

She must think now—she could not help it. She must think of Daniel and Ernley—Daniel to whom she had promised herself and Ernley to whom she belonged. It was dreadful, it was humbling to realize that in spite of all that had happened, all she had done to break her chains, she still belonged to Ernley. She saw too that her complete surrender to Daniel, her promise to marry him at Easter was almost entirely due to her growing realization that her heart was still Ernley's. Twice she had known the full vitality of her surviving love for Ernley—when she had heard he loved another woman, and this last night; and each time the knowledge had driven her a definite step towards Daniel. But for the first, she would never have become engaged to him; but for the second, she would not have promised to marry him next month.

Was this fair to him? Of course it wasn't; but she really could not help it. The more she realized what she had lost in Ernley the more imperative it became that she must take what she could get in Daniel. The more she realized the superiority of the Crown, the more her only chance of happiness seemed to lie in her finding a home at the George. If she had not got Daniel she would be down and out. She was not the sort of woman who can say "the best or nothing"—she was not so fortunate as that. She must have something, somebody to fill a little of the emptiness which had come into her life when she lost her only chance of the best.

Of course it wasn't fair to Daniel. She was quite sure of his devotion, and tragically he was quite sure of hers. He had taken her surprisingly for granted. Well then, he had only himself to thank if he was made the victim of her desperate need. After all, it was rather cool of him to imagine that she would look at him after Ernley—so soon after Ernley. He had changed his part of vicarious wooer to that of actual wooer without apparently one qualm of diffidence. It served him right to be taken at his word instead of being sent packing, as would have happened with most women. He had offered her comfort and oblivion—she would take them and let him face the consequences of his own offering.

Probably the consequences would not be so very serious. He was thick enough not to guess much that would be passing in her mind; she could no doubt make him happy enough—anyhow far happier than he would be without her. . . . If only she could get rid of this queer sense of kinship she had with Ernley—a kinship quite apart from breeding, education, and manners—which would still have existed if Ernley had been the son of the George and Daniel the son of the Crown. It was part of a feeling that Ernley's life, opinions, happiness, surroundings, mattered to her intensely—whereas Dan's did not. All that mattered to her about Dan was his love, his kisses, his protection—all, in fact, of herself that was in him.

VIII

The next morning it was Dan's turn to be Bullockdean at the village altar, and having in vain to force an extra day's representation on Freddie Pont and Tommy Pilbeam, he resolved not to disappoint Mr. Marchbanks but to sacrifice five minutes of Belle's society. It was not likely to be more, as he expected her to take advantage of her absence from home by having a good rest in bed. But by seven o'clock Belle was tired of her thoughts and of the hard places of the George's best bed, so she rose,

dressed, and came downstairs into a silent and chilly darkness.

The blinds were all down, for the Sheathers at their best were not early risers and this morning they were tired after their dissipations. Belle opened the door, which Daniel had left on the latch, and walked out. The street was full of the pale March sunshine and the tossing March wind. The signs of the George and the Crown swung creakingly to and fro. Belle stared up at the blind face of the Crown. The street was empty, the village seemed asleep.

Belle knew where Daniel had gone and she walked up the church lane in hopes of meeting him. She had come to the churchyard gate and would not go any farther. The lane had by now reached a level above the rest of the village, and from where she stood she looked down on the Crown garden. It was a fine big place, plentifully studded with arbors which in summer would give shade to tea-drinking couples.

A man had come out of a shed in the Crown garden and was walking towards the house. She knew immediately by his figure and his walk that it was Ernley. Her breath thickened and suddenly she felt almost faint, and clung to a stake in the hedgerow for support. Good Lord! what was happening to her if she could not bear even the distant sight of Ernley? Every effort she made at her own reassurance seemed only to land her further in doubt. What would become of her?

"Belle—darling!—this is a fine surprise."

Daniel had come through the gate while she stood lost in her new weakness. He put his cold cheek to hers and she found her usual comfort.

"Oh, Danny, I'm so glad to see you."

"And I to see you, sweetheart. I never thought you'd be out so early."

"I woke up early."

"Didn't you sleep well, dearie? Weren't you comfortable? I know most of our beds are full of lumps."

"Oh, I was right enough. But I felt wide-awake—and I'm not used to lying long."

"Belle, must you go home to-day? Can't you stay till to-morrow?—I seem to have had so little of you."

"I must go, I reckon. We're short-handed as it is. But you'll be coming over soon."

"I'll walk over with you to-day—but I'd sooner have you here."

He stopped and drew her to him in the last shelter of the lane.

As he released her he seemed to notice something.

"Darling, are you well? You're looking terrible pale."

"Oh, I'm right enough."

"But you shouldn't ought to have come out like this before breakfast, on an empty stomach."

"And what about yours?"

"Oh, I'm used to it. I'm tough. But you—you just about want someone to take care of you."

He kissed her fiercely—without shelter.

"Oh, Danny—don't. Not out here in the street."

She had a sudden fear that Ernley would see.

"There ain't nobody about."

"But someone might be looking out of a window."

He saw her eyes slant upwards to the windows of the Crown.

"Don't you worry about old Ernie. It ud do him good to see us."

She was seized with a strange fury at his insensitiveness. Her heart beat wildly and for the first time she nearly gave him bitter words. But she managed to force herself to silence and together they went into the George. Breakfast was laid in the kitchen—a substantial meal, richly various for a man who could not pay his brewer.

"Good morning, Mum—good morning, Dad. Here we are—here's Belle. Reckon she's dying for her breakfast, same as I am."

Dan's cheerful voice seemed to fill the room, or rather to fill all of it that was not filled by the voices of Kitty and Tom

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

SHE FELT FAINT AND CLUNG TO A STAKE FOR SUPPORT

and Chris. Perversely, Belle herself felt unable to speak a word. Having shut her mouth on bitterness, she seemed unable to open it again for friendliness or greeting. She sat down beside Dan at the table—sausages appeared before her, bread and butter and a great cup of tea.

"My, Belle! but you're looking ordinary!"

Tom Sheather's voice came down the table, bellowing . . . she saw Dan cutting more bread . . . she felt just as she had felt when she was watching Ernley in the Crown garden . . . almost faint . . . quite faint . . . sick . . . dead sick. . . . She went suddenly in a huddle to the floor.

The next thing that she became conscious of was a pair of eyes looking down at her. They were dark eyes like Daniel's, yet not Daniel's, and they seemed to be boring down into hers: reading the inmost secrets of her heart—secrets of which even she herself was unaware. Then slowly a face surrounded them and she realized that she was lying with her head on Kitty Sheather's knee, looking up into her face.

She stirred uneasily, and moaned.

"Belle . . . Belle. . . ."

The agonized voice came from beside her, and with a slight roll of her head she looked into Daniel's face, convulsed and pitying.

"Oh, my darling—my poor darling . . . don't be frightened, sweet—you're better now. Here's Dad with some brandy."

Tom Sheather held a flask to her lips. She drank it, gulped, and sat up. For a moment the room seemed to go round, then steadied itself again. She gripped Daniel's arm and laughed weakly.

"I fainted."

"You're tired, my precious—you've been working too hard, and you shouldn't ought to have got up so early. Now you shall go back to bed and stay there till you're rested."

"No—I must go home."

The words were out of her almost before she realized her own urgency.

"But you can't possibly—it would be wicked for you to go when you're tired and ill like this."

"I must go—I'm quite well now."

She had scrambled to her feet and stood swaying and clutching him by the shoulder.

"Don't be silly, my dear," said Tom Sheather, "we'd have it on our conscience if you went home to-day."

"But I must—I must. I tell you I can't stay—" her need seemed to grow in desperation every minute—"Danny can drive me—you've got a trap. Please, please, Danny, take me home."

The clear voice of Kitty Sheather broke into the discussion.

"Let her go if she want to—there's nothing the matter with her."

"Oh, Mum! How can you speak so? Look how white she is. Is it natural for a girl to faint at her breakfast?"

"Yes," said Kitty coolly, "sometimes quite natural."

Belle walked towards the door, waving back Daniel when he tried to follow.

"You go and get out the trap. Please don't come—please don't keep me."

She managed to hold back her tears till she was out of the room. She was aware of some sort of argument going on behind the closed door, but Daniel did not come out to her as she had feared. No doubt his mother's notions of propriety forbade his helping her with her packing. To her great relief, Kitty did not come either. She was left alone. She felt quite well again now, but she could not stop crying. Her tears fell on her clothes as she folded them and put them in her bag. When she had finished packing she had to wait a few minutes till they had ceased.

At last she was ready and had come downstairs in her coat of purple frieze, her sky-blue tam-o-shanter crammed down over her hair which she had not troubled to brush out of its recent confusion. Dan was waiting for her with the trap—miserable, but resigned. Her farewells were said—defensively to Chris, gratefully to Tom, nervously to Kitty—

and she was up in the trap beside Daniel, driving down Bullockdean street under the staring windows of the Crown.

"How are you feeling, dear?" he asked her every moment, and when they were out of the village he wanted to put his arm round her. Almost without knowing what she did, she pushed him away.

"Don't, Danny, you mustn't do that—you can't drive with only one arm. Please get me home quickly—quickly."

When they came to Batchelors Hall she would not let him stay. She gave him on the doorstep an almost sacrificial kiss, and stood watching him drive through the gate before she went in.

Daniel was bewildered—not only by the last hour but by all the events of the morning. He was bewildered by Belle's illness, still more by his mother's indifference in the face of such a calamity, and most of all by Belle's new strange aloofness—refusing his comfort when most she seemed to need it. He was distressed.

These sad thoughts occupied him all the way home. But when he reached the George they were immediately dispelled, not by any comfort but by a fresh piece of catastrophe.

"What you think's happened?" cried Kitty from the open door as he drove up.

"I dunno—anything good?"

"Good! *I* shouldn't call it good, but I never know what you think."

She was evidently more moved than by poor Belle's afflictions.

"Well, then, what is it, Mum?"

"James Munk—old Munk—he's dead."

Daniel gaped.

"He was knocked down and killed in Lewes this morning," put in Tom Sheather over his wife's shoulder. "A car got him as he stepped off the pavement. This very morning it was—he's just been brought home."

"And now Ernley have the Crown and get married at once," said Kitty.

Dan still found himself speechless. James Munk had continually maddened him and scared him with his bitter gifts of tongue—but to be dead . . . to be swept suddenly out of life in the familiar High Street of Lewes, among all the traps and cars and people and driven beasts. . . . He felt the back of his throat thicken with the beginnings of a sob, and hastily whipping up Spot, he drove round to the back yard where he could be unmanly if he wished.

All that day nothing else was talked of in Bullockdean. Maudie Harman answered a continual stream of inquiries in the bar, and by common consent almost nothing but sherry was ordered—sherry being for some obscure reason considered locally as the only suitable drink in the presence of death.

"Poor chap!" said Tom, "I saw him drive away soon after you did, Daniel—wearing his gray suit . . . it seems terrible, don't it? I'd just come up from the cellar with some of the stout and I heard wheels and I thought 'that can't be Dan come back—no, it's from the Crown'—and that very moment James Munk drove past the winder."

"Was Ernley with him?"

"No—he was alone, but he'd got a crate or something at the back of the trap. If I'd known what was going to happen, I'd have looked more particular."

Tom sighed regretfully. The next minute he changed the subject.

"But here we are in such a terrification about poor Munk who's dead that we've forgotten our Belle who's living. I hope you left her feeling better, Daniel."

"Yes, I think she was better, Dad. She said she was—but she wouldn't let me come in."

"Well, I hope she won't go working herself to death at that place. That's what's the matter with her, you mark my words. Shackford can't afford a proper lot of men, so he works his girls to death. Poor soul! It made my heart bleed to see her looking so ordinary."

"It was nothing," said Kitty—"only a little morning sickness."

Something in her voice and in her look, as well as something vaguely suggestive and familiar about her words, made Daniel start and turn suddenly hot.

"What d'you mean, Mum?"

"Only that I think you'll soon have another of Ernley's cast-offs to take over."

She was standing near the door, and went out as she spoke. Dan remained, gaping at his father.

"Come, lad, don't take on," pleaded Tom—"Reckon Mum didn't mean what she said."

But Daniel was no longer there.

The news of James Munk's death came to Batchelors Hall almost as quickly as it had come to Bullockdean. Fred Shackford brought it back from Lewes, and had it all ready to retail to his girls at dinner.

"He'd left his trap at the Queen Anne, and was just going to cross the road to Mr. Vine's shop when, as he stepped off the pavement, a car got him. A private car it was, driven by a gentleman from Guildford. Lord! they were upset—the lady in the back seat fainted right away. No one was to blame, they say—car going quite slow and on its proper side—only old Munk stepped off without looking around. I didn't see it happen—but I saw some of the blood."

"Was he alone?" asked Lucy. "Wasn't Ernley with him?"

"No. He was quite alone, but of course everyone knew who he was. I heard it was Munk before I got anywhere near."

"Ernley ull be able to get married now."

"So he will—and he'll be a bit of a catch, too. I hear the Crown's worth something these days."

"Mr. Munk wanted him to marry a lady. He thought he could, with the education he'd given him, and he being an officer in the War. I wonder if the girl he's got now is a lady."

"She looked one. But by this time it don't matter. He can marry whom he chooses. Poor old Munk can't stop him."

Belle said nothing till dinner was over, then she went up to her room. She did not cry or make any sound, but in her heart was a twisting, strangling despair.

Ernley was free. He could marry anybody he chose. He could marry Pearl Jenner in her refined black frock, with her Eastbourne accent and her Private father. He could have married Belle if only James Munk had died a little earlier, or if only she had been patient a little longer. He had always meant to marry her some day, either when he had found a job or his father had relented. And now, after the last quarrel, she had refused reconciliation and instead had pledged herself to a man who was ready to marry her without maintenance or independence. Whereas if she had waited only a few more weeks she could have had Ernley and both.

That was the sort of trick you had played on you when you were bad. Maybe if she had been good all this would never have happened. Good people would say she had got what she deserved. Perhaps they were right. After all, she ought to have understood. . . . Men don't love women the way women love men. Ernley had not wanted of her all that she wanted of him, so he had been happy and satisfied without marriage. He had been happy because he did not want so much. She had made too many demands on him . . . she had been like the daughter of the horseleech saying "give-give." She had said, "It isn't enough that you've given me your friendship and so much joy: I want everything you've got—your home, your family, your daily life, your leisure—Give—Give!"

She had asked for so much that she had got nothing. She saw that she hadn't got even Daniel now. She could not marry Daniel now that she knew she carried Ernley's child. To her spirit's long recoil had now been added the recoil of the flesh—and the thing was impossible.

She felt neither joy nor sorrow, only a deadly fear. It seemed a long time now that she had felt this fear, but it had been only faint, half-realized, a vague sickness. Now it had shape and name. Kitty Sheather's boring eyes had given it both. She knew now what for long she had suspected, and she knew too that her suspicions had been more vigorous than she would acknowledge at the time. She had thrust them from her with hasty reassurances born of ignorance out of desperation. But they more than any bodily condition had been responsible for her ill health; and now that they were no longer thrust out, but an admitted part of her stress, she felt curiously well. It was her bodily health alone that enabled her to face the future. Her mind was sick. She saw herself friendless, kicked out by her family, and bound, by all the strange contrariety of nature, to refuse the only help that could come to her—from Daniel. She saw herself exposed and forsaken . . . she saw her love for Ernley made immortal, looking up at her with undying eyes of torment.

She was in the midst of these thoughts, sitting on her bed, when Lucy stuck her head in at the door, saying, "Daniel's come."

Well, that did not really make it any worse; on the contrary, the sooner she was through with it all, the better. She rose, and without troubling about her appearance went downstairs. He was in the drawing-room with her father, comparing details of the Munk tragedy. She was anxious to get him away but Shackford was full of the garrulity of an almost-an-eye-witness, and it was some time before he had done with the mutual positions of the Red Lion and the car and the body and Mr. Vine's shop. Daniel too seemed anxious to be off—she saw him try to break away more than once—but it was nearly ten minutes before the farmer remembered the afternoon's milking and reluctantly went out.

Belle did not feel secure in the drawing-room and asked him to come out of doors. He protested for her sake, as a light drizzle was falling and it ended in their going together into the big barn. They had its vastness to themselves and there seemed something vaguely terrible about its size to-day, for the light of the drizzling afternoon was only feebly spread among its shadows.

She spoke first, and her words were like a knife cutting right down into the wound of his fear. She had no pity for him—her one thought was to do his business quickly so that she could turn to her own.

"Daniel, it's no good. I can't go on with it."

"With what, Belle?"

"Our engagement—our marriage."

He began to stammer.

"B-but, darling—that's—that's what I came over about. I—I wanted to tell you it makes no difference . . . even if it's true . . . I—I don't mind—I love you just the same."

"That isn't what I mean. I mean that it's I who—I can't go on with it. I'm sorry, Daniel—I know I should ought to have done this long ago—or better still, I shouldn't ever have let you love me. It's my fault. But I can't help it. I can't marry you now that I know . . . do you guess what I know?"

"Yes—Mum guessed . . . but, Belle, it makes no difference. . . ."

She aside brushed his protest.

"I'm going to have Ernley's child. I can't marry you when I know that."

"But, lovey, I don't mind—I swear I don't. And it only makes it the more necessary I should marry you—quick. Then folk can't talk so—or anyway their talk won't hurt you."

"I can't help their talk. I'd rather they talked . . . I can't help it. I can't marry you now I know this."

He began to look scared. Here was something altogether terrifying and incomprehensible.

"Belle, sweetheart—you mustn't talk so. You just about must marry me now, you—you'll be done for—ruined. Oh, darling, don't think I'll ever miscall you

for this, or fail you—and I'll be kind to the kiddy, I swear I will—I'll love it as if it was mine—because it's yours."

His generosity almost reached her pity, but pity came too late now.

"Poor Daniel—I'm unaccountable sorry. I know I'm treating you badly but I can't help it. Oh, I know I done wicked things before, and you'll think I'm silly to mind now. But this is different somehow—if I married you I'd feel I was doing worse than any other thing I done. Oh, Daniel, do try and understand."

Perhaps he was hardly to be blamed if he couldn't.

"But, Belle, didn't you love me all those times when you said you did?"

"I know. I loved to be in your arms and feel you taking care of me—but things are different now—I couldn't bear you to kiss me. . . ."

His face suddenly went dark.

"Then you can't really have loved me or you wouldn't change—even now . . . when things are different. Belle, I believe that you loved Ernley all the time."

"Maybe I did—I must have—though I didn't know it."

"Then you've played the harlot to me. You've taken me in. You've given me your kisses for what you could get . . ."

He stopped suddenly, for he could just see her face in the faint light and her eyes were pools of fear and pain. He could not believe that Ernley, probably engaged to another girl, would turn to her again. Without Ernley, without Daniel, she would have to face shame, friendlessness, poverty, and pain. Something very strong, very terrible must be driving her, even though he couldn't understand it.

"Forgive me, dear. I shouldn't ought to speak so. I'll believe that you were honest with me, though I can't understand you now."

"Oh, Dan, I was honest, as far as I knew my heart."

"But what do you mean to do about it if you don't marry me? I reckon Ernley's engaged to Miss Jenner, and you can't do . . . have . . . go through this without being married."

"I can—I must—" setting her teeth—"I will."

He relented absolutely.

"Since you won't have me, let me tell Ernley what's happened. He'd never let you face it without him . . . reckon he'll chuck that girl . . . anyways he should ought to provide for you."

"Daniel, promise me—swear to me—you won't breathe a word to Ernley. I won't be beholden to his pity. If you tell him I—I'll kill myself."

He was more bewildered than ever.

"Promise me, Daniel," she repeated hoarsely, and he promised—shaken in heart and head.

The conversation seemed to have withered. They stood in the darkness staring at each other dumbly. Voices sounded in the yard, and suddenly both were taken with the same fear—that they should be found here together and be given the teasing due to lovers in the dark.

"Get out, Daniel," cried Belle—"out by the cartshed door."

"But you'll let me see you again? Belle—I can't bear this."

"No—don't come again—not just now. Oh, don't you see it's no good? I'll never change my mind—I'm finished."

"But you can't. . . ."

"Yes, I can—get out, damn you! If you don't go now I'll never see you again as long as I live."

"If I go now, will you see me?"

He was like a child pleading.

"Yes—yes. Some day—next week. But get out, anyway. I'm off."

With a sudden swooping gesture she blundered like a white owl through the darkness to the main door of the barn. He heard her calling her father's, her sister's name—making truce with the invader in order to escape more easily from him, her sweetheart and servant.

(To be continued)

THE MANACLES OF YOUTH

A Story

BY DONALD CORLEY

IT was no part of the Donna Isabella's plan for that particular morning in the year 15— to do more than go to confession in the Cathedral (though in truth, she had little to confess), and perhaps to linger for a moment at the shop of a draper in the Piazza, in crossing, and to fulfill an errand of minor but fragrant import at Miriano the cosmeticer's in the Via di Città.

Certainly she may have thought to buy a flower at the Fontana Gaia. *Ecco!* The Spring possessed the City of Siena as a lover, and one always walked with a *narciso* in the hand to grasp some of the magic of *Primavera*—the first life, the time of the Carnival of Nature!

But beyond these simple things she had no inkling of what the day might afford, although many fancies flickered in the chapel of her mind like so many candles burned for wishes in a wind-swept church.

She saw herself in her fantasy as a wise and modest and seemly wife, and the grave and elderly Conte dei Surresti absent at his vineyards on Monte Oliveto—that blue mirage that one could see there in the sky to the west. And since a man upon such an errand could not well return until the morrow, it behooved a woman who saw herself his devoted and faithful wife to go to confession, that he might find her absolved and ready again for those small and charming sins that a wife may well countenance for herself without conscience in the presence of a wise and worshiping husband. And her fancy ran upon those other, less worn-on-the-sleeve delinquencies common to all frail womankind, for which there is no foreseeing but certain punishment, since the most careful may catch a toe in the net of circumstance, even in drowsy Siena.

So thought the Donna Isabella, idly, as she entered the dish-shaped Piazza. She always (being indubitably beautiful) walked the streets with her eyes downcast, for there were sharp eyes in Siena and sharper tongues; and although it is well known that dogs bite the ragged, it is equally well known that dust settles upon the rare flower that is not shielded. And Donna Isabella had had occasion to learn how certain things happen for which there is little explanation and no remedy.

Now in the University that adorns one of the three hills of Siena—to which cauldron of learning came young men of birth and temper from all corners of Europe, to ease their souls of curiosity (and also to feast their leisure upon the far-famed beauty of the Sienese women, thus mingling bland education with sharper things)—there was a certain Gascon. And this Chevalier Denys Raoul de la Tour du Fec, so the town gossip ran, was always in hot water; now coming to blades outside the Porta Camollia at daybreak with some German cadet over the respective virtues of the wines of Gascony and of Rhineland, or with some equally quarrelsome Spaniard respecting the women of their several provinces. To say nothing of his begging in the Piazza disguised as a mendicant friar, humble in demeanor but

addressing glittering and sinful words to such women as let fall a scudo into his palm.

But what would you? A Gascon must pay his dice debts . . . and others . . . and learning is at times a dull pursuit, and many a young gentleman of spirit had sought distraction from it before. Moreover, the authorities of the University were apt to consider that everyone has been young at one time or another, *per Bacco*, and the Chevalier student of metaphysics and philosophy was a youth of great persuasion and extreme agility in words, and so suffered little punishment. For Siena is a bland city, where spirit and wit command ready respect. Where do they not?

Now on this particular morning the young blade was pensive in his lodging. The sorcery of Spring was afoot like a jester; the stirrings of youth were as restless in him. He had only two days previous dismissed his sweetheart, a light-o-love whom he had fancied somewhat. Time lay heavily upon the Chevalier's shoulders . . . but then her shoes, by reason of her vanity, had hurt her feet and she had complained of them overmuch!

But his open windows let in not only the acrid redolence of steeping hides from the Tanner's Quarter (smelling in truth like books, *pardieu!*) but the languorous breath of the *campagna* as well. Two disturbing and irreconcilable things. Beyond the yellow walls of the town the hills were powdered with *madreselva* and *asfodilli*, and the Chevalier bethought himself of far-distant Gascony, and his heart hit him a thump upon his throat. That wailing Caterina was not yet out of his mind, and yesterday's books yawned openly upon his table amid the empty *fiaschi* and the overturned wine glasses and the unopened letters from his father in Gascony—and one of Caterina's red shoes that she had thrown at him.

No student of metaphysics can entertain Madonna Melancholia overlong (if, of course, he is young and of an impatient temper), and the Chevalier had buckled on his sword and clattered down the stone stair in his yellow cloak to the courtyard where his horse, as restless as himself, was tied to a wall-ring—before the saturnine visitor had quite entered the door.

He galloped out into the street like one possessed, and up the Via di Città, jostling people into doorways, as was his custom, and quite usurping the street. It may have been the specter of the Arch-magistero of the University which he spied descending one of the *costarelle*—or it may have been the caprice of his horse, Torimund, that led him to dodge out of the narrow street and up the steep flight of steps that led to the Cathedral. At any rate, the Chevalier reached the corner of the Piazza of the Cathedral just as Donna Isabella paused on the broad steps of the church, soberly musing upon how much . . . how little . . . to confess. Indeed, she was in difficulty. Her sins had been all too few, she reflected, considering the magnitude of her temptations . . . she would have to eke them out somewhat to make a creditable *peccavi!* It is not to be expected that a beautiful woman shall be too blameless in this world. . . .

The young man's eyes caught fire as he contemplated her.

"There walks a woman! *per Bacco!*" said he to himself. And remembering his race, he added, "*Pardieu!*" to the antique oath—which Torimund his horse was accustomed to hear as a command for urgency, and so, as Donna Isabella turned—perhaps aroused from her thoughts by the clatter of iron on stone—their eyes met and held parley at ten paces. Which, as everyone knows, is a dangerous distance!

And after an instant (in philosopher's measure) the young man swept his hat off.

Now it may be that Donna Isabella *had* stopped at the cosmeticer's shop, and there inhaled strange perfumes in little iridescent bottles. That were no

sin for a virtuous woman. It may be that these perfumes quickened for her the already riotous *primavera* that was in the streets. Or it may be that at the draper's she had fingered Luccan silks, and velvets with the glamour of ripe plums, and precious tissues from Cathay, smelling of sandal—who can say? And so her thoughts may not have been too deeply of her confession.

But the truth may be judged by the imaginative, though perhaps not by the wise (who are prone to consider too many things in a simple matter).

At any rate, there is to be comprehended in a look much more matter than may well be recorded by either poet or historian. The Donna Isabella did not, however, drop the flower that she was carrying. She had great poise. (Besides, this very church stood upon the site of an ancient Temple of Minerva.) And no woman could fail to regard the Chevalier Denys Raoul de la Tour du Fec for an appreciable instant, having seen him—and, worse, having been seen by him. There was in his ardent gaze enough even to hold the most virtuous woman's attention beyond those limits of decorum and wise conduct by which the Donna Isabella's life was governed, in her own fancy.

She passed slowly into the church, let fall the thick door-curtain, paused irresolute, then moved along the empty nave towards the droning sound of a mass that was being sung in one of the chapels for a dead troubadour—a worthy man, no doubt! She had had some gossip of him from the flower girl in the Piazza . . . how very sad!

But what was this? The curtain behind her was violently thrust aside, flinging a long path of sunlight across the black-and-white pavement and the sibyls of Greece depicted there. Hoofs clattered—and there stood the Chevalier, student of metaphysics, Gascon, daredevil. He had ridden into the Cathedral upon his horse, leaped from the saddle, hat in hand, and stood within arm's length of her!

It was no great sacrilege, to be sure, for a horse to enter the Cathedral of Siena. Once a year the horses of the seventeen *contrade* were ridden through the church doors in their wards and up to the altars to be blessed for the *Palio*, the horse race that was run each July in the Piazza del Campo. The Donna Isabella had often seen them.

She turned. She gazed at him. But she did not speak. Indeed she was hardly surprised. The mettle of the young man who stood there so calmly, holding his horse's bridle, had been all too easily read in the open, empty Piazza just now.

She looked at him, not asking a question, not resenting his pursuit. No, I cannot tell you what was in her thoughts, the beautiful Donna Isabella! Perhaps you *know* if you are a woman?

The Chevalier did not hesitate. He came of a race that made quick decision. "Madonna," he said without preamble, "my life is yours—I love you—command me!"

Now the Donna Isabella did not say, "I do not know you, Messer Stranger!" Nothing of the sort. She was a calm woman, if you will. Certainly it was not strange that a young man of such precipitance should love her (having looked at her) and declare it, and at once. No, it was to be expected. It often happened, and the Donna Isabella had had some education in receiving hot-headed words and in dealing wisely with such matters—in her own fancy.

"Messer Stranger," she said gently, after a little while, "we cannot speak here . . . of love," and she indicated the blaze of candles where the troubadour's mass was being said. True, no one had noticed the Chevalier's invasion upon his horse but, in the confessional near by, perhaps there dozed a priest awaiting her—it was not seemly that she should come with so fresh a sin, if it *was* a sin (not of her own seeking, *certes!*) committed here on the threshold of the church.

"Come . . . Messer *Forestiere*, Messer Stranger," she urged, and laid her fingers on his sleeve. The Chevalier trembled violently. It does not take long for a Gascon, being kindled, to burn like a beacon, and this de la Tour du Fec had never before felt his heart and his head seized at the same instant by such a vertigo.

When she held aside the curtain he followed out into the Piazza, leading his horse.

Donna Isabella paused there. "Are you mad?" she asked, clearly, "to follow me into the church of God?"

"Madonna, I would have followed you into St. Peter's," said the Chevalier, unabashed, "and if to love you is to be mad, then I *am* mad, and gratefully! My life is yours—what do you wish to do with it?" And he drew his sword that had first seen the light of day in Damascus and had been wielded by Gaston de la Tour du Fec, his ancestor, at the Siege of Constantinople—and held it before him as a cross to take his oath.

"I swear, Madonna—" he began.

"Take no oaths, Messer Stranger," said Donna Isabella, hastily, "you are young . . . and, I perceive, impetuous." But seeing that the young man's eyes drank in her beauty as a flower drinks in the sun, she drew her hood and spoke to him once more, as to a child, for she well knew, being a woman, that for such as he to take an oath was to carry it out, and she was of no mind to become embroiled in a matter of such precipitance as this—or *was* she?

At any rate, this headstrong young man was in need of wise counsel and sage reasoning. And a certain pity for him stirred in Donna Isabella's heart. She could hardly blame him for the flaming passion that burned in his eyes. It was the proof of her beauty. Was she not innocent? Had she not been on her way to confession, filled with humility, with nothing further from her thoughts than such an accident of a Spring morning? But no one had witnessed, neither within the church nor without, so she raised her hood again and said to the Chevalier, "Messer Stranger, will you escort me to my house, across the Piazza? . . . where we may . . . perhaps . . . ?"

She left it unsaid.

And they crossed the smiling town in the broad light of day, speaking lightly of aimless things, that anyone might see that the Donna Isabella conversed with an old friend of her family, and no gossip-meat in the matter. And so gained the Via Bondini, where the *portinaio* deferentially held open the thick door of her house.

"Take Messer's horse," said Donna Isabella, and preceded the Gascon up the stone stairway past the frowning lions carved there, to the *piano nobile*, and into a long, high room where a double-arched window looked upon a garden that sloped down to the yellow wall of Siena—a window which had the fair country of God stretched across it like a tapestry.

She seated herself in a high carved chair on a dais.

"Well . . . Messer *Scolare*," she said composedly (having guessed that he belonged to the University).

The Chevalier looked deep into her unwavering eyes—as blue, *pardieu*, as a child's memory of a summer sea! He was after all a gentleman, this de la Tour du Fec; he reflected that this gracious lady was doubtless married, and doing great honor to his avowal to listen to him. But the lover in him had the upper hand.

"Madonna," he said, "what I told you is true . . . my life is yours!"

"I fear you put me in a niche," she replied gently.

"If the sky be a niche—then I do," was his simple answer.

And his simplicity made no simple difficulty to Donna Isabella. Here was no boy to be reasoned with in his folly, to be given a kind word—perhaps a flower—and be sent away. Besides, the Donna Isabella did not do such things.

She was an honorable woman. And she saw that what he said was indeed the truth—that his life *was* hers to dispose of. But how? Was not *her* life already disposed of, in her own fancy? Her heart, and her respect also, in the keeping of the grave and kindly (albeit mythical) Conte dei Surresti . . . absent, as she saw him in her mind's eye, at his vineyards on Monte Oliveto? And still . . . ?

"Messer *Forestiere*—Messer Stranger," she said with great dignity and tenderness, "your words command all my respect—I do not ask you to unsay them—but I cannot listen to them!"

"Madonna—" began the Chevalier, drinking in (to her sharp knowledge) the sound of her words, but not their import—(it was as if her voice had simply rendered him still more enamored of the fair woman who sat enthroned before him, like a secret city upon a hill)—"Madonna, I am indeed a *forestiere* in your city and in your house. Formerly Denys Raoul de la Tour du Fec, of Gascoigne, student of metaphysics and philosophy in the University of Siena; but now, since the vision of your beauty has transformed me—a humble man, wishing to do you honor! Command me to your service, Madonna—I do not ask more . . . unless . . . ?"

A lark rose singing from the garden beneath the window as the Donna Isabella poured a crystal glass of wine from a Venetian bottle on a table near by. And as she held it out to him their fingers touched and they both trembled. . . . And the Donna Isabella wished that that grave and kindly Conte was here to advise her!

Since he was not, she gazed out of the window in order not to look at the Chevalier, who gazed too. And his thoughts followed her thoughts, making the same turnings and joining them as a bird in the air joins its mate. And they went forth upon a similar bent, and the country beyond the yellow wall led them upon a long journey, as if in truth they perused the legend embroidered there upon the glowing tapestry of Spring. . . and so did not hear the crash of the crystal glass as it fell between them on the floor.

For a great silence had encompassed them. . . .

"For look you!"—(says the old chronicler)—"being in the very burgeon of youth, they were manacled by it, and set about an argosy to return to where they were already, providing obstacles to their desire, for Youth never knows the treasure that it has until it be gone, must needs wait for windfallen fruit rather than climb the wall, must save rather than squander, and squander rather than save, and so is fettered by the self-same thing that would set it free, being loath to seize that which is offered, thinking always that it must be made difficult, and if not, that there will always be other Springs, other occasions, and so listen not to the golden bird and the singing tree, and taste not the yellow water when it is sweetest!" And if you are young you know if this be true; and if you are not, you know as well, and put what faith you may in chroniclers. *Ecco!*

And the Donna Isabella having seen on that tapestry of the Province of Siena a road, sent the Chevalier upon it, first bestowing upon him a flower (which was that same *narciso*) in order that tradition might be kept fresh and garnished.

"Chevalier," said she, as if in a dream, "if it be as you say, that you love me—and I do not doubt it—do you see that road?" And he looked, and he saw what she saw—a road patterning the countryside like a chased arabesque upon a green-and-silver shield.

"That road leads to Perugia, the ancient enemy of Siena," she continued, "and upon the wall of the cathedral of Perugia hang the chains of the gates of Siena. Go, Chevalier, out of your love for me, and bring those chains to me!"

Perhaps the Donna Isabella hoped he would refuse—this was no light matter that she asked of him. But no, he did not hesitate. He was already gone, and the fragments of his wineglass upon the floor showed her that romance dwelt in his soul, and no fear. And the purple wine from the glass was scattered like so many petals of a violet torn asunder. And then she would have stopped him—too late! She had sent him to his death in that hornet's nest of Perugia, the poor young man!

And then the beautiful Donna Isabella wished that she had not lingered at the shop of Miriano the cosmeticer—or had lingered longer.

Truly, that perfume of Cyprus had had too much hyacinth in it!

And she turned to the window in distress, only to see a cloud of dust upon that road and the flash of the Chevalier's yellow cloak in the sun. He was gone to do her bidding, not questioning. Had she only argued with him she might have . . . but no, there had been something in his eyes that no woman could put lightly away, the burning torch of a true passion, with no thought of dishonor in it.

And what would she do when he came back, bringing without doubt those wretched chains of Siena's dishonor? But how proud a thing to bestow them upon the city again! And then what would she find for him to do? For in her heart she did not doubt that he would bring them.

She was startled by the sound of horses in the courtyard below. Ah! The Conte . . . he had returned from his estates, she said to herself as in a dream.

Here he was, the tall and simple man whom she loved so well—though somewhat as a father. He stood there smiling in the doorway, a little shadowy (since she had gazed too long at the sun)—a proud man who thought no evil.

He did not speak; he was a taciturn man; he came towards her and she looked at him with open eyes. What a different figure from the dashing young Chevalier! . . . and yet . . . how she loved him, the Conte dei Surresti, the only man she had ever known except her father . . . and she was glad, for now she could tell him, as a child, what she had done and be forgiven and advised. . . .

For the adventure of the morning lay a little heavy at the door of her heart, the beautiful Donna Isabella!

And so she told him, omitting nothing. And the Conte listened, with kind and comprehending eyes, until she spoke of where the Chevalier had gone, and his errand there, at which the grave man's face had a troubled look.

"What have I done, my Lord?" asked Donna Isabella.

"It would, Body of Christ! be a fine thing to deliver to the city those lost chains, these two hundred years rusting there on the wall in Perugia," he said slowly; "but we can scarcely risk a new war with that hornet's nest, and the Baglioni on account of them!"

"I did not think he would go," said Donna Isabella, piteously. "He is very young!"

The Conte stroked his beard thoughtfully. "You did well to send him away," he considered, "but when he returns we must find another and longer errand for him, and also we must contrive to return the chains secretly."

For the Conte loved his wife and saw in her troubled glances out of the window that she had been more touched by the youth than she knew . . . it were well to keep them apart some little time . . . else? . . . assuming that the Chevalier would return safely from Perugia. The Conte was a just man and thought no evil.

And the Donna Isabella, having confided the peradventure to her lord and friend, musing aloud the gist of her perplexity, did not on that day think further concerning the confession she had not made at the Cathedral, though she thought much concerning the Chevalier de la Tour du Fec, student of metaphysics and philosophy.

And late of the same afternoon the Conte left her to journey to another of his estates, towards Florence, in perfect faith of his wife but leaving her much wise counsel as to the matter of the second errand.

"But if he should perform that also?" she asked.

But the Conte shook his head in doubt. "Rome will not let him return," he said, smiling at her innocence.

"You mean that he will die there?"

"No . . ." he replied, "he will not die."

And this he left to the devices of her ready mystification.

Whereupon the Conte became very shadowy to her indeed, being gone out of the house.

Early on the following morning there was a pounding and clanking at the door of the Donna Isabella's house, and there was the Chevalier, in a tattered yellow cloak, and the rags of it bound about his left arm by means of those monstrous iron chains, the lost chains of Siena's gates, very heavy. And he asked an audience of the Donna Isabella. Who, when she saw him, was smitten with remorse; for his raiment was dusty and torn in twenty places, his face lined with fatigue, his cloak blood-stained, but his eyes bright with achievement. He unwound the chains and dropped them at her feet, and stood waiting.

"You are hurt!" she faltered, seeing that he pressed his cloak about his left forearm to stay the blood that oozed from the many dagger wounds there, and from another in his side.

"Madonna commands?" he inquired superbly.

And she dropped her eyes to the heap of chains on the floor, which any man of Siena would give his eyes to have filched from the Perugians—and this *forestiere* had done it single-handed, since yesterday, and stood awaiting her further wishes, calmly, wearing her faded *narciso* caught in one of the slashed places of his sleeve! The Donna Isabella was touched. Still, she temporized. "But . . . Messer Stranger . . . are you not hungry?—thirsty?" (She hastened to pour some wine for him.) "Have your wounds been dressed?"

"I drink of your beauty, Madonna, it is enough for me," said Denys, and let fall his arm, considering it a weakness to stay those wounds in her presence.

Donna Isabella gazed out of the window for a long time.

When she turned back to the Chevalier, standing there motionless like a statue, her eyes were very bright with renunciation. "Messer Gascon," said she, "I must believe what you say by what you do. Can you not then go back to your metaphysics and be content that I know that you love me—the Conte . . . my husband—" (she groped for convincing arguments)"——knows of this. He bears you no malice. He feels the honor that you have shown to Siena through me by restoring these—" (she indicated the chains with her toe)—"and reverences the high spirit of your feelings. . . . And yet, Chevalier, what would you have me do? I do not say that were my . . . heart . . . not otherwise disposed, I would not listen to you as to any honorable gentleman seeking to do me worship. . . . As it is, Messer Denys . . ." (at the sound of his name the Chevalier quivered) ". . . the Conte . . . my husband . . . has gone on a journey, leaving my honor in my own keeping . . . and yours . . . should you have returned from Perugia, where yesterday I sent you . . . so foolishly!"

The Gascon waved his hand as if that had been the veriest of trifles.

"Madonna . . ." he said, advancing a step, "these things are as they are, but . . . my life is yours—I love you—command me!"

And seeing that there was no help in the difficulty, the Donna Isabella continued her folly, half in a whisper. "If you love me as you say—and I do not doubt it—then go to Rome and secure the release of my . . . my brother, a lad of seventeen, falsely imprisoned in the Castel of San Angelo these many years

. . . and wasting of prison fever! (Her voice broke a little.) Cypriano is his name, Chevalier, and he is lodged in the darkest room in the highest part of the Castel, with all of Rome about him, and never a ray of sunlight, and terribly fettered with such chains as *these*, and with never a flower or . . . the smile of a woman to alleviate his misery!"

"Were your commands as many as those set for Hercules, Madonna," said the Chevalier, "they would be fulfilled!"

And he departed on that instant, not pausing except to visit his lodging and fling his books (and that red shoe that Caterina had thrown at him) from the table, and to find a new cloak—this one of purple—and to stanch the terrible wounds in his side and forearm with wine and old linen.

And before noon he rode out of the Porta Romana with only his sword, his horse Torimund, and the adoration that filled his heart; no longer a student of metaphysics and philosophy, but a valiant feather caught up in the whirlwind of love, to be carried wherever it blew, as is the case with all Gascons, and all madmen, and all young men of temper. *Sic transeunt omnes!* Leaving the Donna Isabella with the chains of Siena's gates to reflect upon.

They caused reflection likewise to the Conte her husband upon his return. He looked upon them with glittering eyes. And yet he seemed very shadowy to the Donna Isabella!

And since it was not possible to return the chains amicably, in order to avert a new imbroilment with Perugia he chose a trusty old servant, disguised as a Pisan peddler, who carried them secreted in the bottom of his pack and who left them by night at the door of the Cathedral of Perugia.

But the Conte, out of pride, first had these chains gilded!

And the Merchants of the Cambio of Perugia (who had been, needless to say, in a fine pother regarding the chains) had given out that they had been taken down to be cleansed of rust. And they were very glad to find them again, all gilded. And only the five sons of the House of Baglioni—cutthroats all, who had set upon the Chevalier on the night he stood upon the back of his horse and lifted down the chains from the wall—knew the truth and knew who murdered the Pisan peddler, whose dagger-pierced body was flung over the walls for crows.

And within the week the Chevalier returned from Rome, having killed twenty horses with hard riding—but saving Torimund to ride into Siena upon—bringing with him the prison-wasted brother of the Donna Isabella. And he carried the lad up the stairs and laid him on some cushions before the Donna Isabella, who was that day . . . somewhat absently . . . embroidering a *narciso* upon a tapestry.

And when she saw the two of them she was stricken dumb with gladness and perplexity, for her brother looked very strange to her. And she sent for the Conte her husband to take the youth to a strong castle in the hills, for safety, leaving her to deal with the intrepid and impetuous Chevalier who, not having rested from his journey, his climbing of walls, and the arduous task of breaking down doors, bribing jailers, filing chains, and what not of brave deeds—*per Bacco!*—incredible hardships which he scorned to relate!—stood before her again, clamoring at the door of her heart, beseeching her to find yet a harder task for him to do!

And with much misgiving she dispatched him that very afternoon upon the third errand advised by the wise Conte her husband. And this was: To find the fabulous Elixir of Youth, and bring it back to her.

Nor did the lady stint to indicate to him that if he found it . . . well, what would you? What less could she, having recovered her beloved brother from prison at this brave man's hands?

It was no idle search that she sent him upon, she reflected . . . he deserved every reward . . . this was no mere silver key lying in the depths of the sea

. . . no gleaming needle lost in a dense forest . . . many wise men had sought in far places for the Elixir and found only ripe age and much sadness. And still . . . she did not doubt that *he* would find it!

And the Chevalier rode at sunset out of the gate towards Florence, leaving behind his studies and his ambitions at the caprice of a woman.

Pardieu! Who has not?

And the Conte dei Surresti, with that fever-wasted Cypriano in a litter, journeying up the last hill to his castle at that hour, paused to look back at the lights of Siena and reflected, wisely or unwisely, that it would take the Chevalier some little time to find the Elixir of Youth—having himself traveled far and seen many empty roads and closed doors in his life—but that by the day of the Gascon's return he himself would be no longer a sufferer of age upon the earth, seeing that he had an ancient wound received from a Saracen arrow at a siege, long ago, and concerning which his chirurgeon and he had held grave converse only the day before. . . .

Certes, he would die! And the beautiful Donna Isabella would, after a suitable expiry of grief, marry . . . and why not this brave and willing Gascon?

And if he found no Elixir to prolong the catchpenny drunkenness of youth, he would within a few years either return empty-handed—but seasoned with youth itself, and. . .or his impetuosity would embroil his heart elsewhere, and so. . .? And perhaps after all that Saracen arrow-wound might not kill him for a long time, the Conte mused.

And his musing cost him dear, for he and the litter containing Cypriano were suddenly surrounded, within sight of his own castle, by forty men and a captain of the guard sent by the Castellan of San Angelo to recover the prisoner; and after considerable fighting (for the Conte was a brave man) they were both killed and their bodies left by the roadside, after which such of the guard as were left went to the castle and drank much wine of the Province of Siena from the Conte's cellars, to refresh themselves.

And here was the Donna Isabella, bereft by her folly of all three, and in a single day, and with much misery to reflect upon.

For some time she stayed behind closed shutters and embroidered no flowers upon her tapestry, and she thought of becoming a Carmelite nun and taking the veil of silence forever. But still hope flickered in her anguished heart from time to time, and presently she forgave herself for the murder of that trusted servant, and that worthy husband, and that comely brother—all slain by her own precipitance. "For look you," she said to her mirror, "Jacopo was glad to die, being an old servant of my family and devoted beyond the paltry affair of life!" And the Conte (she could not doubt) would have died for her sake had she asked it, and even her darling brother Cypriano could not but have languished in the Castel San Angelo, where he had been for so many years . . . it was better that he had perished in the blossom of his youth, with the sweet night air of his native country in his nostrils, rather than of prison-damp. . . . Ah yes, but it was very sad, truly! *Misericordia et Lachrimæ!* But these things could not be helped. Was it her fault that she was beautiful? Had she not been very careful to conceal it as best she could? Was it to be anticipated that this Gascon should ride into the Piazza at the moment when she deemed it empty enough to raise her hood? And that he should follow her on horseback into the Cathedral that stood upon the ground sacred to Minerva? Had she not acted as wisely as her youth and inexperience permitted her? She had not dropped her flower, nor in any way behaved in an unseemly fashion.

But Ah! *That perfume of Cyprus had had a little too much hyacinth in it!*

If she had only waited a little while before dispatching the Messer Stranger in search of the Elixir! Were he still in

Siena . . . after a suitable expiry of grief, and a certain interval of years, it might have been possible . . . to think less casually of that gallant young man who had twice braved death, been mortally wounded, climbed ropes, killed twenty horses—(on dark nights)—to do her bidding—rescue that dear brother, filch those chains . . . ah, those wretched chains! The Manacles of her Youth. . . Siena had not wanted them back. . . .

If only she had not gazed out of the window towards Perugia that day . . . all this would not have happened . . . surely she should have sent the Chevalier about his business . . . he would have recovered from his malady after many years of suffering, and no one the wiser. These Frenchmen were always falling in love and determining to sacrifice their lives . . . and it would have been pleasant to think of him on the other side of the town, buried deep in books of learning and vowed to celibacy for her sake! And she, an honorable woman and a virtuous wife, would have been more careful of her beauty thereafter and would have said an extra *Ave* for the Messer Stranger each day . . . and once a year would have sent a flower to him secretly, to console his despair . . . a *narciso*. . . .

Far away on some dark road (she would conjecture, pitifully) the young man rode, in pouring rain, and often cold and penniless, eagerly asking of everyone he passed where the Elixir of Youth might be found. . . . And here and there in the world . . . women . . . some of them beautiful . . . queens . . . world-weary princesses . . . idle wenches . . . would rest their eyes upon the Chevalier and ask certain questions of him . . . whither he went and what he sought (after the manner of such women) . . . and endeavor to beguile him to their own undoing . . . seeing written upon his face his sworn purpose. . . . And he would have none of them, and would turn them away gravely. And some of them would no doubt eat powdered glass and die of grief (she hoped they would). And some of them would hang themselves with their long fair hair to the tall crucifixes in their chapels . . . certainly a proper death for the queens . . . and some would content themselves with entering nunneries and live a life of eternal torment, clad in haircloth with chestnut burrs sewn into it. . . .

And she herself—if he did not return before her beauty had ceased to haunt all men—would journey far, to escape the madness of the Sienese Spring, to some cold and inaccessible mountains, and there become a nun and undergo every rigor of the flesh until she became the abbess of that convent on a snow-covered peak, and she would keep a light burning for travelers . . . until one night when a violent storm rang all the convent bells in their arches, and seven nuns knelt praying ceaselessly for all wayfarers lost on the road, there would be a knocking at the gate . . . and there he would be, frozen and tattered and hungry, returning from his quest and asking only a crust of bread in order to journey on . . . towards Siena.

And he would have the Elixir of Youth in a crystal vial. But he would not know her in her abbess robes.

And when he had gone out into the storm she would follow him, throwing away her coif to feel the snow sting her shaven head—but *must* it be shaven? Surely an abbess . . . having expiated her sins . . . might let her hair grow again . . . ?

And she would find him on the road at morning—dying, and still; not touching to his lips the crystal vial. . . . And they would drink it together, and no one would remember that she had been the austere abbess of an austere convent, and he a great scholar and a Chevalier.

And so the Donna Isabella spent her time, never doubting that he would return, and spurning graciously the offers—the implorings—of many a gallant gentleman (including the Duke of Palma and the King of Naples) and in

going to lay a *narciso* upon the graves of such as found life too unendurable without her . . . with great pity, as was her nature. . . .

And many a learned man of Siena came to visit her, to speak of many things of sober import, marveling that so beautiful a woman should have so deep a craving as she for erudition. Nor did they spare her the brunt of cold logic or the sad conclusions of their researches.

And she could see that these grave men of the University could not but be troubled by her beauty . . . but contained ably their impassioned feelings, out of respect for her . . . seeing that she brooded upon a cherished and secret sorrow. . . .

And a certain Messer Peruzzi, an architect, who was later to hold the great church of St. Peter in his hands for embellishment (but at this time unknown, a saturnine and lonely man) came to her house daily to speak to her of many things other than love . . . by which she knew he loved her . . . and he too marveled at her thirst for the dried figs of antiquity . . . and spoke to her always of his great art, and took a lonely pleasure in the companionship of this rare woman who could so readily understand his dreams of unbuilt cities and exquisite gardens. . . .

Time passed with a certain sad pleasure in it for the Donna Isabella!

And the Chevalier Denys Raoul de la Tour du Fec, riding forth from Siena, entered upon a restless and brooding life in many lands: first apprenticing himself to one of the Ruggieri in Florence to learn the art of distillation; subsequently going to Rome and there becoming the *confrère* of the renowned Dudleius Granessi, the perfume maker, who enjoyed the patronage of great ladies and knew many secrets. A learned and simple man, whose creed was rooted in the truth of that fallacy that the fabulous Elixir of Youth was to be found within the diaphanous confines of the art of Perfume, or that any essence of wine (no matter how refined) could contribute any but a tincture to it.

"Seek further," advised Granessi, "and should you find the Elixir, bring back a drop to me in payment for my skepticism—which I have used as a scourge to your endeavors, friend!"

And during this time the Chevalier met and discoursed with many late toilers whose houses were shuttered by night and who slept by day, believing with Naceronius the mystic that Night reveals all things to the devoutly curious.

And from them he learned metallurgy, and the principles of alchemy, and a considerable surfeit of astrology and necromancy.

And in Venice he studied with the great Accusi, and in Nuremberg wrested some of the lesser secrets from the stars by the aid of the Doctissimus Gregorius Michaelis, *Præpositus Regius*, and in bleak Paris held the ladle for a time for Chrysostomo the Magus, a fanatical alchemist; knew Gaffarello the setter of gems, and d'Arcosse the Euclidian; and his zeal took him to Mount Athos, where in a monastery he was the pupil of Chimici the Vespian, and over many long years the Chevalier delved into magic both white and black, and in the deep dark learning of many men who dwelt in secret places—sages who had assumed the dread names of archangels in order to further their quests and lose identity—and from them he learned many dangerous things, and carried his life in his hands, even as far as the court of Genghis Khan, where he pursued his search, learning Chinese in order to converse with the geomancers of Cathay.

But always he came to the wall of basalt that hedged each of them into this sorry life from which they would escape.

Nevertheless, despite all discouragement the Chevalier returned one day to Siena, riding no other than his horse Torimund, the faithful companion of all his wanderings (except for those occasional times when he had had to leave him in surety for a sum of money, and Torimund ate patiently the mildewed

oats of usurers)—and forty years had passed, and *Primavera* again possessed the City of Siena as a lover. . . .

And a little of the dust of Luxor, as well as some of the fine cobwebs of Pergamon, clung to the Chevalier's raiment and his beard was very long and his face lined as a shriveled apple.

But in his eyes burned the unquenchable fire of love, and in his breast was a crystal bottle with a stopper of sardonyx—given him by Lothor the Egyptian scholar—and it contained a few drops of the fabulous Elixir of Youth. . . .

But who could say where he found it? There are things that legends do not hand down to us, *Misericordia et Lachrimæ!* And perhaps wisely.

And he rode straight from the Porta Camolla to the house of Donna Isabella, and an aged *portinaio* took Torimund his horse and then conducted the Chevalier past the frowning lions on the stairway to that same lofty room whose windows looked out upon the country of God as upon a new tapestry.

And to him came an old and faded woman with blue eyes like a child's memory of a summer sea, and he regarded her with amazement.

"But . . . *you* are not the Donna Isabella!" said he. And the dust of Luxor choked him somewhat.

And she held up to him a tarnished silver mirror, and said to him, sadly: "*Regard thyself, friend!*"

And looking into a mirror for the first time in forty years—having been too preoccupied for any self-regard—the Chevalier saw there the face of an old man with a beard to his belt. And in his slumbering vanity he was stricken sorely at the sight and endeavored to brush away the fine cobwebs of Pergamon from his eyes. But to no avail.

And for some time they did not speak, these two, but endeavored to recollect each other out of memory, and not as they were. (As people past the noonday will.)

And presently the Chevalier remembered that crystal vial with the stopper of sardonyx, and drew it forth eagerly and with a trembling hand.

"Madonna! I love you! You commanded me . . . *here it is* . . . the Elixir that you sent me to find—was it not yesterday?"

And he would have placed the vial in her hands.

But the Donna Isabella would not have it. Perhaps she had waited overlong for it. Many a woman cannot wait for a thing—(says the old chronicler)—and when it is brought to her finally . . . she does not want it any longer.

"No . . . Messer Stranger," she said gently, "I do not wish Youth again . . . I have had it, and . . . I *still* have it!"

And as she spoke the sun danced upon the summer sea of her eyes.

"It was for *you* that I wanted it . . . the Elixir of Youth! *You* should have perpetual youth . . . not I. . . ." So spake both of them.

And in their eagerness, each to give the other the crystal vial, they contrived to let it fall, and it was broken upon the stone floor. . . .

And the precious purple liquid that was in that bottle was scattered there like so many petals of a violet torn to pieces.

But a perfume as of hyacinth brought from Cyprus filled the room. And a lark rose singing from the garden into the still noon air, and a very great silence encompassed them as they gazed at the glittering fragments of crystal between them on the floor.

"*You have dropped your wineglass, Chevalier!* . . . let me pour another for you," said the Donna Isabella. And it seemed to the Gascon, student of metaphysics and philosophy, that it was the lark who spoke to him.

And he looked at her in amazement, for she was, in truth, the same Donna Isabella whom he had that morning first seen in the Piazza of the Cathedral.

"But . . . you *are* . . . !" he exclaimed, and the dust of Luxor no longer choked him. And she held up the silver

mirror to him again—no longer tarnished, for she brushed it across her velvet sleeve as she did so—and she said to him, with some tender malice, "Regard *thyself*, friend!"

And the Chevalier saw no man with a long beard and a face like a shriveled apple, but no other than himself—a young man with the fearless eyes of youth.

And his wonderment grew like the tree of the conjuror, for he had had a terrible fear now that the vial lay broken upon the floor.

"Messer *Forestiere*—Messer Stranger—" said the Donna Isabella softly, "let us cast off the manacles of our youth and be wise . . . as wise, that is, as is necessary . . . for a morning in the Spring! *Imprimis* . . . it is incredible to me that you, a student of metaphysics, do not comprehend that a lifetime may pass in the twinkling of an eye! You do not value the teachings of the Doctissimi at the University, I fear!"

And she laughed, until the crystal glasses upon the table caught up her gaiety and echoed her mirth.

And still those cobwebs of Pergamon lingered across the Chevalier's eyes, and he questioned, "But . . . Madonna . . . your husband . . . so kind and so wise . . . ?" he stammered in perplexity.

"He was a man whom I fancied marrying—in my fancy—somewhat—*yesterday!*" she answered, smiling. "He lives only in a book of legends that I read!"

"And your young brother, Madonna?"

"Ah . . . Chevalier . . . it is only too easy for a young woman, caught in the gossamer trap of a Spring morning, and providing herself with an elderly and forbearing husband—to provide in her fancy also a young brother in the Castel of San Angelo to be rescued!"

"But—the chains . . . ?" persisted the Chevalier, emerging from mystification but loath to yield up to disbelief those brave adventures of his.

"The chains of Siena hang rusting, no doubt, upon a wall in Perugia, my simple friend . . . *they* were the manacles of our youth . . . think you I would have sent you to that nest of cutthroats to bring home some foolish chains of iron? Is there one scar upon your left forearm, Chevalier, from the daggers of the Baglioni?"

And he must needs acknowledge that his forearm was as unscarred as a girl's—except for a long scratch left him by Caterina, that complaining hussy, whose shoes had hurt her feet and who had, being in a rage, behaved somewhat as a cat, it is to be regretted!

(But of this the Chevalier did not speak to the Donna Isabella, though she regarded that scratch with some curiosity, you may be sure.)

The Gascon looked at the floor. The dream had crumbled like a bubble of glass at a harsh word. He was indeed confounded. These forty years of toil and hardship all gone for naught? Those honorable scars vanished? That young and wasted brother whom he had rescued—only a figment of fancy? The Conte dei Surresti—that grave and kind gentleman!—not to be considered? Those chains . . . ? *Pardieu!*

His mind seized upon the fragments of crystal that lay upon the floor, and the dark purple spots there.

"But . . . Madonna? The Elixir of Youth, that we had just now in a bottle?" he asked humbly, hoping to save even a crumb of the argosy.

"Chevalier . . ." spoke the lady, "regard *myself!*"

And seeing that in her eyes which no man could look upon without consternation of a pleasant quality, he was very glad indeed to know that all these things had yet to happen . . . if at all . . . and recovered with rapidity that readiness of speech and that impulsiveness to perceive the value of an occasion proper to a Gascon, a Chevalier, and a student of the science of metaphysics.

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

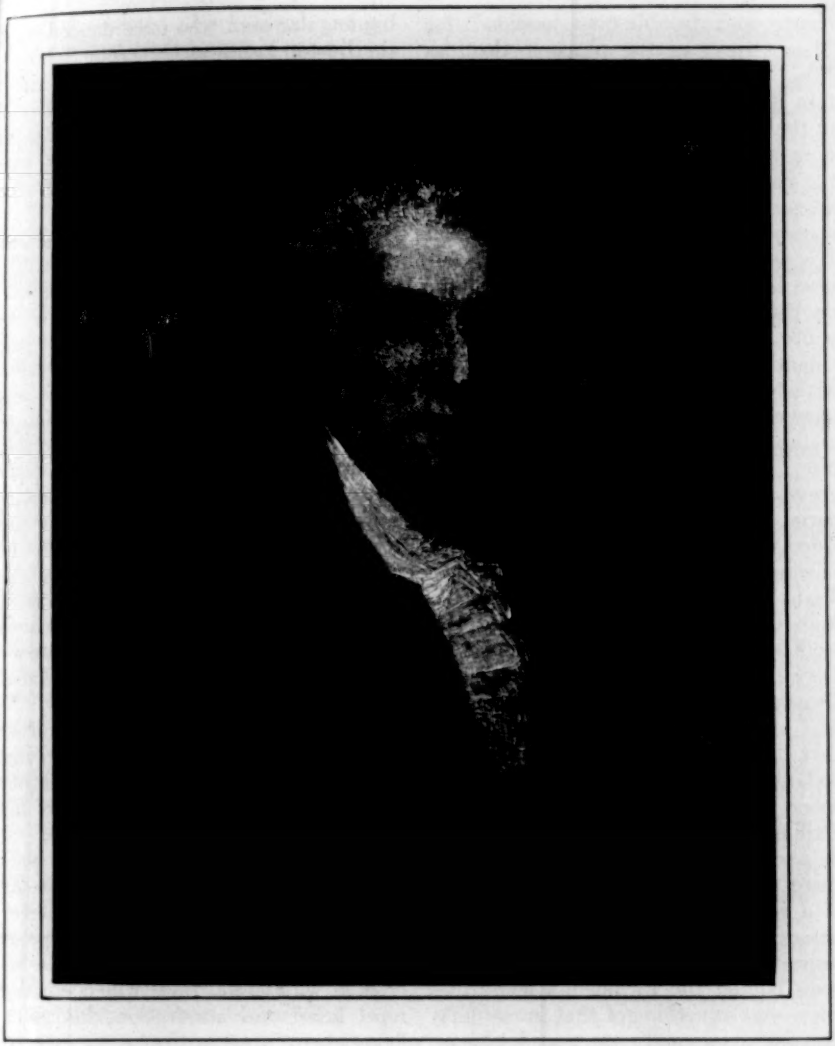
In Tradition and in Fact

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

IT is, as they say, a wise country that knows its own father. The floor of history is littered with the broken toys of factious nations; but their parents survive these dire upheavals. Torn flags, discolored laurels, violated constitutions lie about in heaps; and sad-eyed historians wade knee-deep in the wreckage, tidying up the nursery like anxious governesses after a party. Discarded heroes welter in their sawdust; patriotic reputations are damaged beyond repair; and there is a dismal profusion of maimed heraldic monsters. Leopards and unicorns and salamanders limp sadly into limbo; eagles of every shape—white eagles, eagles in crowns, two-headed eagles, eagles with thunderbolts, the little Roman eagle, and the brass eagles of the Empire—flap heavily after them; and the tiny owls of Athens go hooting, disconsolate, down the wind. There is even a faint, receding buzz from a disbanded swarm of Napoleonic bees. The simpler emblems—Bourbon lilies, bright Phrygian caps, sunbursts with gleaming rays, Braganza globes, and Tudor roses—are all faded and broken as the nations outgrow their bright-colored playthings. But their parents are, happily, of a more durable quality.

There is (it has been observed in family life) a permanence about parents. They are not easily outgrown. They do not fluctuate with tastes in toys. They can go out of fashion without going, like humbler objects, out of existence. Enduring with a fine persistence, they provide a constant background and an immutable tradition. Happy, therefore, the nation that knows its parents. The knowledge gives to it a poise, a standing, which are denied to less fortunate races. Its achievement starts from a fixed point, and its splendid growth can be measured by an established standard. It can refer, at need, to the parental tradition; and its lineage may provide by turns a stimulus, a warning, and a boast. No clear analysis has yet been made of the effects of such parentage upon national history. It may emerge that nature sets an indelible stamp of superiority upon the brow of those happy races which know who their father was.

Possibly the world is a harder place for foundling nations. Perhaps the Roman owed his victories to a pervading consciousness of Romulus. Conceivably Englishmen, insufficiently aware of Caractacus and Boadicea, with breasts that rarely thrill to the name of Hengist (or even Horsa), owe the frequent embarrassments of British policy to their distressing lack of a common ancestor. How much simpler, in moments of uncertainty, was the Spartan's direct appeal to the tradition of Lycurgus, the Frenchman's (before Sedan) to Napoleon, or that clear memory of Bolívar which is the somewhat unsteady lodestone of a whole sub-continent. A country with a father seems to steer a more settled course. Its monuments are all the same. Its public speeches all end in the same way, its streets in the same square. Its policy is drawn after a fixed star. For they shine—the fathers of their country—with a cold,



"HE SITS A LITTLE STIFFLY IN THAT ALARMING COMPANY OF THE FOUNDERS"
From Stuart's first portrait of Washington, painted in 1795.

perpetual light; and none, in that chilly constellation, with a more unwinking beam than George Washington.

His status is, as it must remain, unchallenged. Father, beyond question, of his country, he sits a little stiffly in that alarming company of the founders of states, with Romulus and the others. Perhaps there are rather too many foreigners about for him to be altogether at ease. Perhaps the big, tilted head was always a little stiff on public occasions—and public occasions are all that remain for him now. No more a romp "with one of the largest girls"; or the exquisite anguish of writing verses (among the frontier surveys in his journal) to his "Lowland Beauty"; or "that

chaste and troublesome passion" for Miss Carey; or the pleasant thrill as Mrs. Washington rolled into camp before Boston behind her black postilions in the white and red. Nothing remains now but an eternity in his niche, where the Father of his Country, so admirably adapted to the exigencies of sculpture, stands frozen in his perpetual attitude. His dignity had always a slightly Chinese immobility. It inspired, perhaps, on the winter day in 1800—when the white ensigns hung at half-mast in the Channel and the First Consul listened with commendable patience to the obituary eloquence of M. de Fontanes—the melancholy tribute of the Celestial Empire. "In devising plans"—there is a grave, unwinking dignity about the Imperial style—"Washington was more decided than Ching Sing or Woo Kwang; in winning a country he was braver than Tsau Tsau or Ling Pi. Wielding his four-footed falchion, he extended the frontiers and refused to accept the Royal Dignity. The sentiments of the Three Dynasties have reappeared in him." At first sight the exquisite grotesques of that stiff embroidery, with which a pedantic patriot has enlivened the more sober homespun of his narrative, are little more than an engaging curio. But as one studies the official Washington there is the faint, disconcerting dawn of a resemblance. The Washington of parade—the stiff figure once eyed by respectful crowds, driving down to Congress behind the President's white liveries—has something of that immobility as it revisits annually the grateful memory of his countrymen. One seems to see the hand with the big knuckles pointing perpetually at an illegible scroll, or resting eternally upon a sword-hilt. The broad face, with the bleak gray eyes and the heavy jaw and the ill-fitting teeth which startled Mr. Ackerson of Alexandria, Va., is half forgotten. Anxious historians, familiar with General Washington and President Washington, conduct a desperate search for the missing George Washington. The big angular man who once danced with the Boston ladies at Governor Shirley's has almost faded into a gesture of traditional statesmanship; and an awed posterity stares nervously at the tall figure in black velvet which stands *in loco parentis* to one-twentieth of the human race.

But there are certain drawbacks about parentage. The best parents are, oddly enough, the quickest to be forgotten; since a good father is so apt to be replaced in memory by the more shadowy figure of a still better father. Irreverent children frequently retain a precise image of their parents. But a more blameless offspring is rarely equal to this kindly service; since piety, which blurs the vision and impedes the memory, is singularly weak in portraiture. It seems to prefer the smooth, incredible finish of memorial sculpture to reality; it shrinks from fact into the calmer air of epitaphs. And in the outcome, favored reputations which might have engaged the reverence of the world are frequently overwhelmed by their own monumental masonry.

Washington has suffered almost equally from his own qualities and from the piety of his descendants. The father of his country has been deprived of his identity by his grateful children. A worse father might, perhaps, have been more accurately remembered. But the very faultlessness of that singular career seemed to invite the worst that pious ingenuity could do for him. He was incrusted with moral tales which equally repel belief and admiration; his noble figure was draped in the heavy folds of those Teutonic virtues which the Anglo-Saxon imagination erroneously attributes to the Romans; and he became a dismal embodiment, derived in equal parts from the copy book and the political platform, of those public qualities which every nation claims as its private birthright. Never, one feels, has a life of public service been worse rewarded by posterity. He saved, in a military sense he made, the Revolution: and its happy heirs have repaid him with a

withered nosegay of schoolgirl virtues. Misconceived panegyric has made him almost ridiculous; and chivalry dictates his rescue from the dull swarms of commonplace with which he has been belittled.

This sad defacement is not the work of envious foreign hands. While he lived, Washington enjoyed a singular freedom from hostile calumny, and after his death his enemies were generous: perhaps it is permissible to remark that his enemies were English. No other race idealizes in the same degree those against whom it has fought. One cannot recollect any graceful French tribute to Mr. Pitt or Count von Moltke; Germany still regards Napoleon through the strained eyes of 1813; Italian estimates of Count Radetzky are lamentably deficient in perspective; and even in Spain, so prone to acquiescence, a just appreciation of Bolívar is long overdue. But successful insurrection or victorious warfare against British armies is an unfailing passport to esteem in England. No calendar of her favorite saints is complete without St. Joan; no catalogue of patriots would evoke a single British cheer if it omitted a noble American, a blameless Boer, and an Irish name or so. Allies are scrutinized with a more dubious eye; but enemies receive, almost without distinction, a national tribute. Perhaps it is an inverted form of vanity; perhaps the national greatness requires the attribution (sometimes on slender grounds) of a corresponding greatness to enemies.

But the result in the case of Washington has been singularly happy. One cannot imagine that the nation's life, drawn from Persian sources, of Miltiades would exhibit in the same degree his better nature, especially if he had united with his own the more exasperating qualities of Aristides. Yet for Washington, British tradition has adopted almost without question the richest embroideries of American myth; and the responsibility for his strange disguise rests solely upon his countrymen. His motives, his simple-minded statesmanship, even his military record have been accepted in England at their face value. The worst enemies of his just appreciation have been his political heirs, the beneficiaries of that lavish testament of freedom; and the problem, if one enters upon the arduous pursuit of truth, is to disengage the figure of Washington from the impenetrable shadow of the cherry tree.

The first essential of sound portraiture is background. The park, the looped velvet curtain, the invariably decisive sea fight behind him may tell so much about a sitter that is concealed by his impenetrable stare. Yet history, disdainful of significant detail, is lamentably apt to divorce her favorite characters from their surroundings; to present them in a statuesque isolation that is all pedestal and no perspective; to leave them, insulated and gasping for air, in a sort of historical vacuum. Perhaps that was why, in her stately pages, they so rarely contrive to live. Each in his niche, they eke out a dismal and motionless existence. They meet no one except historical characters of equal eminence; and, denied all society except the forced and frequently distasteful associates imposed upon them by historical parallels, they live like solitaries in a sort of historical Thebaid. This harsh treatment which has become our invariable tribute to true greatness is singularly misleading in its results, since, in separating a great figure from its background, we rob it of all perspective, deprive its attitude of meaning, and substitute a majestic effigy for the human figure which once moved in a living scene. Background, the full and accurate rendering of *milieu* is the first element of historical portraiture; and it is more than usually needed in the case of Washington if that impassive figure is to be rescued from the dull chisel of the monumental mason and persuaded to live outside the chilly walls of a national Valhalla.

Of all his contemporaries he is perhaps the easiest to place. Some men

prefer to live uneasily in advance of or comfortably behind the times. But others are unmistakably of their period—the "collector's pieces" of history. Chatham might be an alarming *revenant* from the age of Elizabeth; and perhaps the Methodists oddly anticipate the spiritual quality of the Victorians. But Washington, in outline and in detail, was purely Eighteenth Century. That age, in a higher degree than almost any other, has stamped its products with the mark of their origin. Its prose, its painting, its chair-backs, its poets, its spoons, and its divines were almost uniformly true to period. There is a timelessness about Chartres or the great tower of Marrakesh, a generalized quality about Shakespeare or Velasquez which might assign them to any age of high achievement. But who could ascribe Mr. Burke to the wrong century? What critic could misdate Sir Joshua, what connoisseur misplace the work of Mr. Chippendale? It is not simple to analyze the common denominator which unites the various achievement of the century. Perhaps it was a pervasion of good manners. Art, strategy, politics, even theology seemed to become exercises in deportment. Polite philosophers aired their courtesy, and accomplished poets displayed their good breeding. Or perhaps the singular uniformity of the age derives only from a certain finish of surface, from an exquisite veneer which coated all its diverse products and lent to each of them a precisely identical gleam. The scene was lighted with a discreet and universal glow against which a deft troupe of traditional figures—the parson and the squire, the man of leisure and the man of taste, the libertine and the Methodist—performed their grave gyrations. The age, it seemed, was a delightful play with parts for everyone, since all talents could be accommodated with sonorous tragedy, elegant comedy by candlelight, or the broader scenes of life below stairs. Sometimes, perhaps, a person of spirit refused his role and survived, untrue to his age, a living anachronism. But Washington accepted, and played to perfection, the part of squire.

His rendering of this character, so patient and so complete, appears to distress the more pedantic of his political heirs. They are, somehow, disappointed to find at the head of the triumphant insurrection against King George a figure so exquisitely Georgian. Indeed, for the patriotic *amateur* of heroic contrasts there must be something singularly exasperating in the performance. If only, one feels, he had realized the rich American future—what a gesture he might have made! But the *beau rôle* was irretrievably neglected. Washington obstinately refused to be a picturesque forerunner and clung to his grave decorum. A national hero who declines, however courteously, to oblige with a demonstration of the national characteristics must expect stern treatment. And as the tall, the rather terrifying squire of Mount Vernon moved stiffly through his strange career, he scandalized the more exacting patriotism of unborn observers. For there was something unforgivably, almost defiantly (dare one say?) British in his demeanor which left a loyal posterity with no decent alternative to a drastic repainting of his portrait. It was idle for him to urge in mitigation that civil wars, unhappily, engage upon both sides the same national qualities. Cromwell, he might plead, had been as English as King Charles; and Lee was no less American than Lincoln. But neither of these leaders of revolt founded a nation; and, by an unkind inversion, the father of his country is expected to take after his children. If Washington was at fault in this respect, posterity noted the dereliction and with a silent rebuke removed the traces of it.

Yet as one uncovers mechanically before the traditional effigy one parts with a faint regret from the real figure at Mount Vernon, from the solitary old gentleman riding round his farms in the sunshine, with "plain drab clothes, a

"ONE PARTS WITH A FAINT REGRET FROM THE REAL FIGURE AT MOUNT VERNON"
From the Howard Pyle drawing of Washington in his Mount Vernon garden.

broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddle-bow." He seems, if one studies him rather among the voices and the color of his background than in the silent vacuum of history, a living person, who had been so true to class and to period. This unwitting father of a new world rode to hounds with a peer and a peer's brother. A fox-hunting squire in buckskin breeches and a blue coat, he jolted indomitably behind a pack, whose names—Singer and Truelove, Music and Sweetlips—have more of "John Peel" than of the Rights of Man. He led the field on a big gray, while the ladies went round by the road and Mrs. Washington in her scarlet caught a glimpse of his jockey cap between the trees. The big man once thrashed a poacher with a gusto which would have evoked the sympathy of any Warwickshire bench; and when he rode in to sit with the Burgesses at Williamsburg, this master of hounds might well have been any Justice of the Peace that ever dismounted at a country courthouse to administer a well-bred approximation to the Common Law. On great occasions he rose to rare heights of equestrian elegance, with a family crest displayed at convenient points of his saddlery and a generous profusion of his white-and-scarlet livery in the cavalcade.

And he was no less true to race. Unmoved by the wanderlust which urges his unresting heirs upon their never-ending travels, he passed his long life in one continent, with the solitary distraction of a single excursion to the West Indies. Lacking their fine cosmopolitanism, he was rarely, one feels, at ease in the company of foreigners. So voluble as to be sometimes a little trying to a rather silent gentleman, they were lamentably prone to an excess of flourish in the field. They struck attitudes; they clanked; they looked, as no gentleman ever should, the part. With the exception of a purely technical respect for a competent German or so and a single friendship (and that with a Marquis) they jarred upon a singularly unassuming soldier who had unlearned all *panache* since the brave Colonial days when Mr. Walpole had described him to Sir Horace Mann as "an excellent fanfaron"; and their more martial demeanor accorded ill with his grave, his perilously British distaste for uniform. In the same mood of unostentation he warned young Custis not to spend a ten-dollar bill on a gown at Princeton, since the classes might "be distinguished by a different insignia . . . otherwise you may be distinguished more by folly, than by the dress." It was a wary piece of counsel which might have been addressed from any manor house in Leicestershire to any college at Oxford. Foreigners, one recalls, were always making themselves conspicuous; and nothing could be more distasteful. So it is not surprising that a proposal to endow American education with a complete faculty from Geneva elicited grave Presidential fears of a "seminary of foreigners." Wholesale immigration is deplored (the terms would not be unbecoming to a Norfolk magistrate during an influx of Flemings) if the immigrants are to "retain the language, habits and principles, good or bad, which they bring with them. Whereas by an intermixture with our people, they or their descendants get assimilated to our customs, measures and laws; in a word, soon become one people." The long search for a true Americanism seems to start from sentiments which delightfully resemble British insularity expanded to embrace a continent.

He had, like any gentleman of the age, his moments of modish cosmopolitanism, when "I trust you think me so much a citizen of the world as to believe I am not easily warped or led away by attachments merely local and American; yet"—true to race again—"I confess I am not entirely without them, nor does it appear to me that they are unwarrantable, if confined within proper limits." The Anglo-Saxon is rarely equal to an

exalted sense of international duty; and when the brotherhood of man appeared in an awkward gleam of French bayonets behind the beating drums of 1793, the President, no less than Mr. Pitt, remembered that brotherhood begins at home. The slow growth of his distaste for the French Revolution is one of the most instructive operations of that ingenuous mind. It cannot, one feels, have alarmed him because it was a revolution, since in his time he had made a revolution himself. But may the fatal cause have been that it was French? Even at the outset, when the thundering fall of the Bastille was still in the air and London was ringing with the shrill jubilation of Mr. Fox, he was guarded in his predictions. As the note deepened in the Place de la Révolution and the French proceeded in their dreadful way to the logical conclusion of their opinions, he drew the hem of the young Republic's garment tightly round her in the ample gesture of neutrality, and passed by. And when the egregious Genet landed with his antics and his eloquence and his deplorable style, he was confronted by a bland, a courtly, but an indubitable fragment of the *ancien régime*. Washington was never more completely the Whig gentleman than in his attitude to the French Revolution. He had always worn the blue and buff of a Virginia colonel. Three thousand miles away it was the Whig uniform; and there is so much in his temper that leads one to expect him, when the cloth is removed, to lift a port glass to "Buff and blue, and Mrs. Crewe." Yet he would not, one feels, have followed Mr. Fox. He must surely have applauded the grave, comminatory eloquence of Mr. Burke. He would have denounced regicide with a stern forefinger in the House of Commons; and when the Duke of Portland brought the Whigs over, Mr. Washington would have stood firmly with Mr. Pitt. He might, he must have sat with him in Cabinet. There is nothing incongruous in the combination. One can almost see the big jaw and the black suit on the Treasury Bench, watch the large knuckles on the despatch box, read the measured speech in *Hansard*. There was nothing in Washington to prevent it. But, born beyond the sea, he became by an alternative destiny the first American (and, perhaps also, the last Englishman) to govern the Thirteen Colonies.

One is far from asserting that George Washington was an Englishman astray in Colonial politics; since it would be rash as well as tactless to lodge a British claim to someone else's national hero. His whole achievement was impeccably American. He stood, he fought, he planned for the United States. He was, more truly than most men of whom it is said, the father of his country. But countries have grandparents as well; and as one watches the long shadow of Washington on the wall of history, one is aware of a growing certainty that he took strongly after his mother—after the suave, reserved, well-mannered England of the Eighteenth Century, when unhurried gentlemen, avoiding all parade, sedately undertook their public duties and bowed to one another a little stiffly. He seemed, as it were, to play an American part with the faintest suspicion of an English accent. He saw with a surprising clarity the broad vision of a continent controlled by a single people. Such visions are apt, in other races, to breed visionaries. But perhaps there was a colder, more northern light in the level eyes which saw their vision in terms of sound finance and waterways. Even in his military achievement one sometimes catches a queer echo of his enemies. It is the depressing destiny of British commanders to conduct military operations on behalf of legislative bodies. With an acute sense of their imperfections and a lively resentment of their control, they victoriously extend their boundaries in a mood which must always recall the somewhat uncertain relations of General Washington to Congress. Mr. Walpole might allude with graceful erudition to Fabius

and Camillus and the institution of dictatorship. But it was the misfortune of the American dictator, which must engage the sympathy of all British soldiers, that his Senate remained in constant session. Like one of Washington's fox-hunting brigadiers, he gave the view-halloo when he saw the redcoats through the raw mist of a winter morning at Princeton and called the affair "an old-fashioned Virginia fox-hunt, gentlemen." His major problem in the war had a still more British flavor. The scanty armies of Great Britain are frequently reduced to a defensive. Indeed, since necessity often compels a British commander to preserve a force which is his country's sole resource, one may almost term it the national mode of war. Cohesion in retreat and steadiness in prolonged defense are rare virtues in military history; and in Europe they recur, more frequently than elsewhere, in British battle-honors. The trailing march of Moore's exhausted men across the black hills, under the pale skies of a Spanish winter, until they heard the waves in Corunna Bay and turned to fight; the long road from the piled and tumbled rocks of Beira, by way of Bussaco, to the great ridge of hills where the guns grinned northward in the Lines and Wellington outfaced the French; the blinding sunlight of a later summer, by which the left of an Allied line stumbled, unbeaten, southward toward Paris until it halted and held along the Marne —these things are in the direct tradition of British warfare. They seem to follow in an unvarying succession, by which retreat is an inevitable prelude of victory. That it is not so with all fighting nations is clear from one singular contrast: Mons is an honored name for Englishmen, but to French ears there is a sinister ring in Moscow. That, surely, is the military tradition in which Washington lived. He was, before all else, a master of deft withdrawals and stubborn defense. In other modes he had, at times, considerable successes. But they seem somehow less significant of himself than his central achievement: Trenton may be, in one view, little more than a neat Colonial raid, and Yorktown was a hammer-blow which owed at least as much to the anvil of French sea power as to the steady hammer of the Continental troops. But he did, one feels, a far greater thing in the long defensive which maintained an American army in existence from 1777 to 1780. That was the core of Washington's work as a soldier. Its name, if it needs a name, was Valley Forge. So perhaps there is truth as well as courtesy in General Cornwallis' words when he proposed a toast at dinner in a mixed company by the York River in 1781, and addressing his host, observed that "when the illustrious part that your Excellency has borne in this long and arduous contest becomes matter of history, fame will gather your brightest laurels rather from the banks of the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake." Those operations had been an admirable exercise in the British tradition, with American variants. There was more than a touch, at times, of the fringed shirt; but the red coat seemed always visible beneath it. Mr. Walpole made little learned jokes about *Caius Manlius Washingtonius Americanus*. But the General was not a Roman. Perhaps no man was ever Roman except on his monument. Yet the bad Latin seems to fling a gleam of light on the tall figure which stands so still in the shadows. For he was surely of the stiff company—*Vicecomes . . . Armiger . . . Comes de . . .* —whose images smile disdainfully at their dog Latin in country churches. He lived in that grave tradition of good manners; and in it, with an unwavering finger on his pulse, he gravely died. At his burial there were three volleys and a salvo of guns. But, with an informality that must seem curious in such a case, he never lay in state. The omission has been abundantly repaired; and it is his tragedy that his reputation has been lying in state ever since.

THE CONQUEST OF SCARLET FEVER

BY ERNEST GRUENING

WHAT are the truly important events of the current year? What will future chronologists decide? Circumaviation of the globe? Emergence of a new American political party? The European financial settlement? Japanese exclusion from the United States?

An "Epitome of History" which we used in college not so many years ago thus summed up the year 1798: "Passage of Alien and Sedition Laws in the United States. The French occupy Rome and proclaim the Roman Republic. Annexation of Geneva and other portions of Switzerland to France. Archduke Charles takes command of the Austrian armies under the Coalition. Ferdinand IV of Naples urged by Queen Caroline takes up arms against the French." . . . And much more of the same. But not a word about the discovery of an English physician which rid the world of the plague of smallpox. Where are the Alien and Sedition Laws, the Roman Republic, French Geneva, and the descendants of the Archduke Charles to-day? Yet vaccination marches triumphantly and beneficently on.

So, one guess being as good as another, and some—to borrow the Irishman's epigram about America—a whole lot better, one may venture that coming chroniclers will not overlook one happening of 1924 which was consummated in the quiet of a Chicago laboratory. History will not always be a succession of political movements and battles—at least not of man against man. "Peace hath," etc. The event in question, though unheralded and little known, is such a victory—after more than ten years' effort. It is the conquest of scarlet fever.

The victory belongs to two young Chicago scientists, Doctor George Frederick Dick and Doctor Gladys Henry Dick. More than a decade ago they met in the research laboratories of the Rush Medical College in Chicago. A native of Fort Wayne, a graduate of its schools, and later a student at the University of Indiana, George Frederick Dick had in his adolescent days determined on medicine as a career. He was graduated from Rush Medical in 1905 and soon thereafter was instructing its students.

To Chicago, to the laboratories where Doctor Dick was teaching and studying, there came from Baltimore a young woman, Doctor Gladys R. Henry. After her four years' course at Johns Hopkins (one of our few great medical schools, let it be recorded again to its credit, which admit women) she was awarded a year's interneship at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and the responsible post of assistant resident physician. Rewards in the scientific world take the form of opportunities for further service. She too from childhood had nourished the ambition to be a doctor. She relates that at the early age of five her mother had taken her to see a neighbor's sick child. While she was there the child had a fit. The spectacle fascinated her. Her future calling was then and there determined. In due course of time her state university sent her forth equipped as a Bachelor of Science.

So these young people met in the laboratory. They were of the same age. They had a common bond of interest in their work. Both were consumed with the desire for research—to delve into the mysteries of nature which the laboratory, the fever-infested jungle, and the

perilous frontiers of knowledge everywhere will disclose to those who are willing to work perseveringly and without thought of self. Often they pondered and discussed which of the many fields of medical investigation seemed most promising.

"We concluded," they told me, "that the study of acute contagious diseases offered the most hopeful field, not merely because of the immediate devastation which they cause, but because of their after-effects in bringing about many of the illnesses of late and middle life. Finally we decided that scarlet fever afforded the most important opportunity. Diphtheria antitoxin had been in use for years, and the prevention of diphtheria was close at hand. The incidence of typhoid had been greatly reduced through the newly elaborated vaccine. Here was scarlet fever, on which a lot of work had been done, just as baffling as ever with its trail not only of child mortality but its far more widespread sequels of deafness, blindness, crippling rheumatism, and heart and kidney disease."

Now a few years before this the McCormick Institute for Contagious Diseases had been founded by Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick, of the well-known and philanthropic Chicago family. It was erected as a memorial to their seven-year-old son who had died of scarlet fever. The donors hoped that in its laboratories might be found a solution to banish the tragedy which had befallen them and so many other parents.

There Doctor George Dick went to work. Doctor Henry, meanwhile, was in charge of the laboratory of the Children's Memorial Hospital, where she had ample opportunity to study scarlet-fever cases and made the most of it. Indeed she was constantly exposed to contagion and finally herself contracted the disease. Upon her recovery, both decided that they could work more effectively together. So Doctor Henry followed Doctor Dick to the McCormick Institute. They had become engaged. In January, 1914, they were married. Theirs was to be a life-partnership in the fullest sense of the word.

Their attack on scarlet fever followed a strategy already made familiar by experimental work on other contagious diseases. They sought first of all to discover the microbe which caused scarlet fever—if a microbe it should prove to be. To find the cause is an almost essential preliminary to any effort to prevent or cure a contagious disease.

Now the field which the Dicks were invading was not unexplored. But previous explorers had come back almost emptyhanded. For nearly a generation, scientists had been ferreting into its secrets, which, while often seemingly near disclosure, remained unrevealed. Time after time the laboratory seemed to point to a certain variety of the large and destructive streptococcus family as the germ responsible for scarlet fever. Back in 1902, Moser, a Viennese scientist, had actually made a serum from this particular germ, the *streptococcus hemolyticus*—that is, that variety of the family which disintegrates blood—and obtained some promising results. But he was unable to confirm these satisfactorily and to establish conclusive findings. Time and again other bacteriologists presumed the guilt of the hemolytic streptococcus after discovering it in great numbers in the throats and other organs of scarlet-fever patients. It remained for the Dicks to establish it definitely and thus make possible further progress.

For many years their headway was negligible. Numberless cultures of bacteria were made from the throats, blood, organs, and secretions of scarlet-fever patients. Countless injections of these cultures, with endless variations in technic, were made into guinea pigs in the hope of producing scarlet fever experimentally. When these efforts failed new variations of cultivating the bacteria were essayed. When these results were still negative other laboratory animals were tried—mice, pigeons, rabbits, dogs, and even small pigs—in vain. Many of

DOCTORS GEORGE AND GLADYS DICK

"There is a fine detachment and serenity about them both."

the animals became ill from the bacterial injections but none developed the typical rash and peeling of the skin that permitted a diagnosis of scarlet fever. Finally the Dicks came to the conclusion that animals were not susceptible to the disease, and that if they wanted to pursue their researches further along the same line they would have to use human subjects.

What follows is a stimulating chapter in the long history of self-sacrifice for the advancement of knowledge. It was a crucial moment in the conquest of scarlet fever. The work of the Dicks was known to their friends and acquaintances. A number of them volunteered. Experimenting on them was begun.

But even yet there was no plain sailing. For a time the Dicks experimented with the utmost care and ingenuity, but without conclusive findings. Finally the trail appeared to grow warm. They seemed to be on the verge of the long-sought discovery—identification of the scarlet-fever microbe. With a culture of these germs they had apparently produced the disease. But there was some question as to the purity of the culture. Possibly some infinitesimally minute

germ, defying detection, had been mixed with it. Scientists deal only with facts. And facts are not facts until checked and rechecked beyond the possibility of error. Their hopes are not announced to the public. A series of control experiments were planned. Then the shadow of the Great War fell athwart the laboratory bench. For the time the research to save civilian life on one sector of man's age-long struggle with nature yielded to the imperative call to tend the casualties inflicted by other men. Æsculapius enlisted under the banner of Mars. Doctor George Dick headed a medical unit overseas. Doctor Gladys Dick "carried on" alone. Just as she was about to inaugurate the tests which were to demonstrate conclusively the identity and characteristics of the isolated germ as the causative agent of scarlet fever, she was stricken in the influenza epidemic that swept the country. Her co-worker was in France. When she was able some weeks later to return to the laboratory, the culture medium—the jelly or brothlike substance in which germs are grown and on which they depend for sustenance—had dried up. The "colonies" of bacteria in the tube had all died. The story of scientific progress is strewn with such wrecks of high hopes. The premature death of Archimedes at the hands of a Roman soldier, and the lighted candle upset among his papers by Sir Isaac Newton's dog are exceptional only in that they have come down to us well advertised.

No sooner had demobilization taken place than the Dicks resumed their work. The threads of Doctor George Dick's private practice, broken and scattered by his absence in the service, had to be picked up. For it was on this income that the two workers depended. Before the War the Institute had made them a nominal allowance. Thereafter they received no remuneration whatever for their work. The laboratory furnished the equipment and paid the customary fees to some of the volunteers —nothing more.

Fortunately there was no dearth of this human laboratory material. (Possibly, some day, grateful nations will erect a monument to the "unknown subject.") Among them were some who had lost close relatives, brothers or sisters, from scarlet fever. One young mother who had thus lost a child came and insisted that she be allowed to offer her body for these experiments. Such sacrifices were not devoid of suffering or of risk. The volunteers were variously injected or their throats were swabbed with the secretions of scarlet-fever patients, with the deliberate purpose of producing the disease itself by one of these various methods and with one of a variety of germ cultures. Needless to say, the Dicks, adhering to the custom of all true scientists, never hesitated to inoculate themselves with any of the toxic substances used on the volunteers. But in their continued exposure they had themselves long since contracted scarlet fever and were therefore useful in only a fraction of the experiments, when definitely immune subjects were required. Yet there were other risks. "In all these experiments," they stated, "we first inoculated ourselves with whatever variety of material was to be used in inoculating the volunteers. Both of us had had scarlet fever and the preliminary inoculations of ourselves were done to determine whether or not the material to be used had any pathogenic action other than the production of scarlet fever."

The volunteers were as a rule healthy men and women between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. Every variety of inoculation was tried upon them. Their throats were swabbed with serums, throat secretions, and blood from scarlet-fever patients; the material was injected into their systems hypodermically. The same processes were repeated with variously grown cultures of the hemolytic streptococcus originating from some scarlet-fever case. But these experiments proved unsuccessful. Either the Dicks were wholly on the wrong

tack or there was a missing link, an unknown factor, or error somewhere in their highly complex bacteriological technic. As late as 1921 the Dicks published their conclusion that "the throat inoculation experiments constitute a series sufficiently large to discourage further experiments of the same kind with hemolytic streptococci." Yet they were not discouraged. Had they gone no farther they would have added one more creditable failure to the long list—a failure sufficiently impressive perhaps to turn future investigators into other channels. But they did not stop. Certainly the oldest American tradition—for Columbus began it—is of the fellow who doesn't know when to turn back.

Two years later, in the midst of continued experimentation, a new variant was made possible. A nurse taking care of a scarlet-fever patient acquired the disease. Two days before the symptoms were noted in her, she had a sore finger. On the second day of the disease a culture made from that sore revealed chiefly the hemolytic streptococcus. This was isolated until an apparently pure culture was obtained. Five volunteers were selected and their throats swabbed with the then four-day-old cultures. Three of the volunteers experienced no effect whatever. A fourth had fever and sore throat for several days. The fifth, a woman of twenty-five, developed a typical scarlet fever.

It was still necessary to exclude one more possibility—namely, that some virus associated with the germ, and perhaps not detectable by known methods, had produced the disease. This possibility was eliminated by filtering out the germs themselves and inoculating another series of volunteers with the germless material which had passed through the filter. When these inoculations proved ineffectual, this same series of volunteers was again inoculated with the unfiltered material. The result was another typical case of scarlet fever. Scarlet fever had been produced experimentally, its causative germ had been identified, and the basis for proceeding to the conquest of the disease was established. These results were made known in October, 1923.

The next steps followed in rapid succession. Long experimentation in this and other contagious diseases has shown that the germs which cause a given illness generate a poison, or toxin, in the body of the patient. It is this poison which circulates in the blood and causes the general symptoms, such as fever, chills, rash, nausea, or whatever else they may be. It has also been shown that after a time this toxin stimulates the manufacture in the body of an antitoxin which counteracts the poison. This is nature's own method of overcoming the disease. If the antitoxin is formed in sufficient amount and strength to neutralize the poison, the patient recovers—otherwise he dies. So far-reaching have been the discoveries concerning the body's own mechanism for combating disease, and their implications and presumptions of rendering outside aid to this process, that medicine has developed from them the ever-increasingly important sub-science of immunology.

Applying known principles, clearly established in the defeat which immunology has inflicted on diphtheria—namely, the possibility of supplying external aid to the body in the erection of its internal defenses against the invading microbe armies—the Dicks immediately sought to manufacture in the laboratory and to put to use the toxin which the germs make in the body they have invaded. The technic varies in this procedure. Suffice it to say that when the germ is grown in a suitable medium and at a certain temperature which closely approximate the soil and climate within the human body, a liquid is formed and is available in the test tube. This contains the toxin, and from it, of course, the germs which have produced it can be filtered out.

The Dicks followed this procedure

with the hemolytic streptococcus. By injecting a highly diluted amount of it between the layers of the skin, they found that persons who had had the disease showed no reaction, while a large proportion of those who had never had it showed, within twenty-four hours, a small area of reddening around the site of the injection. A long series of experiments demonstrated that this test—now known as the "Dick test," and analogous to the "Schick test" for diphtheria—is a conclusive method of testing the individual's susceptibility or immunity to scarlet fever. The test has already shown that a certain proportion of persons who have never had scarlet fever are immune. Babies of immune mothers have a definite immunity in the early months of life. The immunity then generally fades toward the end of the first year, and childhood is the most susceptible age. Scarlet fever has hitherto ranked as the fifth most fatal ailment in the second quinquennium of life and three-quarters of all its fatalities occur in the first decade. It should not be forgotten also that few diseases are more prone to maim when they do not kill. The immunity increases with advancing years and is greater in city dwellers than in country folk. The former have doubtless acquired a certain immunity through contact with attenuated strains of the scarlet-fever germ.

The "Dick test" was the first positive advance in the conquest of the scarlatinal foe. But the grand charge upon him followed at once. Larger amounts of this same toxin injected into persons with a positive skin test—that is, who were susceptible to scarlet fever—caused the skin test, when applied a few weeks later, to become negative. In other words, they had been made immune. The toxin injected into their bodies, minus the devastating germs and in dilutions and at intervals sufficiently great to cause no hardship, had stimulated the formation of the protecting antitoxin. Although differing in process and in detail, the same underlying principle that has enabled science to control smallpox, and that is enabling it to move steadily toward the elimination of typhoid fever and diphtheria, had been applied to the prevention of scarlet fever.

An interesting index of the importance of correlating the discoveries of the laboratory and their practical use for the community was at once furnished. The Dicks, following scientific practice, made their discovery known to the scientific world and prepared to supply toxin to whatever competent health authorities desired it until such time as others had acquired the technic of making it. Their output was limited only by the length of the day and the time required for the process itself. It was sent to New York, to Harvard University, and to the University of Iowa. In New York, where the Board of Health Laboratories have for thirty years been directed by that eminent bacteriologist, Doctor William H. Park, the vital importance of the discovery was not merely appreciated—immediate advantage was taken of it. By the personal ministration of Doctor Abraham Zingher, one of its assistant directors, thousands of children in the city's private and public schools were—with their parents' consent, of course—given the "Dick test" and, when found susceptible to scarlet fever, were immunized. The process is a harmless one. A tiny puncture is made on the forearm, the toxin is injected, and this process is repeated at five-day intervals. In the majority of cases the children feel no ill effect whatever. In a few there is a brief indisposition; a very occasional case reports a slight rash.

The significance of this discovery is that scarlet fever need no longer exist. Its presence in any civilized community hereafter will be as much of a social crime as a case of smallpox. For a considerable period, of course, cases will occur—while the news of the Dicks' discovery travels and until other health authorities show themselves as up-and-coming as those of New York.

And what is to be done for such cases?

It is a *preventive* of which we have hitherto been speaking, not a cure. Injections of toxin are not applicable to patients who have already contracted the disease, within whose tissues the warfare between germs and anti-bodies has already begun. Small consolation it would be to a mother whose child is stricken to-morrow with scarlet fever, to be told, "If you'd only had your child immunized!" Well, for even such patients there is hope far beyond what existed six months ago. In August the newspapers reported that one of the daughters of the King of Italy had scarlet fever. For her, had her parents known it, there was a royal road to recovery—in democratic America.

No sooner had the Dicks made the prevention of scarlet fever a fact than they tackled the one remaining phase of the problem—the cure of the disease when it has already begun. They had produced a toxin which confers immunity. They now set about to produce an antitoxin which, when injected into the body of a scarlet-fever patient, will by that amount add to the body's own production of antitoxin. In a sense the Dicks were not now sailing on uncharted seas. In the fight against diphtheria it was the antitoxin—to be given to persons actually stricken—which was first made available; the "Schick test" and immunization with toxin came later. In their work on scarlet fever the Dicks reversed the order. Also, for some time the injection of convalescent serum—that is, serum taken from the blood of persons recovering from scarlet fever, and therefore high in antitoxin content—has been known to be beneficial in the treatment of new scarlet-fever cases.

Briefly, the Dicks produced the scarlet-fever antitoxin by injecting increasing amounts of the scarlet-fever toxin into a horse. Before this process of immunization on the horse was begun, the horse's serum was tested for any possible antitoxic virtue it might possess by mixing it in various combinations with toxin, and testing the combinations on human beings. These tests showed that extremely weak solutions of the toxin were not neutralized by the serum. After immunization of the horse it was found that its serum contained antitoxin in great quantities which could be approximately estimated by the above method of mixing serum and varying dilutions of the laboratory-made toxin, and testing the product on susceptible human beings. This antitoxin has already been tried in scarlet-fever cases with highly beneficial effects. Every presumption is in its favor that as in the case of the diphtheria antitoxin it will check and shorten the course of any case of scarlet fever if given early enough. But in announcing the discovery of the antitoxin, Doctor George Dick stated characteristically that "its therapeutic value can be determined only by the results obtained from its employment in a large series of cases that have been carefully controlled."

Here we have accuracy, of course—the word is almost synonymous with science. But what are the synonyms for scientist? Under that modern method of instruction known as the "case system" the Dicks would furnish a complete answer. On a recent visit to Chicago I found them modest, reticent about their part in the epoch-making discovery which justly bears their name; shy at the very thought of publicity, of discussion of their work in any but the approved and orthodox scientific journals. At one of the sessions of the seventy-fifth Congress of the American Medical Association, Doctor Abraham Zingher, who has had more practical experience in the application of the Dick discoveries than any other practitioner, read a paper in which the representatives of the American medical profession were told for the first time of the results that had been and would be achieved in the elimination of scarlet fever—and the assembled doctors rose to their feet in spontaneous applause and called loudly for "Dick." But neither of the Doctors Dick responded.

Taking advantage of the fact that the room had been darkened for a display of lantern slides, they had slipped quietly away at the first sign of a personal tribute. As a measure of worth, this ovation from a group of men to whom science is a common denominator and the scientist *per se* a relatively unimportant unit—an instrument in the tireless search for truth—was more significant than column-miles of newspaper fame. For seldom in the triumphant history of science has the story of purpose, of effort, and of accomplishment achieved such unity. Scientific knowledge is of course a steadily growing edifice, each generation laying its offerings on what the preceding one built. But rarely in this vast structure, with its multitude of devoted craftsmen, does it fall to one or two wholly to create and execute a single minaret of achievement. Jenner accidentally stumbled upon vaccination—the credit is none the less his; others were blind to the same opportunity. A half-dozen great names in as many parts of the world are linked with the accretive victory over diphtheria. The work of the Dicks was deliberately undertaken by them in a laboratory dedicated to that purpose, and in the face of reverses, interruptions, sacrifices of body and purse, was carried through to a successful conclusion.

Seeing this couple, still young, their spirit shining with the selflessness of the scientist, I could not but feel a sense of humility and reverence for the concept of values which their lives embody. How completely they looked the part! He is tall, gentle in his movements, his blond hair thinned, slightly graying; in his large pale-blue eyes an abstract, a wholly unworldly contemplation. Intellect, perseverance, a level confronting of realities are written on her broad brow, her cleanly chiseled nose and firm chin, in her deep-set brown eyes. There is a fine detachment and serenity about them both. They will suffer—and I hope, forgive me—for this personal touch. From the moment I saw them there flashed into my mind the analogy of two other scientists who in another land too had met in the laboratory, had resolved to join their lives and serve there together, and had highly achieved—not only in the finding of truth but in a life-saving contribution to their own and future generations. I could not help thinking of the Dicks then, as I do now, as the American Curies. Theirs is, supremely, the romance of American science.

CALL IT STREAM OR BIRD

BY ALICE CORBIN

CALL it stream or bird,
Call it flower or sun,
Whatever started love in me,
The mystery's begun!

Whatever name it wears,
The mood is still the same,
And whether the spring be false or true,
It fills the breast with flame—

And I am not the first
Who, following the stream,
Came on a reed he thought a girl,
And loved and clasped a dream!

MADONNA AND CHILD

SCHOOL OF MASSYS

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

TO have traveled through Europe some time in the decade 1520–30 with the speed that to-day makes Antwerp little more than forty-eight hours away from Florence would have brought an overwhelming impression of the fertility of the Renaissance. To have been able to recognize the importance of Michelangelo's mighty sculptures on the Medici tombs while they were still new; to have seen Holbein painting at the English court; heard tales at first hand of Leonardo's innovations, Memling's delicacy, Van der Weyden and Van der Goes; to have found a "modern" art in Antwerp where Patinir was busy painting craggy landscapes—not only as Leonardo had done but with a new fondness for his own winding countryside and a hundred intimate views of Flemish life—this would be overwhelming proof of the energy of this great epoch.

In the picture reproduced on the cover one traces a faint outline of the period. Painted by a follower of the Antwerp "modernists," it has been variously considered as the work of Quentin Massys, of his school, and of an unnamed painter—the Master of the Mansi Magdalene. The face of the Virgin tells of Memling's influence, distant by two generations. The crags behind her head tell of Leonardo's influence by way of Patinir. The painter himself seems to have been curious about sentiment, and although he was here painting a religious picture, his hand was putting down with gentle touch his personal feelings for a quiet scene—time, late afternoon; the baby lifts his serious face to be kissed; the mother, traditional in pose, is made to appear absorbed in her child. It is all tender, even to the painting of the castle on the hill and the high bridge to the right of the figures.

Massys' work and a landscape in Patinir's style may also be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, surrounded by other pictures of the early sixteenth century. The artistic personalities of these men are better known than the facts of their lives. The very name of Massys is variously spelled Metsys or Messys. Many worked in his manner, or in Patinir's. Several collections in this country contain panels which suggest the character of this whole artistic family.

The painter of the Madonna on the cover might have been a friend or pupil of the Antwerp masters. Anonymous as he is, he yet stands for the excellence attained by those lesser Northern painters who learned early in the expansive air of the Renaissance to adapt Italian manners to the delight in realism which was inherited from Gothic times. Later, Italianism smothered what was forceful in Flemish art. But in 1525 this had not taken place. The Madonna is still a loving Flemish mother, and the child returns her affection with a realistic reserve—a fitting picture for that holiday which is itself maternal in spirit—Christmas.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

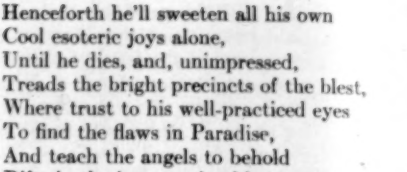
THE LION'S MOUTH

PORTRAIT OF A CONNOISSEUR

BY IRWIN EDMAN

WETHERBY'S rooms are part of him,
His ambient ether; in the dim
Shadows of purple lamps he walks
On soundless carpets while he talks
In velvet tones, or softly plays
Strains of Stravinsky, strokes a vase
Of tall svelte china, or delights
His eyes in thin-lined black-and-whites.
His books all rich in red-and-gold,
Lush in their vellum bindings, hold
The silken spirits by whose word
His own is to vibration stirred.
"Life is an art," he says, "a bit
Of music to the exquisite;
Clear trills tuned subtly to the ear
Fastidiously tuned to hear;
Vials of color that secrete
Their poignance to the pure æsthete."
And so he nurses—he can do,
This richling, what he pleases to—
By light and leisurely degrees
His fine-strung sensibilities;
Buys himself beauty, threads the host
Of storied stones old cities boast,
Critically sips liqueurs, peruses
Pellucid and Parnassian Muses.
Nothing else matters, though the world
Go mad, he sits securely curled
Amid his cushions and his choice
Comrades and etchings; his hushed voice
Revealing neither grief nor haste,
Nor any such loud lack of taste.

He passes thus from rare to rare
Sensation with half-languid care,
Rising to such high heavens few
Can sight his stars, or say they do.
Henceforth he'll sweeten all his own
Cool esoteric joys alone,
Until he dies, and, unimpressed,
Treads the bright precincts of the blest,
Where trust to his well-practiced eyes
To find the flaws in Paradise,
And teach the angels to behold
Rifts in the ivory and gold.



OUTLINE OF WHISKERS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

TO-DAY the Outline's the thing. Since Wells (the other Wells) started the ball rolling with his blue print of this Footstool nearly everything has been outlined, or will be. So, why neglect whiskers? One of the greatest forces, psychologically speaking, the race has gloried in or suffered from.

Prehistoric man (to begin as all Outlines should begin) was whiskered. In fact, he was pretty much all whisker. And this explains a lot.

You see, the Pithecanthropus Erectus stood up to shave!

You can have a haircut but you can't have your whiskers trimmed on all-fours. So he had to get up. And he's been uppish ever since.

Once started, they kept at it. The Neanderthalers shaved to have their fossils taken. Then came the Piltdown men, so-called because of incipient beards and small downy mustaches,

much like the plastic youth of to-day. The Cavemen, like the other fur-bearing animals of their time, had oodles of whiskers. This gave them their ferocious appearance and helped to intimidate their wives. But women didn't frighten easily, even then, and so the men had to resort to clubs—but not the kind they resort to now.

As time crawled along—you know how slowly it went in those days—the fancy whisker came into vogue. The Assyrians, as they came down like wolves on folds, affected a most remarkable beard-ing. It was like rows and rows of anchovies—the curled-around kind that comes in glass. The Babylonians, who hung out in gardens, wore this sort too, and society became so rakish and gay and festive that it fell. Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty whisker before a fall.

The Egyptians took their whiskers very seriously. Rameses II wore his *en bloc*. That is, like a block of wood shaped like a brick. How he achieved this remarkable effect is not known, it being one of the lost arts.

Moses, without doubt, takes the palm for ground and lofty whiskers. One glance at his hirsute outfit as depicted by Michelangelo settles this question forever. In weight and acreage both it entitles him to the honor of being called a Sutherland brother. Small wonder these people swore by the beard of the prophet.

The Egyptians revered whiskers on anything. This is why they worshiped Sacred Cats and built mausoleums for feline mummies. The Greeks and Romans went in for fancy whiskers. Permanent waving was invented and the curlilocks of all their deities, from Alibazan to Zeus, are evident in any illustrated edition of the classics. Philosophers and emperors frizzed their beards beautifully, and to the tonsorial art we doubtless owe much of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.

In medieval times whiskers lagged a little. This was due to the prevalence of armor. To be sure if one is going to enmesh one's chin in a visor or hauberk or whatever the detail is, why gather moss on it as well? And the medieval people who were not fighting seem to have been mostly saints, and so were more absorbed in achieving becoming halos than in emphasizing their chins.

But as English aggressiveness and aggrandizement began to take place, whiskers again came back into their own. Warriors, pirates, and conquerors were bearded like a pard. And at the great feasts and celebrations it was merry in hall when beards wagged all.

Time passed, monarchs came and went, but the beards hung on. If a king obtained, his capillary taste set the fashion. Charles I favored a fancy cut, since called the Van Dyck beard. But as a fancy cut took off Charles' beard, chin and all, he was probably buried as beardless as an acolyte. A variant of the Van Dyck beard is seen in the French imperial and also in the modern Harlem goat and our own Uncle Sam.

Soon after this jowl moldings became more formally architectural. Sideburns were trimmed with a T-square. Mutton-chop whiskers were modeled from life. The walrus mustache was studied in the aquariums and, by a natural process of evolution, to this was added side assistance until the beautiful lambrequin effect was gained. Lord Dundreary made this popular and, though now in the discard, it was one of the most graceful types of face-drapery.

Then these landscape gardenings gave way to a wave of simple, untouched natural scenery. These Niagara Falls beards are not for everybody. Though doubtless some mute inglorious Miltons could raise them if they didn't shave, yet they are Nature's gift to the elect only. The Russians seem to come by them easily, but those people as a race are more gaudy than neat, and their patriarchal beavers are often suggestive of yesterday's picnic ground.

A type of whisker is that relegated to

the outlying districts, leaving the face free and clear for other uses.

Lincoln started this with his underchin growth, but Farther South was boasted by Peter Cooper, leaving the very Nadir to be attained by Horace Greeley. The Greeley Growth is a fringelike arrangement found just below the thyroid cartilage, right (and left) resting on the clavicle. It is effective though a bit bizarre and it readily gave way later to the Depew Dabs.

In song and story we find the whisker. From Bluebeard and Santa Claus down to "The Captain with his whiskers," the theme is a favorite one.

Lear's best limerick is, perhaps:

There once was a man with a beard,
Who said, It is just as I feared;
Three owls and a hen,
Two larks and a wren
Have all built their nests in my beard.

Who but a bewhiskered philosopher could so calmly accept the justification of his fears and the fulfillment of his forebodings?

Whiskers are not much in vogue at the present moment. But this is only a phase. It was brought about by the man who was asked suddenly by a child, "What do you do at night, Grandpa? Do you sleep with your whiskers outside the bedclothes, or inside?" The next day he appeared clean-shaven, explaining it thus, "I went to bed, and I put 'em inside. It felt queer—so I put 'em outside. That didn't seem right either, so after switchin' 'em back and forth a lot of times, I was so mad I got up and cut the blamed things off!"

So, just now, the blamed things are cut off, except in the case of Election Bettors and men who hope to pose for Sargent.

Yet whiskers must return. For the craze for bobbing is so universal that soon our smart young men will wake up to the fact that a bobbed beard would be just the cutest thing on earth, and then a new style of Boyshbob will be seen on the plastic chins of youth.

YEARNERS

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

A crowd, a press, a mob in very sooth,
A female swarm decked out for barbecue;
All but a few fat, old, and well-to-do,
With here and there a vacant mask of youth.
These are the yearners after art and truth;
Flesh put in motion by occult desire
That goads them, waddling, toward celestial fire
As found in esoteric cult and booth.

To-day a tarnished Bengalese explains
That rhythmic self-expression is life's goal;
Sterile obesity forgets its pains,
And heaves into a thick attentiveness,
While empty features strain inventiveness
To simulate the wrappings of a soul.

SALESMANSHIP AS A MENACE

BY FRED C. KELLY

FOR some time I have been planning to organize a correspondence school devoted to teaching the Art of Resisting Salesmanship. I feel that such a school is to-day not only a neglected opportunity for uplift, but a vital necessity. To-day there are an ample number in which an ambitious student may learn how to be a successful salesman. Nor need the student stop there. By continuing his home studies he may acquire a compelling, magnetic personality, have the figure of an Adonis, and become wellnigh irresistible. Even a place as a Prominent Citizen, sought after to sit on speakers' platforms or to serve as honorary pallbearer, is not beyond his

hopes. But thumb the magazine pages as assiduously as you will, not one school offers to tell you how to behave when the salesman comes to sell you something you do not want.

I submit that it is hardly fair to drill a large bloc of the population in the art of selling without giving potential victims an opportunity to prepare *defensive* tactics. Surely one reason why our poorhouses are so crowded is that for long too large a percentage of the populace has been entirely without knowledge of how to say "No" *scientifically*. A famous bankruptcy lawyer recently told me that most bankruptcies are due to overbuying. A merchant fails for lack of ready cash because his shelves are filled with goods which he didn't need but nevertheless bought—since he was incapable of resisting the blandishments and syllogisms of a smart salesman. What makes the situation all the worse is that in large business institutions a salesman is known simply as a salesman, but a professional buyer has a high-sounding title—Purchasing Agent—which tends to give him a false sense of vanity and security, making him all the more easily victimized by callers with unnecessary articles to sell. How could a merchant without a moment's notice be expected to combat a line of argument in favor of his buying—advanced by a man who for months has been preparing his verbal attack, anticipating every possible avenue of escape—indeed with even every little knot hole of escape carefully guarded or plugged? Imagine a college debate in which one side has had three months' preparation while the other side must depend entirely on such arguments as it can think of *after* the debate starts! No matter what excellent reason the victim advances why he should *not* buy, the glib salesman has a dozen answers to prove that the objection is foolish—the random notion of a dull mind slow to perceive opportunity. After a few such overpowering answers to his feeble extemporaneous protests, the poor victim, rather than make further show of his stupidity, nods a reluctant "Yes."

I know this is what happens because I myself was once a salesman. For nearly three weeks, until my better nature asserted itself, I was a book agent. I sold a beautiful volume fairly crammed with useless information. For many days before I set out to ring front doorbells and harass householders I was painstakingly taught plausible answers to every reason ever heard of by scores of book agents during several previous seasons. If a man suggested that he couldn't afford the book, I pointed out that it would take two months after signing the order for delivery, requiring a daily saving of less than seven cents. He wasn't so hard up that he couldn't afford only seven cents, was he? A slack-jawed victim had no more chance of escape than if he were suddenly aroused from a sound sleep by a group of burglars. Bewildered, he must do their bidding, for they are prepared while he is taken unawares. But if he had expected their visit, had installed alarm signals, and taken a course in *How to Throw a Burglar Off His Guard*—then the story might have a happier ending.

Early in my brief selling career I stumbled upon a shocking discovery. At first I went only to beautiful homes having well-kept lawns, tidily manicured hedges, and haughty servants. But scarcely a book did I ever succeed in selling at such establishments. On the other hand when I saw a home in need of paint, the yard full of weeds, children ill clad, and other indications of comparative poverty, I knew I had there a good chance to dispose of my wares. People in such homes often bought every book or aluminum kitchen device anybody offered. That was why they were so closely pursued by poverty—because they couldn't resist making unnecessary expenditures. They were destined to round out their lives in poorhouses because they couldn't say "No!"

The habit of *selling* permeates nearly

every phase of our everyday lives. I seldom sit down to a meal in my own home that I don't have to go to the front door to meet either a life-insurance agent or a young man taking orders for brushes. But the real difficulty is that salesmanship is practiced upon us when we least suspect it. One may refuse to answer a doorbell, or have one's secretary announce that we are in conference and can't be disturbed. But the trouble is that salesmanship is as subtle and insidious as malaria. It may even seep into your bedroom after you are tucked in under the quilts. This has happened to me lately more than once. My little boy had rigged up a small radio outfit by means of an oatmeal box and some wire from an old broom. I thought it would be luxurious to be lulled to sleep by beautiful dance music while dreamily feeling sorry for those, less fortunate than I, who were obliged to drag themselves and their partners over a ballroom floor, laboring to keep in step and jostled by other perspiring dancers whom the music had aroused to futile activity. But the joy of listening languidly to the music was destroyed by the irritating propaganda of the radio salesman. For every musical selection I was penalized by something like this:

"You have just listened to part of a dance program broadcasted direct from Mortgage Manor Hotel, by the Mortgage Manor Hotel orchestra. The program is under the personal direction of Mr. Herman Kettledrum, leader of the orchestra at Mortgage Manor Hotel. The next number to be played by the Mortgage Manor Hotel orchestra will be 'My Pink Pajama Snookums,' directed by Mr. Herman Kettledrum, leader of the Mortgage Manor orchestra at Mortgage Manor Hotel. He will be assisted by Miss Tillie Guff, pianist for Mortgage Manor orchestra, Mortgage Manor Hotel. The program is being broadcasted direct from Mortgage Manor Hotel. Please stand by for further announcements."

Then in a moment: "In connection with the dance program being broadcasted direct from the Mortgage Manor Hotel, the management of Mortgage Manor Hotel requests me to announce that a prize of five dollars will be given to the first person sending in a correct guess of the most popular selection played to-night by the Mortgage Manor Hotel orchestra at Mortgage Manor Hotel. The question of which is the most popular selection will be determined by the manager of Mortgage Manor Hotel and the leader of the Mortgage Manor Hotel orchestra, based on the number of requests to have certain selections repeated in later programs broadcasted from Mortgage Manor Hotel. Mail all such requests and guesses to Silly Contest Department, care of Mortgage Manor Hotel. Write name and address plainly."

The announcer, I half suspect, wants people to know that there *is* such a place as Mortgage Manor Hotel. He is trying to sell us food and shelter there as a means of paying the hotel for broadcasting free music. Not content with that, however, he desires to obtain names for a mailing list for advertising radio parts and other articles, and hence the come-on scheme to have us send in our names. People contribute their names and addresses and then wonder why their mail is so cluttered with circulars.

But salesmanship doesn't stop with radio. A young man drops in for a casual chat with a beautiful young woman and a form of salesmanship intrudes itself into the conversation. One or the other attempts to sell the idea of marriage. And here is sure to be more unconscionable trickery than in any other form of selling. If the man is the salesman he seeks to give the impression that marriage will include the same kind of attentive service that he offers as a special inducement during his selling campaign. He will have his victim believe he will all his life send her bonbons two or three times a week, take her to theaters in taxicabs, coax her to accom-

pany him to expensive restaurants, and by every other means try to satisfy her every wish. All the while he is carrying on this campaign he knows full well that after one has signed the contract, whether for marriage or a new Ford, the joy riding must necessarily slacken up. If the salesman, instead of being a man, is a talented young woman, there is a similar tricky effort to put the best berries at the top of the basket. Who hasn't observed the subtle machinations of the girl who sits on a hassock and demurely darns socks in the presence of an admirer, to show what useful wifely traits are hers, though she is well aware that if he weren't there the socks would be left for the ministrations of her mother?

I often think of the story in the reader about Hugh Idle and Mr. Toil. No matter where he went, trying to avoid his tormentor, the poor little chap was certain to behold the features of Mr. Toil. To-day it is equally difficult to avoid those villains who would make us buy. You buy a nice new suit of clothes and think "Well, I won't need to dig up for any more clothes for a while," but you don't need to read far in the advertising pages to find that, no matter how many suits of clothes you have, more are needed if you would be correctly garbed. Unless one is of such depraved instincts that he can ignore the simple decencies, he recognizes that he must have different clothes for walking, golf, polo, weddings, dinner, motoring, tennis, lounging, mah jong, and parchesi. His wife, if she is to maintain a fleck of self-respect, must have enough gowns to attend a house party for a month without wearing the same outfit twice—and there must be hats, shoes, and parasols to match every gown. Long before these garments have had much use they must be discarded and replaced by others meeting the requirements of a more recent style. For salesmen assure us that unless we're in fashion we're nobody. Ordinary good breeding even demands that one's eyeglasses be built to fit the niceties of every occasion. Who but a depraved shepherd would flaunt at an afternoon tea the same glasses he had worn on the links?

Professional men are no less given to selling than those who frankly call themselves salesmen. The lawyer constantly drums it into us that unless we let him sell us properly drawn contracts we may lose everything, including the clothes off our backs. Yet if a contract is advantageous to both parties concerned, no one will try to break it, and if it isn't mutually advantageous it is a dishonest contract and shouldn't be drawn in the first place. In either event no lawyer is needed.

Doctors shake their heads so gravely that they frighten us into letting them sell us all manner of needless and dangerous operations. Thousands of school children have suffered torture for the unnecessary removal of tonsils, and nobody knows how many innocent people have died under operations for the removal of healthy vermiform appendices —all because as a people we have never been taught how to *resist salesmanship*.

Even to become a good salesman oneself is of no avail, because when one centers his ability on selling rather than on *not buying*, what chance has he to overcome a still more gifted salesman who comes in turn to prey on him? That is to say, what doth it avail a cat to catch a mouse if the cat itself is pursued by a dog?

Only one solution can save most of us from the poorhouse: A clever advertiser must devise and sell us a course in *anti*-salesmanship.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

ISSUES THAT DID NOT SHOW

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN this installment of the Easy Chair comes to the reader the facts of the election will have become matters of record and we shall know all about them. At this writing, however, that knowledge is still to come, and the question is not only how the voters will express themselves, but whether the election will settle anything.

It seemed hard in the campaign to get the voters interested in the issues offered them. Some of them were good enough, the tariff especially. Eight months ago it seemed impossible that the Republican party could get sufficiently clear from the scandals of Teapot Dome and the exploits of the Attorney-General's office to carry an election in November. The reader will know how true a forecast that was, but in the campaign it seemed hard to keep the minds of the voters on that subject. A good many of those who felt most keenly about it went off to La Follette, but a lot of others seemed to feel that Teapot Dome was a dead dog anyhow, that there was no prospect of continuance of such depredations, and that there was more profit for the country in looking ahead than in looking behind.

Then there was the issue of Foreign Affairs—a good issue; Mr. Coolidge committed to the proposition that the League was not for us, while everything pointed in the direction of our joining it eventually. That issue was confused by the acceptance of the Dawes plan, which was gladly appropriated by the administration as an exploit of its own as soon as it began to look creditable.

The high tariff was a good issue. No doubt it had its weight; but there seemed not much excitement about it. It was just an item in the division between the East and the West; between the manufacturers and the farmers. Probably it made votes for Mr. Davis and Mr. La Follette, but it was not a controlling consideration in the election. All through the campaign as one read the speeches one had the sense that though this point was good and that point was good and the other point was important, a very large proportion of the voters were thinking of something else. The Ku Kluxers certainly were. They seemed to be thinking more about the Roman Catholic Church and its politics than about the tariff, the League, or anything else. The more impassioned spirits among the Wets and the Drys were more concerned about Volsteadism than about anything they could vote on. Those brethren who felt that the reconstruction of Europe and the prevention of war were by far the greatest matters that appealed for attention were certainly encouraged by Mr. Davis to take that view, but remained uncertain, many of them, how much they could contribute to world peace by voting the Democratic ticket. We may conclude, if it appears that the votes scattered much more than usual, that the reason lay in the existence of a great number of voters to whom none

of the parties offered more than a fraction of what they wanted. Besides and beyond that, it lay in the multiplication of voters who knew they wanted something but did not know what it was. That is part of the unrest which comes from great social and political changes in the world that are proceeding more or less underground, disclosing themselves at voting time but not always distinctly, and still in a condition of process which makes their ultimate end dim and uncertain.

Of course the powerful medicine of the Great War is still working in the world and will be for years to come, and the changes that must result from it are laboring more or less blindly towards fulfillment. Take our own country; take it especially in the light of the election returns which the readers of these lines will have seen; they will belie expectation if they do not show remarkable differences of sentiment and interest in large sections of the country.

The United States is still a country in the making. The people who live in it are called, partly by courtesy, the American people. In course of time they will be better entitled to that name for they will develop distinct racial characteristics. That development is much more than begun but it is far from being complete. Our people is composed of diverse stocks, living side by side and blending only slowly. The great extent of our country, the differences of climate, of soil, of density of population, of nearness to the seaboard and to great markets—all produce diversities of interest, economic and therefore political. The states that border on the Pacific are deeply concerned about some things which are of minor importance to the Atlantic states, and vice versa. The Northwest has its vital concerns; the South another lot; the Eastern states another, and "the Coast" another still. The result of an election is the balance struck between all these more or less conflicting interests.

Besides these governmental differences there are the racial distinctions: the old stock, largely Anglo-Saxon; the Irish, strong in the Eastern states; the Germans, especially important in the Middle West but pretty well distributed; the Scandinavians in the Northwest; the Italians, still gathered mainly in the greater centers of population; the French Canadians, mostly in New England; the Jews, especially the newer comers from Russia, three millions and a half of them, and nearly all in the larger cities. Smaller groups, some of them of very high quality, represent all the other nations of the world, and besides all these others we have ten or eleven million negroes. Out of all that racial variety the coming American race must develop. Blood mixture there will be of course, but that is a slow process, more slow than people realize. Much more rapid is the community of ideas, of feelings, of standards.

Besides the racial differences there are religious differences; the important one nowadays, since the Mormons have ceased to be scandalous, being that between the Protestants and the Catholics. Europe is not more diversified than the United States but this country has the advantage of that continent in having a long-standing habit of comparatively harmonious political life, whereas Europe has the habit of quarrels and war. Large groups of people here, the Germans especially, of the stock that came here seventy years ago, have the idea firmly in their minds that they do not wish this country to be like Europe. The Ku Kluxers have that idea to the extent that they wish maintained the political ideals with which the country started, and to that end they practice to keep in charge of it people of the same racial derivation as the original founders. The earliest converts to Christianity had a similar notion that the race from which the Apostles were chosen was the most important to convert and should be the managers of

the new religion. The Founder apparently had a larger idea, and it has worked out.

The notion that the American attitude of mind is different from the European attitude of mind is not one to be discouraged, for it is true. Americans pretty generally believe that the best hope for the world is working out in this country; therefore those brethren who, like the Ku Klux, do not wish its development to be interfered with by foreign influences, have a case in which there is some merit. One read in the newspapers the other day of an assembly in Washington at which there were gathered four Cardinals and sixty-one Bishops or Archbishops to discuss church affairs and activities. All these dignitaries and prelates were appointed by the high powers in Rome. Doctor Mecklin of Dartmouth College relates in his book about the Ku Klux Klan how the Catholic University, where the prelates' sessions were held, was started in part as an expression of ideas held by many Catholics—headed by Archbishop Keane, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Spalding, and others—of what the Catholic Church should come to be in the United States. Those ideas developed prosperously for a time. Archbishop Keane was the first rector of the University. Gradually an uneasiness developed at Rome about the tendencies of thought that the University stood for. There was fear that "the spirit of independence innate in the soul of every American" would clash with the authority of the Holy See, and presently (in 1896) Pope Leo removed Doctor Keane from the rectorship and apparently admonished Bishops Ireland and Spalding. They all submitted and made public profession of their willing and complete obedience to the head of the Church. What the Cardinals and the Bishops discussed in Washington the other day in the halls of this reclaimed university was, no doubt, in a large measure the problems of education.

That is one picture. Another picture is the passage of a law in Oregon to the effect that, beginning with 1926, every child between eight and sixteen years of age shall be sent to the public schools. That law is going through the Federal courts. The District Court in Oregon has declared it unconstitutional and the State has appealed to the Supreme Court. Here are two related situations—a widespread system of education in the United States controlled in its final direction by residents of Italy, and a threat from the State of Oregon to take the education of children away from their parents and commit it to the state. Nothing could be better contrived than that threat to drive Protestants to the support of the Catholics in maintaining Catholic schools for their Church. To close all private schools in any state for the sake of closing the parochial schools would be just to bite off one's nose to spite one's face, and that is not likely to be successfully accomplished on any large scale in this country.

What is the objection to the Catholic Church? Why should it scare people? Is it a religious objection? Not exactly. Rather it seems to be cousin to the widespread current objection to Big Business; to very strong corporations with great power to accomplish their will. The Roman Catholic Church is a very powerful corporation, the most powerful in the world, and is different from other great corporations in this country in the fact that its head and its managing directors are preponderantly European. All great organizations recognize self-preservation as the first law of nature. The Roman Catholic Church does that. It is undoubtedly attentive to religion, which is its business; but naturally it is very attentive also to its organization, which is its life. It may be that the soundest objection to it is its tendency to standardize its adherents. All organizations make more or less for standardization and promote it according to their power. The rebels in the world are the individualists that start heresies and schisms. They want to

think for themselves and they are very apt to think wrong; nevertheless they open doors to new forms of truth and make for progress. The way to avoid schisms in any great organization is to have a governing central authority which shall determine in important particulars what shall be thought. That is what the Roman Catholic Church has, and schisms and innovations do not prosper in it. Neither do heresies. They arise but usually they are successfully dealt with from the point of view of the organization. The Protestant denominations attempt to do the same sort of thing as the Roman Catholic organization does. They try to hold their rebels to definite sets of religious conclusions and to impose authority on them if they falter in their allegiance. They do not have much luck, and if the membership of the Roman Catholic Church was racially what the membership of the Protestant Churches is, the Roman Catholic Church might not have much luck either.

The Roman Catholic *Kultur* and the Protestant *Kultur* are different and are bound to conflict more or less. This country started Protestant and it is still preponderantly Protestant. The Ku Kluxers are worried because they think the Catholic Church is getting too strong in these States. True enough, its numbers have increased both by immigration and because Catholic families have been larger than Protestant families, and its wealth because its members have got rich; but it is not drawing on the old Protestant stocks. Indeed it has trouble enough to hold in this country the people whom it considers belong to it—the Irish, some of the Germans, and the Latins. The real problem is how the two *Kulturs* can be helped to get along together so that the country may have the benefit of what is good in both of them. The notion that we must all be standardized as one-hundred-per-cent Americans in order to avoid being standardized by the Roman Catholic Church does not look good. The Ku Kluxers have something to worry about, but as enemies to liberty they bid fair to far outclass the Pope. If one is governed in spiritual matters from Rome he is at least governed with intelligence; but if one is to be governed in such matters by state legislatures, the prospect for him is that of very serious trials.

There is one large and important body of people in this world to which all races belong. It is called the Human Race. As a whole it is not highly organized as yet but makes progress in that respect, and hopeful people think it is in the way of getting organization enough to enable all its members to work together to abate some great and venerable evils. All the members of this human race are more or less religious. They have their different ideas about religion, different observances and beliefs; nevertheless it is better understood than it used to be even a generation ago, that all the important religions have much in common and are parts of the great religion of humanity. These various religions work together better than they used to, and as for the Christian groups—so many, so varied, some new, some as old as Christianity, and new sects and diversities in the making all the time—even they in these days, after quarrels ever so bitter and bloody and in spite of all current jealousies, are apt to think more of the tie that binds them all than of the differences that separate them. We hope in these times that the races of the world are really getting together to abolish war. If we are optimists to that extent we are surely entitled to look forward to peace even between religions, and toleration and understanding even among the clergy. No less than that is involved in that prediction of peace and good will which nineteen centuries ago astonished an incredulous world.

1850

1925

1925: A Forecast

by the Editors of

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

IT is with especial pleasure that we announce to our friends the program of *Harper's Magazine* for 1925, for we are confident that during the coming year—the seventy-fifth of its distinguished history—the Magazine will be more brilliant, more modern, and more richly varied in interest than ever before.

A Serial by a Great Novelist

To begin with, we are fortunate to have secured the right to publish as a serial SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S new novel, "The George and the Crown," which began last month. Miss Kaye-Smith has been ranked by critics on both sides of the water as the ablest woman novelist in England; and those who have read her masterpiece, "Joanna Godden," realize that she is unquestionably one of the very few living novelists, in England or America, whose work is likely to endure. "The George and the Crown" is the first novel from her pen which any American magazine has been permitted to publish serially. It is a pleasure to be able to present a story by a novelist of such acknowledged greatness.

Unconventional Biography

To ride a runaway pony with Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant in hot pursuit—would you believe that any living man could have had such a fantastic experience? Yet this is only one of scores of actual happenings vividly described in the boyhood recollections of JESSE GRANT, the great General's son, which will appear in *Harper's* during the coming year. How as a little boy he once huddled for twenty minutes in a bomb-proof shelter with President Lincoln, how General Grant narrowly escaped death on the awful day of the assassination, what life in the White House was like in the 'seventies, and what General Grant thought of Sumner and other associates—all these Mr. Grant tells as no one else could. His articles are not only vastly entertaining; they are a contribution to American history.

Short Stories—and the Prize Contest

Whenever any critic takes upon himself the task of selecting the best short stories of the year, the fiction of *Harper's* is always ranked with the best. The prospect for 1925 is especially alluring, for the 1924 Short Story Contest has not yet ended, and for many months to come *Harper* readers will find in every issue a Prize Story, selected from among thousands of manuscripts submitted. Fiction-lovers may count on a notable year.

For Alert-Minded Readers

Here is a group of prospective articles—notice the wide range of subjects—which will surely stir discussion: "American Sportsmanship," by HEYWOOD BROUN; "The Art of Being a Jew," by LUDWIG LEWISOHN, who wrote "Up Stream"; "The Alienist in Court," a plain-spoken article by DR. JOSEPH COLLINS, the author of "The Doctor Looks at Literature"; "The Creative Spirit and Art," by ROLLO W. BROWN; "Aliens, Insanity, and Crime," an unsentimental indictment by MARJORIE O'CONNELL; and two papers by REBECCA WEST, one contrasting English and American men, and the other, English and American women. Every one of these contributions promises to be provocative—and something besides.

The Souls of American Women

GAMALIEL BRADFORD has a new and highly original project for 1925. He will turn to the portrayal of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Benedict Arnold, and other American women associated with men who were either great or "damaged." A fascinating group of subjects for Mr. Bradford's pen! And, for good measure, we shall also present some portraits of American heroes—not always in heroic guise—from the pen of Lytton Strachey's most brilliant English rival, PHILIP GUEDALLA.

Adventures on the Frontiers of Science

Harper's is famous for its reliable and illuminating scientific papers. Among the numerous writers who in coming months will tell of momentous achievments in the various fields of research are SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, Nobel prize-winner in physics; BENJAMIN HARROW of Columbia University; and HARLOW SHAPLEY, the man who measured the universe.

To the Ends of the Earth and Back Again

As for travel and exploration, consider the following: WILLIAM MCFEE will escort *Harper* readers on a remarkable journey through the "New Granada" of South America; MAJOR ALEXANDER POWELL will narrate his adventures as the first American to follow Stanley's trail across Africa; CHRISTOPHER MORLEY will share the humors and delights of "Travels with a Family" in Brittany; and to come nearer home, KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD —is anyone a keener observer?—has promised us more of her penetrating studies of the cities of our own West. Beautiful illustrations will enliven these and other accounts of travel and exploration the world over.

A New Guide for Cultivated Readers

What are the books which every man and woman of cultivation should read? Outlines of literature and a hazy memory of school and college reading are not enough for those whose minds did not die when they were handed their diplomas. In a series of articles reassessing English literature from Shakespeare to Hardy, ERNEST BOYD, the eminent critic, will advise *Harper* readers what masterpieces of their language they should surely make a part of their mental equipment. We expect this series to be of value and importance to all of us who are vaguely aware that modern criticism has upset many an old idol and set up many a new one, but who would welcome the frank judgment of an expert.

Does Prayer Make Life Worth Living?

"The man I was talking to was in the prime of life . . strong and able, the head of a large and influential business . . . and he said, 'Life signifies so little to me that I don't care whether I live another hour or not. The game isn't worth the candle.'" Innumerable men and women to-day are beset by this strange life-weariness, this terrible apathy; are there not times when it attacks every one of us? To all who have suffered from it, LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX addresses her forthcoming paper entitled "Shall We Pray?"—a very sincere and moving confession of faith, written from the heart. Human documents such as this—and such as the eloquent portrait of little Richard Derby in this issue—will enrich the Magazine throughout the coming year.

Modern Masterpieces for Cover Decorations

The old masterpieces printed in full color on the cover of *Harper's* each month during the past year have been so universally popular that we have decided to follow them during 1925 with a series of modern masterpieces, reproduced with all the perfection of which the art of engraving is capable. They will lend the Magazine dignity and beauty. *Harper's* will continue to be bound so as to open flat like a book—easy to hold and easy to read; and every month it will be lavishly illustrated.

Etcetera

Other good things we may confidently promise: poetry of a high order; delightful humor in the pages of the always-popular Lion's Mouth and elsewhere; some new detective stories by G. K. CHESTERTON; and the friendly wisdom of EDWARD S. MARTIN, who will talk to us each month from the depths of the Editor's Easy Chair on matters of timely concern.

A Final Word to Our Friends

What sort of magazine, then, do we hope and expect *Harper's* will be in 1925?

First, it will be edited—as always—not for Babbitts or morons or faddists but for the cultured minority.

Second, it will be modern: not forgetting that wisdom was not born yesterday, but, on the other hand, constantly looking for new writers, presenting new and unconventional opinions, opening up new fields of thought.

Third, it will be infinitely varied. One magazine may be sought for its fiction; another for its articles on public affairs; another for its tales of travel; others for their humor, their stimulating essays, their keen criticism of the arts or sciences, or for their fine illustrations. *Harper's* can be counted on for all of these good things—and many more. It seeks to satisfy every kind of civilized taste.

Fourth, it will endeavor—as always—to give enduring satisfaction; to present articles not only arresting but authoritative, and fiction not only entertaining but distinguished—in short, to be genuine.

But, you will say, this is really a description of the ideal magazine.

That is what we intend to give you during 1925.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

IT WAS a fortunate chance which brought into the HARPER office the article by ***Ada Peirce McCormick*** (Mrs. Frederick McCormick, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania), with which this issue of the Magazine opens; for nothing could be more appropriate for Christmas than this exquisite tribute to a little child. Of Richard Derby, Jr., Theodore Roosevelt's grandson, who died at the age of eight, Mrs. McCormick says: "It is not easy to write of a child so incredibly dear. I have written in the hope that some puzzled and discouraged parents, reading this sketch, may take fresh heart and vow that what another father and mother can give their children, they can give; in the hope that through these blundering and inadequate words the eager spirit of a little boy will shine out, and light us into doing the deeds he could not live to do."

The first story in this issue is "The Disciple," by ***Conrad Aiken***. Mr. Aiken already has a distinguished reputation as a poet and critic of poetry, and has published many volumes of verse, including *Earth Triumphant; Punch, the Immortal Liar;* and *The Pilgrimage of Festus:* but only recently, during his sojourn in England, has he begun to write fiction. When the Judges turned in their verdicts on the second quarterly competition of the Harper Short Story Contest it was found that, according to the point system adopted for the selection of prize winners, Mr. Aiken's masterly story was tied for second place with "Wavering Gold," by Edwina Stanton Babcock. Instead of dividing between them the Second and Third Prizes it was decided to award a Second Prize to each and to give no Third Prize. "Wavering Gold" will appear next month.

No American writer more truly exemplifies the spirit of good will toward men than ***Edward S. Martin,*** who succeeded William Dean Howells as the occupant of our "Editor's Easy Chair" and also, by the way, writes the editorials for *Life*. We think it fitting, therefore, that he should contribute to this holiday number not only his customary "Easy Chair" meditations but a brief Christmas message.

Edgar Valentine Smith, of Birmingham, Alabama, needs no introduction to HARPER readers beyond the reminder that his "Prelude," which we published some eighteen months ago, won the O. Henry Award as the best American short story published in any magazine during the year 1923.

The church is often under critical fire, but recently the discussions which have raged within and without it have had to do mostly with questions of dogma. ***Rollo Walter Brown,*** who was formerly professor of English at Carleton College in Minnesota and is now living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and devoting his time to writing and lecturing, leaves dogma aside as unimportant compared with what he conceives to be the church's central duty of liberating the generous and creative energies of mankind. His indictment may provoke opposition; but we believe many churchmen will be among the first to admit that it is justified. Mr. Brown has contributed several notable articles to HARPER'S, the most recent of which was "Coeducation Versus Literature."

At how many musical comedies have we not read on the program, in modest type, the words, "Book and Lyrics by ***Harry B. Smith***"? From "Robin Hood" and "The Little Corporal" to "The Spring Maid," "Watch Your Step," and "The Girl from Utah," Mr. Smith has written the text of more than sixty shows. He is also a discriminating book-collector and the author of many articles on collecting. This month he presents a seasonable paper on the author of the greatest Christmas story ever written.

"The greatest Christmas story ever written," we said—but surely *The Other Wise Man* rivals *The Christmas Carol* in universal popularity. It is a pleasure to have ***Henry van Dyke's*** "Half Told Tales" among the contributions of the month.

Sheila Kaye-Smith's new novel, now in its second installment, is the first to be serialized by any American magazine. Miss Kaye-Smith's position among contemporary English novelists is outstanding; her masterpiece, *Joanna Godden*, is counted on by far-sighted critics to outlive most of the fiction of our day. She was recently, by the way, married to the Rev. T. P. Fry, eldest son of Sir John Fry, Bart., and Lady Fry.

Another short story completes the fiction for the month: it is by ***Donald Corley,*** a New York writer who has frequently contributed to this and other magazines.

A dozen years ago ***Philip Guedalla*** was known as the most brilliant of the wits and scholars of Oxford. Then he became a barrister; more recently he has rivaled Lytton Strachey as the author of dazzling historical studies such as *The Second Empire* and *Supers and Supermen*. He is now writing a series of unconventional portraits of the striking figures of American Revolutionary days, on both sides of the water. His picture of George Washington, "disengaged from the impenetrable shadow of the cherry tree," shows the Father of his Country in a new and very English light.

The conquest of scarlet fever by the Doctors Dick of Chicago is one of the most romantic and significant achievements in the whole history of the humane profession. How it was accomplished and what it will mean to us and our children is told by ***Ernest Gruening,*** who graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1912, forsook medicine for newspaper work, and has occupied important editorial positions on a number of papers in Boston and New York. He is well fitted, both by his medical training and his journalistic experience, to interpret to us a great scientific discovery.

Of the poets of the month, ***Countée P. Cullen*** is a twenty-year-old Harlem Negro whose talent seems to us already remarkable; his "Fruit of the Flower" appeared in the Magazine last month, and more of his brief epitaphs will be printed in issues to come. Both ***Jessie B. Rittenhouse*** (now Mrs. Clinton Scollard) and ***Alice Corbin*** (of Santa Fé, New Mexico) are known as anthologists as well as authors of several volumes of verse.

There are three contributors to the "Lion's Mouth": ***Irwin Edman,*** instructor in philosophy at Columbia, who, after having written a large prose volume on *Human Traits and Their Social Significance*, now displays his versatility by hitting off some of these traits in light verse; ***Carolyn Wells,*** humorist, anthologist, and practitioner of the mysterious art of writing detective stories, who shows that if one Wells can write an Outline, so can another; and ***Fred C. Kelly,*** of Washington, D. C., author of *The Wisdom of Laziness*.

Arthur Sturges Hildebrand completed early last spring his brilliant articles on Magellan, the last of which we brought out in our last issue. Then he went to Norway; and late in the spring, in company with William Nutting, former editor of *Motor Boat*, and two other men, he set out in a forty-foot sailing boat to follow the Viking trail to this country. They reached Iceland safely, were there at the same time as the world fliers, and sailed on August tenth for Greenland and Labrador. At the moment of going to press no further word has been heard from them; they are many weeks overdue, and it is feared that they may have been lost in one of the storms which swept the ocean during the late summer. We trust that before this Magazine appears Mr. Hildebrand will have reached home safely. As every reader who thrilled to his magnificent account of Magellan's voyage is aware, American letters would lose in him a man of remarkable promise.

Mr. Hildebrand's book on Magellan (of which the articles form a part) has just been published, it should be added, by Harcourt, Brace & Co. We recommend it unhesitatingly to all lovers of adventurous reading. Incidentally, we would call attention to four

other volumes, all of them containing material familiar to readers of this Magazine and all, we believe, worth remembering when the hour comes for selecting Christmas gifts: *Julie Cane*, by Harvey O'Higgins; *Bare Souls*, by Gamaliel Bradford; *Tide Marks*, by H. M. Tomlinson; and *The Bible and Common Sense*, by Basil King. All four bear the HARPER imprint.

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We have received several letters asking why, if the Judges in our Short Story Contest make their decisions without knowing the identity of the authors, the Editors cannot similarly remain in darkness; and intimating that the Editors, being aware of the authorship of the various stories submitted, are consciously or unconsciously influenced by the glamour of established reputations, and do not give new writers a fair chance. It seems to us that such inquiries deserve a full and frank reply.

The answer is that when we first decided to hold the Short Story Contest—with, be it remembered, the purpose of bringing out new writers—we considered having the manuscripts anonymously submitted (perhaps with the authors' names in enclosed sealed envelopes), and discarded the plan as impracticable.

In the first place, each competition was to last three months. If the Editors were to remain in ignorance of the identity of the authors until the awards were made—or in other words until the three months were over—they obviously could not pay for any manuscripts until the end of the competition, and authors would be faced with the necessity, or at any rate the possibility, of having to wait months for a decision. This, we believed, would be most unfair to the authors. It is one of the duties of a magazine office to give as prompt a decision as possible. Many authors simply cannot afford to wait. When we first announced the Contest we were asked over and over again, "Will I have to wait till the competition is over for a decision? If that is the case, I shall have to send my manuscript elsewhere." We were glad to be able to assure everybody that manuscripts would be passed on and either accepted or declined *as they came in*, with as little delay as possible.

In the second place, we did not see how magazine editors who are on intimate terms with many of their contributors—as we believe they should be—could help knowing the authorship of some of the stories submitted even if there were no names on the manuscripts. Writers constantly come in to discuss their future work. Suppose one of them, not realizing the conditions of the competition, disclosed the theme of a story he was developing; would not the concealment of his name in such a case be a farce? Would it be fair to pretend that stories were anonymously submitted when in fact the authorship in some cases was known?

We decided that it would not be fair; that the only fair plan would be to have the authorship of manuscripts perfectly open to everybody in the office, but to put the award of the prizes in the hands of Judges outside the office from whom such information could be successfully withheld; and at the same time to make our own decisions for or against the acceptance of stories as just as any honest-minded person could make them.

So far, in this competition, we have declined several hundred stories for every one which we have accepted. Under such circumstances it is only human for some writers to wonder whether they would not have had a better chance if the editors had not known who was responsible for any of the manuscripts submitted. We do not believe they would have. For—as stated above—one of the chief objects of the Contest was to bring out new writers; and so far *the Editors have sent to the Judges a larger proportion of stories by newcomers than have been awarded prizes by the Judges.* In each of the first two competitions, the Judges, absolutely in the dark as to the identity of the authors, passed over stories by new writers and picked out stories by those comparatively well known. We repeat that we are eager to secure distinguished fiction from new hands. The last competition of the Contest, by the way, closes on December 31, 1924.